



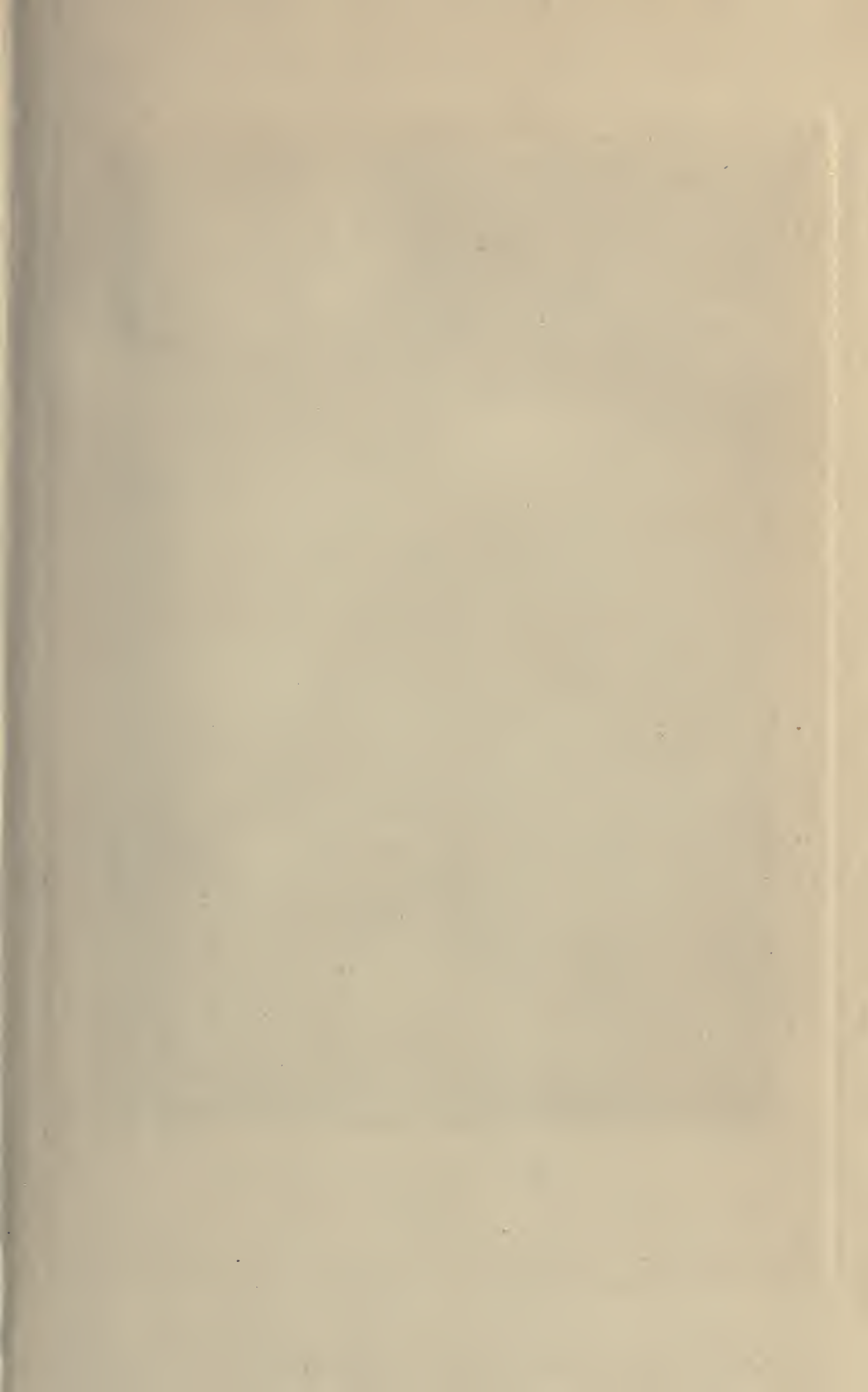
GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN
PUBLISHER & PRINTER
BY HIS GRANDSON  
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN

VOL. II.



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Elliott & Fry photo.

Walter & Lockhart photo.

*Yours very truly
Goschen*

LG
C6763

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN
PUBLISHER AND PRINTER OF LEIPZIG

1758-1828

BY HIS GRANDSON
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

IN TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOL. II.

82949
26/8/07

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

1903



*Very much
faded*

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1752-1828

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GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN,

PUBLISHER AND PRINTER.



CHAPTER XIX.

A STORY OF RIVAL PUBLISHERS.

1794-1798.

I NOW approach a very sad episode in my grandfather's life—a long estrangement from his most distinguished and most beloved author-friend. Fresh and famous clients were flocking to his firm: he was engaged on splendid work. He was rapidly ascending the heights of celebrity, on the high-road to typographical triumphs and to a wonderful feat of publishing enterprise; but for three years of this momentous period of his career, while tributes to his energy and success poured in upon him from every quarter, no sympathy or congratulation reached him from the man from whom a word of encouragement would above all others have been dear to him. We must remember their relations at the time when Schiller started for Swabia, in order to realize to the full the pathetic nature of the breach. No word of complaint had been uttered on either side. Time after time, notwithstanding an occasional jarring note in his letters to Körner as to his independence of Goschen if the latter would not accept his terms,

Schiller had acknowledged his deep obligation to his liberal paymaster who had sometimes "surprised" him by spontaneous generosity of treatment,—who, in moments of stress and sickness, however much crippled financially himself, had always come to the rescue, so that with expressions of deep gratitude the poet had declared that he would regard the publisher's interests as inseparable from his own, and had hoped for lifelong co-operation. We must remember the intimate personal relations, the comradeship, of the early years, when both were struggling beginners each in his own sphere, the happy exchange of pleasant visits, their colloquies as married men, while their wives seemed to bind even yet closer the ties of intimate friendship! And yet they fell out!

Why?

The impartial reader will be able to judge. But the story has mainly to be told out of the mouths of Schiller and Cotta, my grandfather's antagonists in the coming collision, for I have not seen any letters from the latter bearing on the subject till we reach, after a long and painful interval, the beginnings of the reconciliation.

The biographers of the two men have been much puzzled to find an explanation for the interruption of that intimacy, and, in the absence of evidence, started various conjectures. It has been suggested that Schiller was offended because Goschen had refused to enter on his scheme of a new periodical on an ambitious scale. But the reply is obvious, that Schiller had no difficulty in securing another publisher, and that he could hardly have borne Goschen a serious grudge on this score. Others surmised

that Goschen's gradual approach to the pious standpoint of the Stolberg circle, and his adoption in his little book, *Johann's Reise* (John's Travels), of that sentimental and moralizing tone which Schiller detested, had produced the change in the poet's attitude towards his old friend, and it is certainly possible that Goschen's decided leaning to schools of thought which were not Schiller's, and his notorious devotion to Wieland, had, to a certain extent, weakened his hold on the poet. Nevertheless, we know that up to the very eve of the misunderstanding, they seemed the best of friends. However, it is quite unnecessary now to seek for any recondite explanation. What was previously obscure has been rendered perfectly plain by the publication, in 1876, of Dr. Vollmer's volume of correspondence between Schiller and Cotta, which fully revealed the cause of the breach in question.

When Schiller arrived in his native land nothing was more natural than that J. F. Cotta, of Tübingen, the most rising publisher in those regions, should endeavour to approach his countryman, and to secure him for his own business. The firm of the Cottas was of old standing, but, since the death of its founder in 1692, had been brought to a low level. J. F. Cotta, Goschen's contemporary, was originally not destined for the book-trade. He first studied theology at Stuttgart, then prepared himself at Tübingen for military service, and after a spell of foreign travel, finally settled at Tübingen in 1784, intending to practise as an advocate. But his father induced him to try to re-establish the fallen fortunes of the firm, and he set to work with a will. He appeared at the Leipzig Book Fair for the first time at Easter, 1788,

just three years after my grandfather had established his own business.

Cotta, not less eager and ambitious than Goschen, seized the opportunity of Schiller's presence in his neighbourhood to approach him, availing himself of the services of a mutual friend, T. C. K. Haug, for the purpose. The following letter from the poet to Haug shows how Cotta's suggestions were succeeding :—

“Ludwigsburg, October 30, 1793.

“Many thanks for the friendly trouble you have taken on my behalf. I should have liked very much even for your sake to be able to meet Herr Cotta's views. But though I am not bound to Goschen, still he is my friend, and has at least a friendly claim that if I have inquiries to make about the publication of my works, I should make them first of him. I have already written to him respecting my *Theory of Refined Intercourse*,* and if he cannot print it by Easter, as I want him to do, I should have a free hand with regard to it. If my tragedy, *The Knights of St. John*, should come off, I should have a still freer hand for its disposal (for the work about *Æsthetic Intercourse* really belongs to, or is a pendant to, that on *Grace and Dignity*, and ought in equity to be printed alike and to have the same publisher). I think, too, that a greater favour would be done to Herr Cotta if he received a dramatic piece. But you must warn him that in the case of a tragedy, which costs me three or four times as much work as the best book with historical or philosophical contents, I am somewhat dear. I cannot let Herr Cotta have it under thirty carolines, and so he must see how he can manage to get right with the pirates.”

It is clear from this letter that Schiller felt some compunction at offering any of his works in the first

* Schiller speaks of this little work under three titles, *Theorie des Schönen Umgangs*, *Theorie des Æsthetischen Umgangs*, and *Philosophie des Schönen Umgangs*.

instance to any one else but Goschen, "who was his friend," and to whom he had already written about the treatise on *Æsthetic Intercourse*. He evidently felt a hankering for another string to his bow, and utilized the occasion for announcing that he was "somewhat dear," but still, six months' absence among new friends had thus far left him well-disposed to Goschen. Sending a criticism of some plays which the publisher had submitted to his judgment, he concluded pleasantly (February 4, 1794)—

"As soon as I feel myself in a good mood for revising, I shall finish *Grace and Dignity*. Amongst the subscribers to *Wieland* put me down, too, for the edition in large octavo. As a friend of the family, I beg you will consider that I have asked only for *good* engravings. All my people are very flourishing, and the last few weeks I, too, have become more bearable."

In March (1794), Schiller paid a flying visit to Tübingen, and made Cotta's personal acquaintance. What happened at their first meeting is not clear, but shortly afterwards he appears to have written to Cotta asking for an advance of 200 thalers on a bill which Goschen was to accept. This letter has not been preserved, so that the conditions on which the advance was to be made are not known; but the editor of the Cotta-Schiller correspondence assumes, as a matter of course, that it constituted some kind of mortgage on Schiller's pen. It was a pity that Goschen was brought into this transaction with a competing publisher, as it lit a spark which soon burst into violent flame. The bill, which plays a sensational part in the crisis which ensued, was announced to Goschen by Schiller in a letter which has also been lost, but the following letter repeated the announcement and explained it :—

"Stuttgart, May 4, 1794.

"I hope you have received my last letter, in which I begged you to accept a draft on you for 200 thalers, payable in the middle of June, which will be presented by Herr Cotta, of Tübingen. The money from Copenhagen will probably come in within this time, so that you can deduct 200 thalers from that. I wanted money, and could devise no other means of procuring it, if I was not to make over my *Callias* to Cotta.

"I shall start on my return journey the day after to-morrow, and I shall therefore be forty miles nearer to you. I am full of expectation as to how things have turned out about Wieland's Works, for you must surely know about them by now.

"Herr Cotta will tell you that I gave him hopes of a dramatic work. But I have reserved the right for you and myself to bring out a new edition within a few years.

"Farewell.

"Yours,
"SCHILLER."

What my grandfather answered, I do not know, but the seeds of deep dissatisfaction were sown. "If I was not to make over my *Callias* to Cotta!" Was it possible that Goschen was to lose this, which was to be Schiller's chief work in æsthetics, through which Goschen and he were to "lay in a stock of honour"? The allusion to *Callias* caused Goschen to suspect that Cotta, by the advance which he had made, was inveigling Schiller into his net. *Callias* had been promised to himself, and the very idea that Schiller could contemplate making it over to Cotta even in the last resort, suggested the possibility of a breach of faith. For the time his wrath smouldered, and, indeed, as regards Schiller himself, it was not till much later that it broke out.

Schiller allowed Cotta to encroach on the field of

Crusius also, and contemplated a course which would somewhat strain his contract with the latter publisher; for he wrote to his new friend on April 14, 1794—

“I have concluded a permanent contract with Crusius, by virtue of which I let him have all my smaller pieces of work which have already been printed, originals as well as translations, and which I wish to have collected in volumes, at a carolin for every sheet. According to this contract he would have the publication of my translations of the Greeks. But as I will let these Greek plays appear, not in the ‘suite’ of my writings, but as a separate work, I can exclude them from my contract with Crusius, and am in this respect perfectly free to choose my publisher.”

Schiller clearly was anxious to secure a third competitor for his works besides Crusius and Goschen, and not quite disinclined to loosen his relations with both of them in favour of his countryman, Cotta. The latter appeared to have command over considerable funds, whereas what could be expected from Goschen, deep in his immense venture of four separate editions to be published simultaneously, of Wieland's works, extending over thirty volumes? Thus Schiller resolved to unfold to Cotta that favourite scheme for a great periodical to comprise contributions from “all the talents,” on which he had written to Körner and Goschen in 1792, but to which the latter had apparently not responded with alacrity. During 1793 it had been in abeyance, but now, in 1794, we find Schiller once more hot on the plan, and opening it out to his new friend.

Cotta, who had himself for some time past been excogitating a plan for a German political newspaper on the lines of the best French and English journals,

was only too happy to entertain Schiller's idea, hoping that the latter in turn would support his own scheme. On the 4th of May poet and publisher made a trip to Unter-Türkheim, and the outcome of it was the twin birth of a famous magazine *Die Horen*, and the newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The contracts were actually signed on the 28th of May, when Schiller had returned to Jena, but, after consultation with friends, he decided to refuse the editorship of the *Zeitung*, and pressed Cotta to devote all his energies to making *Die Horen* a brilliant success. He hoped to get all the best brains of the nation to co-operate, and he added, "So far as I am concerned, this is the only possible way in which you can become the publisher of all my future writings, since so soon as I write for a magazine * all other obligations are cancelled. But if I were to have my writings published separately, then Herr Goschen would have the first right to my newest works, since I have already promised them to him."

Thus we already find Schiller pointing out a method by which the Tübingen publisher might secure *all* his future writings. The remembrance of the friendly claims of the Leipziger was rapidly receding. But, apart from this, it is difficult to accept Schiller's extraordinary view, that "so soon as he wrote for a magazine all other obligations are cancelled," nor, considering that he was writing for the *Thalia* and the *Mercury*, is it possible to understand why writing for *Die Horen* would relieve him of all other ties. At all events, this view was certain to be repudiated by Goschen, especially as portions

* Schiller says, "So soon as I write for a *journal*," but the context clearly shows that he meant *Die Horen*.

of one of the very works which Schiller had offered him, were now going to be published in a fragmentary form in *Die Horen*, and then embodied in a separate volume under the title of *Æsthetic Letters to the Duke of Augustenburg*. They began to appear in the very first number of that periodical (January, 1795).

Die Horen naturally brought Schiller and Cotta into closer relations, and at last the latter entreated Schiller to allow him to be his publisher for all future time. Schiller replied (March 16, 1795)—

“As you are disposed to publish my remaining works also, we will make a beginning next year, if it is at all feasible, with an improved edition of my plays, provided that Goschen agrees to it as regards my *Carlos*. My various small prose writings and poems are already in Crusius’ hands, from whom I cannot take them away. For the present, therefore, there remain only the plays, and in future the *Æsthetic Letters*. But all this we shall be able to discuss by word of mouth.”

What had become of the feeling now that “though he was not bound to Goschen, still he was his friend,” and that “Goschen had a friendly claim that all inquiries as to future publications should be made of him in the first instance”? The counter-influences were formidably at work. But Goschen had one weapon in his hands. *Carlos* belonged to him absolutely, and, without his consent, the proposed collected edition of Schiller’s plays would have to appear without this favourite masterpiece. Goschen had therefore to be approached. Was it likely that the draft in favour of Cotta, and the fateful allusion to *Callias* in the letters of May, 1794, would be at once forgotten?

What thoughts and reproaches were troubling

Goschen's spirit at this time can only be gathered from later letters. Those written by him during 1794 have not been preserved. But Schiller was apparently long unconscious of offence, for his only two letters to Goschen during 1794, subsequent to that of May 4 already quoted, were couched in perfectly friendly terms. On June 16 he wrote from Jena, whither he had by this time returned—

“I have now both the inclination and the time to take in hand some important alterations in *Grace and Dignity*, and some observations of Kant give me an excellent opportunity for doing so. Let me know whether you will now prepare a second edition.

“How many numbers of the *Thalia* are still to appear? My plan is only to bring out two more numbers, and then to bury the *Thalia*. Its sale is not such that you can do more for it, and it does not give me sufficient advantages, especially if I have to pay what is sent in for it, and have to write most of it myself.

“Herewith I send you a work of my father's about forestry, which is certainly something specially good in the branch which it treats. If you can use it—one carolin per sheet—it is at your service. Let me soon know your decision.”

If the announcement was welcome that Goschen might at last prepare for a second and revised edition of *Grace and Dignity*, the prospect of burying the *Thalia*, the first link which had brought Schiller and Goschen together, must have caused the latter poignant pain. As a matter of fact, *Die Horen*, in his rival's hands, disabled Schiller, its editor, from working for Goschen's *Thalia*. It had become an all-absorbing interest. My grandfather's celebrated client was slipping from his hands. As to the offer of the manuscript on forestry, it was declined, and this

rejection * has figured among the explanations of the friction between the poet and the publisher. But the following letter, relating to this same manuscript, shows, so far, no unfriendliness on Schiller's side :—

“Jena, November 10, 1794.

“Pray be so kind, dear friend, as to see whether you have a drawing lying about belonging to a sketch for a forestry school. I sent it to you last spring with my father's manuscript, and did not get it back. As the manuscript has not been used since then, no more was thought about it, but now that the work is to be printed, I want the drawing.

“I hear everything that is good about your undertaking, though I see nothing of it. Be assured that I rejoice sincerely in the success of this venture of yours.

“If you would care to publish next Easter a medical work on epidemic fever (which I may have mentioned to you before in writing), and whose author is an excellent physician, write me a line about it in your answer. I have the disposal of this book, and know that it is good.

“Farewell, dear friend.

“SCHILLER.”

What impression Schiller's kindly words had made on Goschen, I have no means of judging ; but I know of nothing that had occurred since the announcement of Cotta's first advance to the poet, at all calculated to soothe Goschen's rising anger with regard to his formidable competitor. And it is to be doubted whether the offer of a book by another author appeared in the light of the slightest compensation for the loss of productions from Schiller's own pen.

* Neither did Cotta publish the essay. Schiller gave it to Michaelis of Strelitz, to whom he also proposed to entrust a little work by his friend Friedrich von Hoven. He wrote to the latter : “You must not take offence if I should choose a Jew, a real Jew (I mean one who is really circumcised), for your publisher.”

And this letter is the last extant from Schiller to Goschen for nearly three years! So far the tie was loosened, but not broken, on the author's side. But the publisher was nursing his wrath.

Cotta and Goschen had to meet in the ordinary course of business at the Leipzig Easter Fair of 1795, and the former broke ground with the latter as to becoming the publisher of all Schiller's theatrical works. Cotta wrote to Schiller that he had seen Goschen, and that the latter had agreed, apparently in a moment of passion, to yield his claim to *Callias* in his (Cotta's) favour. A second meeting then took place at which a battle-royal was fought. The following is Cotta's report to Schiller:—

“Leipzig, May 8, 1795.

“Since I had the honour of despatching the parcel to you with a letter on the 5th inst., I have had another tremendous scene with Goschen, in which he treated me in a way calculated to wound me grievously. The cause, as you will easily imagine, was your kind intention to entrust the publication of your theatrical and æsthetic works to me, and it arose from a comparison of fine specimens of printing, when he asserted of some English piece of printing, I think, that it could not be done in Tübingen, where indeed it was generally not known what it meant to keep one's word as an honest man.* Upon this I answered him courteously, but gravely, that we could not judge a whole place by individuals,—that I could therefore not understand his remark, but could easily guess at what he was aiming. Then he talked of lawyers' tricks, of which he was ignorant, of alienating authors in a shameful manner, etc., etc., and kept on haranguing in this tone, till he at last arrived at the conclusion—that he was about to print *Carlos* separately; that, as he had planned it, it was to be the *non plus ultra* of typographical beauty; that his friend Ramberg had

* Schramm, one of the principal pirate-publishers, lived at Tübingen.

already provided the drawings and Bartolozzi would engrave them; and that the text was to remain unaltered, as he had consulted the wishes of the public who desired this work exactly in its old form. I saw easily where this shell was intended to fall, and answered nothing but that the public would be interested in seeing a typographical contest, since I was going to have your works printed by Bodoni at Parma. I added that he appeared to be really in a very sensitive mood, that I begged of him as a friend to break off the discussion for the moment and to fix an hour when in cold blood we might talk over the business as you and I wished, and come to some agreement. He assured me that he would never be calmer than he was, since he had learnt to control his passions; and then in this calm mood (as he alleged) he said the bitterest and most wounding things about my character, the upshot being that, as a man of business, he could very well stand my securing this undertaking, but that it was base of me to have insinuated myself between two friends, and to have severed the bonds of friendship which he held so sacred, and thus to have brought you to the point of retracting your given word."

It must be remembered that the account here given in graphic language is the account of an opponent; but there is no cause to doubt its substantial accuracy, though the colouring would naturally be high. We have had cognizance of other violent outbursts on my grandfather's part. He did not always "control his passions," though he said he had learnt the lesson. But the last sentence of the letter gives the key to the excessive anger which Goschen displayed. He was cut to the quick. His deepest feelings were touched. As a trader, he could bear the loss of a valuable client, but to see the "sacred bonds of friendship" severed by the hand of a tempting and wily Mephistopheles,—this he could not patiently endure. We know the very highly-strung character

of Goschen's friendships, and that Schiller, the Schiller of Gohlis, his fellow-lodger and guest; Schiller of the delightful group who had brightened his earlier days; Schiller, whose rising fame he had followed with intense devotion; Schiller, his idol and ideal, who "was indeed striving for perfection," and from whose lips he had drunk the inspiring eloquence which urged the highest aims of life on his circle of companions;—that *he* should have been brought to the point of breaking his plighted word to his friend—this was too much. The whole nature of the man revolted against the idea.

Cotta's letter proceeds—

"I could scarcely manage to get him to listen to my defence, in which, if such a thing were necessary, yours would be included, and which I had best repeat here.

"The origin of our connection had been, I said, an undertaking planned by me, long thought over by you, and which had at last been brought to the point of execution (the *Allgemeine Zeitung*). Thus, not a creature except myself could lay any claim to this undertaking. We had drawn up an agreement, according to which the enterprise should by far exceed any other in magnitude, and should be capable of being extended even for the benefit of your heirs; that you had then promised me *Die Horen* as well, because, as he (Goschen) had himself admitted, he had not wanted it; that the intention was that this last should only have been carried out when the other had been some time begun, but that *Die Horen* would be begun at once, because your doctors had anticipated too much danger to your health in the other; that it had been natural that, having thus become closely connected with you, I should not have suppressed my wish to be your publisher in the future; that you had promised me this, because anyhow you had thought that his resources were taken up with the publication of Wieland's Works; that you were

nevertheless much attached to him, and that for this very reason you had charged me to come to some mutual understanding with him about *Carlos*; that I was ready to consider any proposal on his part, and would therefore let him take back the assurance he had expressed on Monday last, that he would gladly make over all your works to me, *Carlos*, *Callias*, etc., etc.; and that I begged him again to fix another time for discussing the matter, when his blood would be cooler; that I had, God knows, approached him in the most friendly fashion, and was still of the same mind, but that if he did not abandon this tone, I should ultimately lose the respect which I had hitherto had for him and which enabled me to keep so cool. But all was of no avail. He went on raging, produced a letter of yours to justify his insulting accusations as to the base way in which I had sneaked into your confidence, and wanted to prove by it that I had tried to alienate you from him, because you wrote to him, with reference to the 200 thalers which were paid you last year, 'that you could not do otherwise if you were not prepared to abandon *Callias* to me.' I tried to show him that quite a different meaning really lay in the words, and that I could fully convince him that I was innocent of this accusation if he would have the kindness to send one of his *employés* to my counting-house to fetch a letter just written, which clearly showed that he, Goschen himself, had made the first mention of *Callias* to me, and that I had hitherto heard nothing from you about it. But it was all spoken to deaf ears; he pursued me with such bitter words that this scene has been one of the most disagreeable in my life, and I could only bring it to an end by telling him that I had entirely misunderstood him hitherto, and that I requested him to go on with the business upon which I had come, viz. the settling of our account, as otherwise I must leave. Then he wound up with the assurance that he would publish nothing more of yours, even as a gift, except *Carlos* in the fashion he had mentioned. He thinks to do us an ill turn in this way, but I can hardly understand his shortsightedness which makes him believe that the public will favour an undertaking merely because he, Goschen,

is carrying it out and having it printed in his press, and that it will prefer this edition to another made under the supervision of the author himself, and which, I give you my word of honour, shall not be behind that planned by Goschen in typographical beauty.

"He told me, too, that he had charged Hufeland and Schütz to speak to you about it; but I cannot understand what he means by that if, as he gives out, he wants to have nothing to do with this publication, which, nevertheless, you would have entrusted to him, if you had believed that his Wieland undertaking would admit of it. I am now very anxious for your next letter . . .

"My best regards to you and your wife. Heaven keep you in health, and me in your friendship.

"Yours unalterably,

"J. F. COTTA."

Schiller did not feel quite easy when this letter reached him. Perhaps he, too, thought of old days. Perhaps he knew Goschen well enough to realize that with him the rupture of the sacred ties of friendship meant something real and deep. Perhaps he remembered that he had never had to complain of Goschen's liberality; that even at the time of his own greatest straits, Goschen had often advanced money to meet his necessities; and so he wrote back to Cotta—

"It is certainly not pleasant to me to hear that Goschen behaved so violently; but I cannot be unjust towards him, and so if he does not wish to lose *Carlos*, I hold myself bound not to deprive him of this work. But I will make the condition that if he should publish *Carlos*, it shall be done at the same time as the rest of my dramatic works are published, so that we may be guided by it in our choice of the form. But we will speak more fully of this."

It is clear from this letter that Schiller saw nothing

wrong in Goschen's proceedings except his violence. There is no suggestion that Goschen went beyond the assertion of his rights. This is the more notable, as Cotta later on wrote that Goschen in these scenes with him had shown a want of "moral culture" (*moralische Cultur*).* Though the whole of these proceedings are only known through the publication of the Schiller-Cotta correspondence, I cannot see in Goschen's conduct in this matter any deviation from the standard of a publisher's probity.

Schiller wrote no direct letter of explanation to Goschen himself, an omission which could not fail to wound the feelings of the latter. It was surely a mistake in tact to use Cotta, Goschen's rival, as the channel of communication between himself and his old friend. In affairs of the heart a man does not usually send a fortunate siren, fresh from a successful assault on his affections, to be the ambassadress to explain the new situation and its consequences, to the object of his previous attachment. Goschen loved Schiller, not only as the brilliant genius, but as the friend and the man.

The poet advised Cotta to let matters rest for the present; but later on he seems to have heard that Goschen was in a rage not only with Cotta, but with himself, and had not concealed it in the presence of third persons. Then he himself became irritated, and, forgetful of his original sentiments, and actual declaration that he must not be unjust to Goschen, made the following extraordinary proposal to Cotta,

* I had originally translated this "gentlemanly feeling," which I fancy is nearer what Cotta meant, than any charge of imperfect morality, in the English sense of the word; but I have adopted the literal translation in the text.

a proposal which shows that even an idealist poet and a man of the most refined sensibility may, in matters of business, sometimes—slip :—

“Jena, July 20, 1795.

“Goschen is still very angry and is behaving altogether most rudely. I am convinced, and can gather from his latest expressions, that in his wrath with me, particularly if I should excite it still more, he will throw *Carlos* at my head, to show that he does not stand in need of me, and will have nothing to do with me. What do you think of my making him still angrier, and then of my offering him the publication of my dramas for a very high honorarium? I will, however, not take this step without your consent, but as things are at present, I am firmly convinced that he would reject my offer rudely, and so leave us the free disposal of *Carlos*. I will ask five louis d’or the sheet, a sum which I should never demand of you; and if, contrary to my expectation, he should accept the offer, I would pay you two louis d’or for every sheet, for three louis d’or is all that I can ask for my dramatic works.

“Consider my proposal, and answer it soon.”

Did a stranger suggestion ever issue from an author’s brain?—to ask more from one publisher than he was prepared to accept, and to hand over the difference to a rival!

Cotta replied as follows :—

“Tübingen, July 29, 1795.

“I can easily imagine that Goschen will not come to himself so quickly. He is generally wanting, indeed, in true moral culture; what he has, is only superficial and for appearances. Would that I could light on some means to bring him to a reasonable decision! for your proposal, most valued friend, is really too daring. You must not imagine that an honorarium of five louis d’or would put him in a rage, for such a sum cannot in this case be considered enormous—we pay it gladly. So to divert him from the undertaking in

this way, would be out of the question; and then if he agreed to it, what a delicate matter it would be for me! My honour would suffer, and it is principally this, and certainly more than the hope of mere pecuniary profit, which makes me value the connection with you so highly. I was therefore hurt that you could believe of me that your otherwise kind offer of paying me the other two louis d'or in case Goschen should accept, would compensate me. I know of nothing that would compensate me for this. I almost think that the best way of settling the affair would be for me to swallow a bitter pill, and to write to Goschen to the effect that probably he would now in cold blood look at the matter from a juster point of view, and that I would therefore now repeat to him my proposal to carry out the undertaking jointly, so that he should have such a proportion in it as *Carlos* would represent of the whole writings published, and that I should now hope for such expressions from him that the dissension which had arisen from the conversation at Leipzig might be forgotten, and that we could thus carry out this fine undertaking together.

"As soon as I know that this proposal has your approval, the letter shall go off.

"With unalterable respect,

"Yours,

"J. F. COTTA."

Schiller wrote in reply that Cotta might act as he pleased, adding that he was sure that Cotta would not compromise him. But he advised him to give Goschen some months to cool down. After this the matter slept for more than a year, but Schiller's annoyance with Goschen found vent in sundry remarks in his correspondence with Cotta. The splendid success of Goschen's *Wieland*, in which Schiller had taken so much interest before, had begun almost to excite his jealousy. For instance, in March, 1796, announcing his intention of bringing out the *Musen-Almanach* in

conjunction with Goethe, he wrote: "But we intend at the same time by the elegance of its exterior to challenge Goschen's *Wieland*, and if possible to throw it into the shade." Suggesting to Cotta that he should publish it, he added—

"In any case I think it would be profitable to you to do something considerable in the way of typography, and thus to secure respect. For Goschen's mortification, who treated us both so rudely, I should like you and no one else to be the publisher."

Meanwhile in Goschen's letters to friends I have found no trace of any anger against Schiller. On the contrary, when he was satirized by his old clients, Goethe and Schiller, by epigrams among the *Xenia*, he will be found warmly and with rare magnanimity defending them against the criticism of others. His affectionate heart dwelt on the past, and when the disagreement with Schiller was ultimately closed, pathetic words from his pen showed how soon wrath had given place to renewed feelings of friendship.

Towards the end of 1796 some communication between Goschen and Schiller became almost indispensable from a business point of view. The editions of *Carlos* and the *Geister-seher* were now exhausted, and there was a growing demand for these works. Thus the wishes of the author had to be ascertained with regard to writings still in the publisher's hands. Goschen accordingly employed a mutual friend, A. W. Schlegel, now settled at Jena, as an intermediary. On November 17, 1796, Schlegel reported progress and enclosed a note from Schiller—

"I was very glad to execute your commission to Schiller, as I had a friendly as well as a literary

interest in it. So I took the opportunity, when I was visiting Schiller, of talking to him about it. To-day, as I was just about to communicate to you the result of our conversation, I received a note from him, which gives it briefly. I think it will be best to send it to you, as I cannot well express his opinion more decidedly than he himself has done.

"You see that Schiller would be pleased to come to a friendly understanding on this matter. He has not given the slightest occasion for the difference between you and Cotta, since the proposals with which he sent him to you were so little an infraction of your rights, that he, on the contrary, made the reservation of the same with reference to *Carlos*, an express condition in his contract with Cotta as to his other dramas."

After expounding Schiller's views in somewhat greater detail, and giving wise advice that after two years no attempt should be made to examine who spoke the first injurious word, Schlegel closed his letter of mediation with the expression of the infinite pleasure it would give him if matters should once more be placed on a proper footing in the best way.

The following document, bearing no date, appears to be the note alluded to by Schlegel :—

"I have reflected that I can propose nothing definitely to Goschen till I know Cotta's views, and therefore only answer the immediate question as to *Carlos* and the *Geister-seher*.

"Goschen is absolute master of the latter, for I do not think of altering any part of the contents at present, and shall only just run through it once, for the sake of the language. I may possibly weave in the little fragment, *The Farewell*. A new edition of the old *Carlos* would certainly not be agreeable to me just now, firstly, because I intend to publish a revised version in 1798 and, secondly, because I would like this piece to appear as part of the collection of my other dramas. As I have promised these to Cotta, while Goschen has the first claim on *Carlos*, everything

depends on how far both may be able to come to an agreement respecting this common aim. I desire this from my heart, and have indeed, as I told you yesterday, sent Cotta once to Goschen with this intention, but heard, to my great disappointment, that what should have united, only divided them.

"Perhaps both may now be more inclined to deal justly one with another, and may come to an understanding as to a joint undertaking; in this I will gladly give a helping hand. But in any case Goschen keeps his claim on *Carlos*, which I would rather separate from my other works than give it to another against his wish.

"SCHILLER."

How Goschen received this letter at the time can only be inferred from Schlegel's next letter to him (December 1, 1796), in which he communicated the result of a second interview with Schiller. Goschen had evidently given as one reason of his anger, the absence of any direct communication from Schiller, and as another, the breach of faith as to future publications. But Goschen must have made some apology and satisfied Schiller on other points, for Schlegel wrote—

"I think with you that Schiller would have done better to have at once explained himself to you at that time, and to have told you the reasons why he believed himself absolved from his promise to you with respect to the dramas. However, the matter is now all right again, and I hope to see you both once more in friendly relations together, either at my house or elsewhere."

He adds that Schiller was not surprised that Goschen was unwilling to enter into any joint transaction with Cotta, and was grateful to him for his willingness to print *Carlos* in such a shape that it would form the second volume of the series.

In the mean time Schiller had made the same proposal to Cotta for some joint arrangement. The latter, still in a very angry mood, and as much disinclined for a joint undertaking as Goschen, replied as follows (November 28, 1796):—

“I am glad that Goschen has come forward about *Carlos*, and still more that you will have the kindness to conduct the negotiations; the only thing is that I can't discover a solution. I would only too gladly have entered upon the undertaking jointly with him, in the proportion of the *Carlos* to the whole; but since Goschen has showed himself in a light which cannot give me the highest opinion of his morality (*Moralität*),* I should be afraid of a partnership in which the crafty foe, who knows so well how to don the mask of friendship when his interest demands it of him, could treat me in a fashion which would bring me vexation and harm. If it were possible, and it were not against your wishes, I would rather come to some arrangement with him about buying *Carlos*. If this will not do, I shall be content to enter upon the undertaking jointly with him.

“You have known Goschen longer than I, and you can best judge whether it is not better to have him as a declared enemy than as a pretended friend, for I believe that he will never again be well disposed towards me, though Heaven knows that I always valued him, and never wished to act in an unfriendly way towards him.”

Finally he expressed his strong objection to leaving *Carlos* to be published by Goschen separately from the whole.

Nothing in Cotta's own accounts of Goschen's acts and words, as recorded in his extremely candid, and certainly not unbiassed letters to Schiller, justified these remarks as to Goschen's craftiness. However much Goschen may have sinned in his violence and

* *Vide* note on p. 17.

display of rudeness, he utterly lacked the capacity for disguising his feelings or for playing a part, even if he had been tempted to do so. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and, as abundantly appears, the only charges which Cotta could make against his "morality," even according to his own story, was the injustice of suspecting him, Cotta, of having inveigled Schiller into his net, and the violence and obstinacy with which he held on to his rights. On one point only Cotta was correct—Goschen never forgave him.

I find no answer from Schiller to this attack upon Goschen, though Cotta kept on anxiously inquiring if Goschen had not written about *Carlos*. Nor after Schlegel's communication on Schiller's behalf to Goschen in December did any communication take place between author and publisher till the latter renewed the correspondence in April, 1797. The cold formality of this letter, especially its concluding lines, with its "respects" to Schiller's "Frau Gemahlin" and its "obedient servant," shows that notwithstanding Schlegel's assurance that Schiller was completely satisfied, a ground-swell of pique on the publisher's side still reflected the effects of the past storm.

"Leipzig, April 26, 1797.

"Herr Rath Schlegel has given me your kind explanation about *Carlos* and the *Geister-seher*. For this I must thank you for more reasons than one, not only formally but sincerely. These works are now both sold out. I venture to ask whether I shall set about an interim edition of *Carlos*, to last for about a year, pledging myself at the same time to throw the copies still in stock into the waste-paper basket as soon as the new edition is ready. I hope that I may very soon receive this sentence of death.

"What have you decided about the *Geister-seher*?

Are you inclined to alter anything in it, or shall I prepare a reprint from the old edition? I beg respectfully that you will send me a few lines in answer, because I desire that the two works shall not be long out of the market, and that the pirates may not be too sorely tempted by this scarcity.

"My best respects to yourself and your Frau Gemahlin.

"I remain, with sincere esteem,

"Your most obedient servant,

"G. J. GOSCHEN."

Schiller replied—

"I hope that Herr Schlegel has told you my views fully, and has, as I desire, cleared up a misunderstanding which has been very disagreeable to me.

"As you will not bring out *Carlos* jointly with Cotta, I must take this piece into consideration apart from my *Theatre*, and this is quite feasible as it is not really a theatrical work. But I reserve the right, if I should ever make it into a theatrical piece—in which case it would have to be curtailed by about half its length—to incorporate this new and entirely different version, in my collection of theatrical works. It is of course understood that this revised version would only appear *after* that which is to be yours, and cannot, therefore, be detrimental to you.

"I cannot now decide exactly as to the date when I could furnish you with the new *Carlos* . . . but you shall be enabled to publish it at Easter, 1799, at latest. I will put the last finishing touches to the *Geister-seher*, and give it a careful polish.

"Fare you right well, and recall me to the kind remembrance of your dear wife.

"SCHILLER."

Schiller informed Cotta on the same day that Goschen was not to be persuaded to accept a joint publication of *Carlos*, and that he would not deprive him of his earlier claim, but that he should much like to work *Carlos* up again for the theatre when it could be incorporated with "our collection."

There the matter rested for a time, and months again elapsed before the business between Schiller and Goschen as to the fresh editions of *Carlos* and the *Geister-seher* was resumed. At last Goschen was compelled to take the initiative, and wrote to Schiller as follows (September, 1797) :—

“The inquiries about the *Geister-seher* make it necessary for me to be more pressing than I like. I take the liberty of reminding you of your kind promise to revise it. I am putting off the edition of *Carlos* as well as I can, as I fancy you would prefer that there should be no interim edition. But you would oblige me extremely, if you would take the revision of *Carlos* in hand rather sooner than the time fixed. The printing is not a thing to be done in a hurry. I should like, in the case of *Carlos*, to bring all my resources into play, in order to try what I can accomplish in typography. Lessing's *Nathan* is shortly to be splendidly edited by the Voss firm, and I shall try to make *Carlos* surpass it. This project lay very near my heart, and this was the reason why Cotta wounded me so sorely when he wished to be entrusted with *Carlos*. I would gladly have suffered him to have the profits, but my vanity, which made me wish to show myself in a brilliant light as a printer in connection with this book, would not give way. The past appears to us in a different light than the present, and I wish now that what occurred had not taken me so by surprise, or irritated me into a display of violence.

“Pray once more accept the sincere confession of my friendly admiration.

“G. J. GOSCHEN.”

Here is the true story, the key to part of Goschen's conduct, given by himself. The project of *Carlos* lay “very near his heart.” His wounded spirit had led him into an unseemly display of temper. His apology is complete and almost touching.

But Schiller did not wish for such a superior

achievement in the way of typography. His heart was set on having *Carlos* printed uniformly with his other plays, and the publisher's intense desire to invest *Carlos* with a magnificent dress was not fulfilled for seven years.

Meanwhile Schiller was still not happy, though Goschen had abandoned the *édition de luxe* at his desire. He wanted fresh pressure to be applied to Goschen, and in March, 1798, called on Cotta once more to endeavour to come to an understanding with him, as "his irritability was over now." Perhaps he would consent to *Carlos* being included within three or four years in the collection on consideration of some payment to him. Cotta replied he would gladly try to meet Goschen, on which the author, indefatigable in his efforts to accomplish his aim, suggested that as Goschen had abandoned the idea of an *édition de luxe*, he might be induced to print something else from his pen in that style. He had been revolving the idea of a *Theatre Calendar* in which Goethe might take part. If Goschen would come to terms, he might have that publication.

I regret to possess no evidence as to what passed between the two publishers at the Easter Fair of 1798. The Schiller-Cotta correspondence contains no allusions to fresh negotiations at this time; nor was an arrangement come to till shortly before Schiller's death in 1805; nor was a *Theatre Calendar* offered to Goschen. The latter came out of the conflict with his *Carlos* still in his hands, but the promise of first offers from Schiller of all further work had vanished, and *Callias*, the first cause of the rupture, never appeared. But on Goschen's side no rancour against Schiller remained, and this story of his quarrel

and reconciliation with his old friend may fitly conclude with the following touching passages in a letter about the *Geister-seher*, written from Hohenstädt, on the 16th of June (1798):—

“I have now been living for some months in Hohenstädt, and often feel the wish rising in my heart that I might be able to show you its glories some day.

“Here all the ideas and wishes which Gohlis once awoke in me are carried out. A pleasant cottage, a little garden in a spot like Paradise, beautiful pure air, water from springs which I have discovered myself, fruit trees all of which I have reared myself, a beautiful repose, chequered with farming and with work for my business. Time, it is true, has carried much away. It is my wish to see all the Gohlis faces which I cared for, here in my arbour of acacias, in my vine-shadowed walks. Jünger, the Schneiders, and so many others, are no more. You and the Körners alone are left. Oh, that your health would but allow me to welcome you here some day with the Körners and Kunze! Should Heaven grant me this wish, life would have yet another charm for me. With the most sincere and kindest regards,

“I am yours,

“GOSCHEN.”

Jünger had gone to Vienna in 1787, and though Goschen had been publishing his plays in 1792 and 1795, he had not seen his friend for ten years. He died in 1797, in his thirty-seventh year. The memory of this common friend of earlier days was a link to which Goschen might naturally appeal on the happy resumption of his interrupted friendship with Schiller, and the renewal of the old style of affectionate communication between them.

It is pleasant to know that my grandfather's



HOHENSTÄDT.
From an old Print.

[To face p. 28, Vol. II.]

ardent wish to be able to show the poet the "glories" of his little country home was fulfilled. We shall by-and-by find Schiller and his wife paying Goschen a visit at Hohenstädt, and filling their host with all the happiness which he expected from their presence.

CHAPTER XX.

"THE GREAT UNDERTAKING."

1787-1794.

THE time has now come to tell the story of "the great undertaking"—the simultaneous issue of four separate editions of Wieland's Collected Works, each edition comprising thirty volumes—an enterprise which was one of my grandfather's chief pre-occupations for a period of ten years.

The reader will again find Goschen involved in a desperate struggle with a rival firm, and, as he peruses the following narrative, he may sometimes smile when he recalls the Goschen-Cotta war. Goschen was in this case cast for a different *rôle*. He was now charged with the attack instead of with the defence, but, as will be seen, there was here no question of a breach of "the sacred ties of friendship." The contest was waged on business principles, and the issue was left to the courts of law.

It was as far back as January, 1787, that this daring plan had fired Goschen's ambition; but even before he had appeared on the scene to infect Wieland with his own spirit of enterprise, the author had on several occasions sounded his old publisher, Reich, as to the willingness of his firm, Weidmanns'

Heirs, to undertake a collected edition of all his writings. Reich had met Wieland's overtures with coldness, and when Goschen displayed an eager desire to carry out the plan which Reich declined, the question arose—What powers did Wieland still retain over works which Weidmanns had published, and which were estimated to amount to three-fifths of the whole? If another publisher were willing to venture on the collection, could Weidmanns block the whole scheme? That it would be equitable for them to have a share in the enterprise corresponding to the three-fifths which they had published, was clear. But what if they refused any joint action? Then the respective rights of author and publisher would have to be fought out.

A further complication arose from Wieland's intention not to publish his past work in its old form, but to revise it with the utmost care—in some cases, indeed, to provide almost a new dress. For this labour much time was needed, since the process was to be complete, and the ground to be covered was vast. Besides, as we know, Wieland had many irons in the fire—the editing of the *Mercury* and the composition of new original work. Thus while the plan was conceived in January, 1787, Wieland, even at that time, did not wish the announcement of the editions to be made before the Easter Fair of 1791. That date was accordingly fixed as the starting-point.

Nevertheless, in the very first stage of the negotiations, Wieland, as soon as he had the eager Goschen in tow, asked him for an advance of 1000 thalers—truly a somewhat extraordinary demand under the circumstances. But Goschen, hard as he always found the task of finding sufficient funds for his

business, and though at that time he was only struggling to secure two-fifths of the enterprise, was not the man to let go so great a chance. Thus he wrote on January 16, 1787—

"As soon as you write to me, 'Goschen, you shall have the publication of my Collected Works, even if Weidmanns won't join you in partnership,' I shall take care to find the 1000 thalers, and you shall have them. . . .

"Weidmanns will probably leave no stone unturned to move you, by smooth or by hard words, to let them have the two-fifths as well as the three-fifths, only be firm on that point; then in the end I will say, 'I will only have the profit and bear the costs on the two-fifths; do you, Weidmanns, keep the profits and bear the outlay on the three-fifths.' That they must consent to, or they will forfeit all their claims."

Goschen's visit to Weimar came off in the spring of 1787, and Wieland ultimately went so far as to sign a preliminary document, in which he acknowledged that he had ceded to Goschen the sole right to the publication of his Collected Works, if the latter should carry out the understanding at which they had arrived. It is easy to imagine the immense satisfaction which the ambitious publisher must have felt, as he carried back this precious document to Leipzig, even declaring in his eagerness that he recognized the fairness of the advance of the 1000 thalers! The time to take real action under it was yet far distant, but from that moment forward Goschen displayed constant anxiety to curtail his enterprises in other directions, and to prepare for the great event.

And, in the interval, opportunities occasionally arose for taking preliminary steps. In July, 1789, for instance, Wieland learnt from the publisher that he had lit on some very fine paper for the "*Omnium*,"

an announcement, however, which, far from pleasing the author, led him to fear that it would be costly in proportion to its beauty. This scruple sounds the first note of a curious controversy which became very keen later on, the writer dreading lest the lavish outlay on his own works should bring the publisher to ruin, while the latter had too much courage, too much belief in his star, to hesitate before any expense, or to be frightened by any warnings whatever.

Thus he felt no dismay when the great Weidmann firm first began to challenge his position. Rumours, prompted no doubt by the growing intimacy in the relations between Wieland and Goschen, got abroad of the author's intention to put the publication of his Collected Works into the hands of the new firm, and Weidmanns inquired of Wieland whether the reports were true. He answered that they were. He had long harboured the wish for such a collection. Offers had been made to him from Vienna and Berlin, and piratical editions were being threatened. He had consulted publishers of position, and had been assured by them all that he was perfectly justified in choosing a new publisher for the proposed edition. "I do not conceal the fact," he added, "that nearer personal acquaintance with Herr Goschen has imbued me with a high opinion of his uprightness, and with a real regard for his person." Wieland then referred Weidmanns to Goschen, warning them at the same time that, if they openly announced that no such collected edition could appear, Goschen would have to make a counter-announcement much earlier than he had intended. They communicated

with him accordingly at once, and he reported the result to Wieland in a letter of the 9th of November (1789).

"Weidmanns have inquired of me whether I was really willing to defend my right to an edition of your Collected Works. They demanded an answer without any explanations. So I answered, 'Yes.' Second question: 'Whether I considered it to be right that they should keep their legitimate property?' Answer: 'Yes; I should never sell their books singly.' Thirdly: 'Whether Herr Hofrath Wieland was not in duty bound to give them the first option as to publishing his Collected Works?' Answer: 'No.' I shall now quietly await their next move."

Here we have the kernel of the whole controversy.

It is clear that whatever the rights of the case might be as to the three-fifths of Wieland's writings which they had issued, Weidmanns had no claim whatever on the remaining two-fifths published elsewhere, and which, according to their own arguments, they themselves could not include if the issue of a collected edition were offered to them. Practically, it was a dead-lock.

But it was natural that Weidmanns should be extremely annoyed with Wieland. They had published seventeen of his best works for which they considered they had paid him handsomely, and now a publisher of only a few years' standing was to take precedence of a long-established house, to say nothing of the inclusion in his edition of the works which they had issued singly! In their wrath, they wrote to Wieland that when his *Lucian* was printed, they did not wish to publish any more of his writings. An angry correspondence ensued, and the death of Reim, the manager of Weidmanns'

business, broke the last link in the chain that had for so long bound Wieland to Reich and his successors. No personal friend remained.

For the present, however, no further steps were taken, and no point of interest arose in connection with the great enterprise for some time. But in September, 1790, the subject was resumed in earnest. Wieland then advanced distinct proposals as to remuneration, and Goschen accepted them with eager promptitude. Writing on the 10th of that month, he declared—*

"I cannot lose by your works. If I make no immediate gain, I look at the matter as though I had sunk my money in an estate, where it was secure, and whence it would by-and-by return to me at a 'Christian' rate of interest. I shall be on my guard, never fear, against a too ruinous piratical operation. All that I have arranged in my head. The Weidmann firm has still to be dealt with. A good many ideas are simmering in my brain on this point, but to-day I am not calm enough to select the best of them.

"For the present I accept your condition of 250 thalers per 'alphabet,' and hope after the completion of the work, if it is a success, to raise the honorarium to 300. If my anticipations deceive me, you will let me off this voluntary addition of 50 thalers, and rest satisfied with 250. A thousand thalers are at your disposal during 1791. But I must ask you to let the date be fixed for some time after Easter, since I cannot concentrate all my resources till then, but must carry through what I have on hand. If you had announced your final decision to me any later, I should again have pledged myself to so much as to be unable to spare the 1000 thalers. Hitherto I have not allowed a single groschen of mine to grow warm in my pocket.

"Let us go on getting things straight by degrees. All my thoughts and desires are now directed to the

* Part of this letter, in which Goschen reviewed his financial position, has been quoted, Vol. I. Chapter XV. p. 357.

able and honourable consummation of this work, with due regard for our mutual welfare."

The honorarium of 250 thalers per "alphabet,"* about equal to ten thalers or two louis d'ors per sheet, was a smaller sum than Schiller generally claimed. But these works of Wieland, though now to be presented in a revised form, had been published before, and the number of volumes was stupendous. Goschen's spontaneous offer to raise the author's remuneration from 250 to 300 thalers, in case of success, is a characteristic trait.

Again a good many months elapsed. The Easter Fair, 1791, the date originally fixed for the announcement of the great collection, was at hand, but matters were not sufficiently advanced for such a decisive step. The author in the mean time was beset with doubts. He feared the final plunge. He had chosen a comparatively young firm. He had been compelled to insist on terms which he himself thought high, and which he feared might too probably bring about the ruin of his friend. Accordingly, he begged Goschen to visit him, and listen to all his misgivings. The publisher answered the call, and his robust earnestness and determination soothed the vacillating author for a time.

Nevertheless, the protests of the Weidmann firm still seriously troubled his peace of mind, and kept him in a state of suspense and anxiety destined to last for several years. Soon after Goschen's visit to Weimar, the enemy made a fresh move. They sent the author some of their new publications as a present, and expressed the wish to issue a new edition of his *Golden Mirror*. Wieland accepted the

* *Vide* Vol. I. Chapter VIII. p. 176.

present of books with expressions of friendliness, but was much embarrassed by the request as to the republication of one of his works just at the time when Goschen was to include all of them in a collection. He suspected that Gräff, the new manager of the Weidmann firm, was only raising the question of the *Golden Mirror* with a view to its bearing on Goschen's enterprise. And he was right. Gräff proceeded to Weimar to follow up this policy, and in Goschen's absence at Karlsbad, managed to extract from the frightened author an assurance that he would not have thought of concluding a bargain with others than Weidmanns if Goschen had not exhorted him to do so, undertaking to take all the dispute on himself and to carry it to an issue—a declaration in contradiction with Wieland's own previous letters to Weidmanns, and with the whole tenor of his language to Goschen. The only true part of the story was that Goschen was prepared to bear the brunt of the fray. *He did not know fear!*

With that extraordinary want of business caution, which seems to have characterized so many of the transactions between writers and their publishers in those days, Wieland began to revise and add to the *Golden Mirror* without first arranging terms with Weidmanns, and when he did name them, a fresh dispute arose. Weidmanns unwisely made objections. Wieland then remained silent till he could consult with their rival, who was still at Karlsbad and forbidden to correspond on business.

When Goschen returned, he set to work at once and drew up a written memorandum. Once more he mooted the question of a joint undertaking. He did not want the profit on Weidmanns' three-fifths, but

he did want to be interested to the extent of two-fifths in the Collected Works, and to be master, too, of such new work as Wieland might supply. Weidmanns could clearly lay no claim to the whole.

Wieland himself then informed Goschen's opponents that the latter would make them proposals, and that he relied on the "equitable disposition of both parties" to come to a friendly agreement.

But Weidmanns refused to listen to any proposals from Goschen. What had he to do with the case? They desired to deal with Wieland alone; they expected the fulfilment of their legitimate wishes from him. "But if they were denied, well, then they would quietly await the author's action, and would so speak and act as duty, propriety, and the materials at their command would admit." This refusal of a compromise proved very damaging to Weidmanns when the matter came before the courts.

Wieland himself now elaborated a long and exhaustive essay "On the Principles by which the Relations between Authors and Publishers are Regulated," a somewhat stupendous document, and forwarded it to the hostile firm with the strong conviction that his eloquent argumentation would carry the day. Goschen, on his side, sent them his own memorandum, containing both his arguments and his proposed compromise, and in a letter to his client (November 12, 1791), drew out a regular plan of operations for carrying on what seemed likely to be a prolonged struggle. His letter brings out strongly the energy and capacity of the business man as well as the faith of the enthusiast, and for once his sentimental effusiveness is less conspicuous. After explaining to what expedients he would have recourse

in the event of a compromise being rejected by Weidmanns, he dilated as follows on his own position :—

“You may be assured that I have most carefully considered not only the greatness of the undertaking, but the method of its execution and the uncertainty of human life, and I have taken everything into account. The enterprise is greater than you yourself think. All is calculated on paper, and when a man has been making trade calculations for six and twenty years, he certainly does not fall into the habit of setting the figures too low.

“But am I equal to this great undertaking? That is one of the most necessary questions. For the present I will only answer it partially; then, if you come to a final decision, ‘Goschen shall have the publishing, though the whole world, save equity itself, were against it, I will convince you that it is no great feat to carry through the work according to the scheme I have devised, and of which I am proud. For the present, then, only this much: I have earned something, and shall earn more. My father-in-law has an estate of his own, worth 40,000 thalers, and he rents an Electoral estate for which he pays an annual rental of 13,000 thalers. I have a brother-in-law who has an available capital of 20,000 thalers. To either of these two I need only say, ‘Here is the undertaking, here is the scheme, will you enter upon it with me?’ and both are ready. Both are clear-headed men of business, and both can grasp the situation. But I do not need them if my life is spared. With a moderate capital and a year’s credit which I can command from paper manufacturers and printers—and paper manufacturers not in Germany only—I can tackle everything alone. In the course of my business I keep my death constantly in view. From my youth up I have accustomed myself to that.

“Again, without special reference to our undertaking, I have, in my wife’s presence, taken two of the ablest publishers in Germany into my confidence as regards the system I follow in working my business, and according to which it is to be carried on after my death. With the help of these men it cannot be

difficult for my wife to draw the profits I have made, out of my firm for three years, if I should die. Thus the whole scheme of our enterprise down to the smallest details lies in the hands of my father-in-law and brother-in-law. These two stand in the breach, and will carry out the business with credit for the advantage of my children. My friends in the book-trade cannot all die. These will give advice and aid if circumstances cause any change in my scheme.

"Of this scheme itself I will tell you this much only. It is drawn up with the special object of securing great advantages to the public. Every merchant's clerk, every poor student, every country parson, every moderately-paid officer will be enabled to buy your works. Then for the first time all Germany will read you, and you will influence all Germany. I want to complete the work in four years, producing five alphabets * every Fair. Hence I would beg of you not to make any announcement till things are so far arranged that you, too, may have materials ready for five alphabets every Fair. I intend to give five alphabets for two thalers. You must acknowledge that that is a grand feat. Every admirer of yours can manage to spare four thalers a year, I think.

"If you are firm in your determination, I, too, am firm; firm because I see the situation with absolute clearness. I will also convince you of the feasibility of my scheme as soon as things are straight.

"As regards profit, I may make much or little, but what I can lose is little too. My business will be carried on with the same resources as hitherto. I set aside a special capital for your works. If that is lost (you understand that all cannot be lost), I shall be able to bear the loss. I cannot lose more than 6000 thalers. But should human probability become certainty in this undertaking of ours, there should be for your heirs, after the sale of the first edition, a capital of at least 4000 thalers; † I say *at least*—pray let

* An alphabet = 23 printer's sheets = 368 8vo pages. *Vide* explanatory note, Vol. I. Chapter VIII. p. 176.

† The total which Wieland would receive on the terms agreed to, namely, 250 thalers per alphabet, would be exactly 10,000 thalers. The explanation of the phrase in the text, that "there would be a

my heart act. This point, too, will be settled for my successors by my will, if death should overtake me.

"All disagreeables—and they cannot be great, so soon as one is convinced of one's rights—all trouble and work are as nothing to me, compared with the consciousness of having benefited my country and myself through a wise scheme."

A few days later, November 16, Goschen was able to announce that Geheim-Rath Müller, who was a member of the Sheriffs' Court, which had examined the legal question, had reported in his favour, and that the prospects of success were most promising.

"I have just come from Geheim-Rath Müller. He said, 'You are perfectly right on every point. We have accepted the principle in the Court of Sheriffs (he is the head of the Court) that the publisher shall enjoy the *usufruct* of a work for one edition. When this edition is exhausted, he (the author) has the right to make an agreement for a second edition, either with the first publisher or with whom he likes.' I had asked Müller if he considered my case so fair a one that I could with propriety obtain a *responsum* from the court. 'By all means,' said he, and added enthusiastically, 'You are in the right, and shall remain so.'

"Weidmanns have as yet sent no answer. If they will not accept association with me, I will get the *responsum*, and then in a fortnight we shall have the legal right in our own hands, and I fancy a legal *responsum* will be as much thought of by the public as a notice issued by Gräff."

Wieland, on his side, sent Goschen Gräff's angry reply, in which the latter claimed the sole right to the publication of a writer's works if nothing was said to the contrary in the contract. Goschen was capital of 4000 thalers for Wieland's heirs," I take to be that 6000 thalers would have been paid Wieland himself in advance, as appears from a passage on the next page (42), but I do not feel perfectly clear on the subject.

astonished at the feebleness of Gräff's memorandum. But Wieland again began to waver, and feared an appeal to the Imperial Court at Wetzlar. Goschen replied, December 18, 1790—

"Saxony has the *jus de non appellandi*, and who cares for all the courts in the world, when there is no positive law? On the main issue, the whole public, all authors, and half the publishers will be unanimous."

And so, at last, Goschen's determination prevailed, and Wieland was won over, if not entirely reassured.

Weidmanns now remained passive during nearly the whole of the year 1792, while Goschen was pushing on his preparations with resolute energy and binding Wieland closer and closer by advances which, before publication had commenced, had reached 6000 thalers out of the total honorarium calculated to amount to 10,000 thalers. But, strangely enough, it was not till April (1792) that a formal document was drawn up between author and publisher. On the 14th of April they put their hands to an initialled agreement. That the moment was thought to be one of very special interest, we may gather from the fact that Schiller and Reinhold were invited to witness the signatures; and indeed the undertaking was the largest yet attempted by any German publisher, nor could it be considered otherwise than of very large dimensions even in these present days.

The publication of a work of thirty volumes would in itself have been a great undertaking. But the issue of one edition of this size did not satisfy Goschen's ambitious craving to do for Wieland what had been done for no author before. Consumed

with the idea that the famous writer was to become accessible to all classes, to be clothed with majesty for the great, and to be offered in a cheap pocket edition to the many, my grandfather had conceived the plan of issuing four simultaneous editions: a splendid quarto, to cost 250 thalers; a large octavo, at 150 thalers; a pocket edition, at 112½ thalers; and a very cheap ordinary octavo, at 27 thalers.* But the whole was not to appear at once. Instalments of a certain number of volumes would have to be issued in succession. Ultimately, a beginning was made with five volumes. The great quarto was to be of smoothed "velin" paper, first quality; the great octavo of rolled "velin" paper, second quality; the pocket edition of the same paper as the great octavo; and the cheap edition on ordinary printing paper (*Druck-Papier*).†

The three best editions were to have engravings by foremost German artists of that day—Bause, Berger, Geyser, Lips, Meyer, Ramberg.

With the signature of the preliminary agreement in April, 1792, the die was cast, and the consciousness that a final step had been taken once more disturbed the author's breast. His part in the work, he knew, was not a light one, for the revision of so many volumes entailed immense labour; he was often ill, often worried by domestic anxieties, and he certainly never concealed his bad spirits from his friend.

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
* 250 Thalers =	37	10	0		112½ Thalers =	16	17	6
150 „ =	22	10	0		27 „ =	4	1	0

† *Velin-Papier*, wove-paper; *Druck-Papier*, unsized paper. *Vide* note, Vol. I. Chapter VIII. p. 181.

So Goschen posted off to Weimar again to administer a tonic to the faltering author, and to infuse, if possible, some of his own courage into his heart. And, as usual, Wieland could not resist the inspiring presence of the ever-sanguine publisher. He wrote after the visit, June 7, 1792—

"You cannot imagine how much the high courage and enthusiasm with which you face the unspeakable toil and infinite anxieties of every kind entailed by this really great undertaking—a work which your activity, wisdom, and friendship for me alone render practicable—had inspired me, too, for the not insignificant labour laid upon me by this edition to which the last finish is to be put. Heaven only grant us both life and health, and we need not, I think, have any doubts of success."

Goschen, meanwhile, was now really at work on his vast preparations. The necessary paper had to be provided, and plans had to be devised for printing the four simultaneous editions. This was no easy task for the publisher, as he had convinced himself that there were no printers or presses in Leipzig adequate to fulfil with certainty his intention of realizing a perfection in their results which had not been attained in Germany before. Goschen, from his personal experience in Dessau as manager in the Verlags-Casse, was an expert in the art of printing, and he determined to set up a printing establishment of his own. With untiring energy, he looked after every detail himself with the utmost care.* He had his types cast

* Printers of to-day may be interested to know that he had an estimate for three presses to cost 1500 thalers (£225), and that he calculated the annual expenses at 2500 thalers, including six compositors and as many printers at three thalers (nine shillings) a week, one manager, a clerk, an apprentice, fuel and light.

specially for him under his own eye, and his labours gave him intense satisfaction. Moreover, the contents of the manuscript as it reached him roused him to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and so even his technical preparations became a source of daily joy to him. He expressed himself thus in almost hyperbolical phrase to his friend (July 10, 1792)—

"I have read the divine *Agathon* and experienced for the first time the highest pleasure which reading can afford. I feel a strange sensation of delight in every phase of thought and every preparatory step connected with the Collected Works. We publishers must so often worry and bother ourselves about so many miserable matters, that it does one good to be occupied for once with a really great undertaking. Only one single reflection can at times disturb me: if this enterprise, as regards its external appearance, should not at least hold its own with the best typographical attempts, and if the exterior should not correspond to the internal merits of the work, you will face posterity with shame. God give me health, and all, I hope, will go on well. No one, it is to be hoped, will then have reason to repent that Germany's best work fell into my hands. Industry on my part will certainly not be wanting, since I am inspired by ambition, self-interest, and especially by enthusiasm and love for the author. When this work is finished, I shall peacefully face the fate of all mortals. But, till then, my first wish is to see my life prolonged so that I may leave to my children a fine memorial and a spur to activity."

What a different tone in all these passages to the description of his feelings when he was printing Goethe! On that occasion, too, he had taken extraordinary pains; he had admired as he read—"The whole man is genius!" But Goethe was only the client, Wieland was a friend to whom his whole heart went out. And now, too, Goschen felt for the

first time that he had the power to achieve a great typographical success. He was consumed by ambition in this direction, and indeed his sense of the beautiful in form seems to have been as keen as, if not keener than, his sense of what was great in substance. His early training and professional experience had inclined him largely to the study of externals.

By the beginning of August, 1792, he wrote to inform Wieland that he had secured the requisite capital, hired a house for the printing, ordered the presses and type, and that paper was being purchased. Some of the latter he had selected; but his requirements were immense, and partly to satisfy them and partly to see the latest improvements introduced into typography, he set out in August for Switzerland,* famous in those days for the fine quality of its paper and travelled to Basel *viâ* Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Ulm.

The warmth of his reception everywhere was very gratifying. Not only did authors gladly welcome him, but he tells his wife proudly—

"Imagine that the landlords of inns, and even the postmasters, are delighted to make the acquaintance of the famous publisher from Leipzig. Wherever I arrive, I am received with respect and marked attention. So, dear wife, I'm beginning to get vain."

When Goschen returned, he sent to Weimar specimens of the paper and of the type for three out of the four editions. Wieland went into ecstasy over their beauty. But he felt modest about the quarto edition. It was too magnificent. Goschen was not to laugh at his weakness, but it was really repugnant to some instinct in him, which he fancied

* This was the journey described in Chapter XVIII.

was more than mere modesty, to be launched into the world in such a splendid shape as the proposed quarto *édition de luxe*. It seemed like allowing himself to be made a baron or a count. An author must be at least a king to permit such an extraordinary honour to be done to him without blushing all over. "Would it not be best for both of us if the great octavo edition were the highest in rank? Surely it would be so splendid that the first author in the world could not demand more!"

But Goschen would listen to nothing. His mind was made up, and his preparations finished. Further difficulties were suggested by Wieland in view of the alarming state of the political world—the reader will remember that it was in this year (1792) that war was crossing the frontiers of Germany, and men's minds were trembling with fear in the presence of stupendous events. What a moment for a vast publishing enterprise! Wieland wrote—

"You are doing so much, so very much to deserve success, and as it were to compel it, that fate would indeed be unjust if it were denied to you. What do you say to the present condition of Germany? I am very much afraid that you could not have undertaken your costly enterprise at a more unfavourable time, and perhaps it would in any case be advisable to hold back a little longer."

But, in spite of all dangers and obstacles, Goschen went steadily ahead.

Wieland, on his side, laboured industriously at the revision of his writings, and the order in which they should be arranged gave rise to endless correspondence. Gruber, his biographer, speaks of the remarkable conscientiousness with which Wieland worked, and gives a quotation from Goethe which

pays the highest tribute to that quality. Goethe had been speaking of the fertility of Wieland's pen, and added—

"I use the expression 'pen' not as an oratorical phrase. The phrase is entirely to the point in this case, and if a sense of pious veneration paid homage to writers by seeking to possess the pen with which they had executed their works, the quill which Wieland used should certainly be worthy of this distinction before many others. For the fact that he wrote everything with his own hand, and that very beautifully; that he composed with fluency, yet with perfect command over himself; that he kept what he had written constantly before him, carefully testing, altering, improving, and indefatigably shaping and reshaping—aye, and did not shrink from the weariness of copying out several times works of considerable length;—this gave to his productions that tenderness, delicacy, transparency, and natural elegance which no exertion but only bright and cheerful attention can create in a finished work."

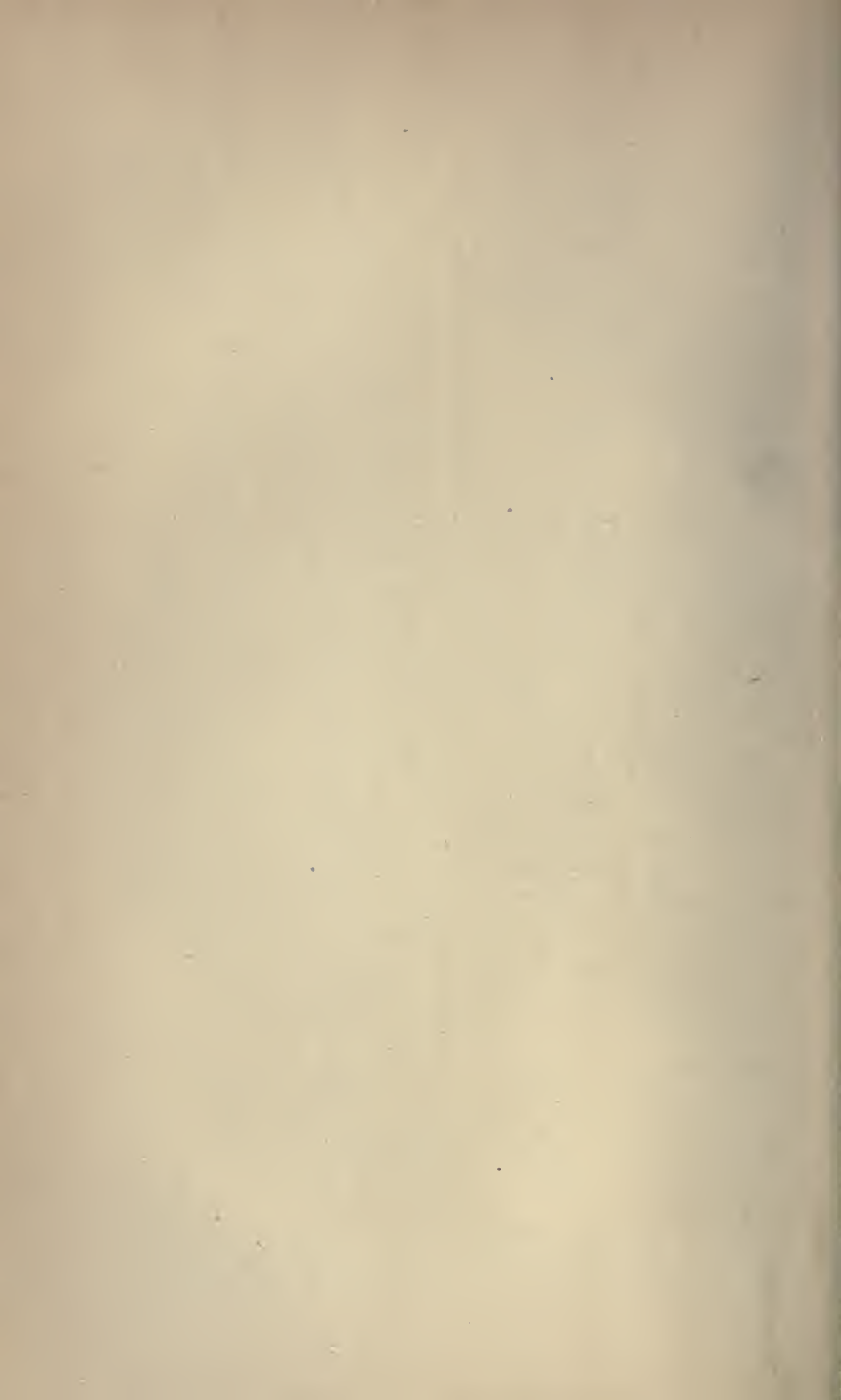
Letters to my grandfather of the most voluminous character, extending over many years, show the truth of Goethe's tribute. The pains which Wieland bestowed on the revision of every piece of work were as great as those given to their original composition. A finer lesson of conscientious, yet most artistic industry, has never been set by a writer. Author and publisher were exerting themselves to the very highest point to produce results worthy of their country and of posterity.

And their efforts were recognized. My grandfather's feat, when completed, took rank as the greatest typographical success in Germany up to that date. But of course his intimate friends were anxious during the period of preparation. For instance, Huber wrote from Mainz in August, 1792—

1
Liebster Götzau, beyliegende Cahier die von ihm gestorene Lei-
abergangung Mecht. Das Daran ist auf 400000 geschätzt: ist
sicher ihn als mit der noch möglich gelohntest war.

Da wir für den Januar in Februar das 2. Quartal 1788. hin rügend
nicht mehr übrig geblieben ist, die einzigen von dem vornehmlich meisten der
sässig haben, so bitten wir, falls die so viele unthunlichen können mit den
jedem der besagten Moneten 10 Thaler, von allenfalls auf uns, damit
die folgende Expeditionen uns nicht ganz ohne Abbruch vorübergehe sey, wir 5 oder
6 Exempl. von jedem besagten Moneten zu überreichen.

Die Papiere: Noch ist kein sehr groß, und wir die Winter. Papiere
lassen mit auf dem Fund sitzen, so wie im gut Werk zu geben. Auch ist dem
zu begünstigt, wo das Papier zuletzt noch so kommen solle, um die Sachverhalte von
3—5000 Jahren zu befrichtigen. Adon die Woff. Thomas d. 30. Januar. 1789.
Wieland



"Your undertaking will be an honour to Germany ; we shall only then be able to compete with foreigners when we begin to value beauty in typography, as the English and French have done in their costly editions. If it succeeds, as I certainly hope it may, you will have the glory of having broken the ice,—for the disposition of our public towards literature may well be called ice. Single works published in Berlin cannot be compared with a great work like yours, though possibly they may be with the English and French editions of the classics of those nations."

The autumn of this year, 1792, passed with many encouraging symptoms, notwithstanding the threatening condition of politics ; but in December, when Goschen was able to write that he was beginning to think of announcing the Works, that the public was "warm," that large sums of money were sunk in paper and designs, that the most distinguished artists in Germany were each employed on an engraving, and that he could not let his capital lie idle too long,—Weidmanns, who had been quiescent for some time, opened a campaign in the law courts in real earnest, formally lodging a complaint against Goschen in the Book Commission at Leipzig, and begging for an injunction on his enterprise, so far as it included the writings which they had published singly.

Notwithstanding this step, which possibly was not disagreeable to Goschen, as it would bring things to a head, he wrote a cheerful New Year's letter to Wieland, January 15, 1793—

"This new year has surprised us both in the full swing of our work, myself just at the hardest point in it—that is, the beginning ; however, if things do not get worse, I shall easily be able to carry the burden ; but the most difficult part lies on your shoulders, my friend. You can engage no assistants, except health, your genius, and cheerfulness. I pray

that Providence may grant you these, not from a selfish desire as a publisher, but from the more delicate selfishness that the world to which I, too, belong, may be refreshed by the fruits of your genius."

Enthusiastic as a friend, Goschen was equally active as an enemy. When he learnt that Weidmanns had claimed an injunction, he at once sent in a statement of his own, and, probably in view of the real difficulty of the situation, the Book Commission suggested a compromise. Goschen and Gräff were summoned to appear, but the attempt to arrange matters failed. Goschen declared that he had made proposals for a compromise before, but that they had been rejected. The matter must now take its legal course. The judge "was of opinion that there was a good deal in what Herr Goschen had urged in his defence which ought to induce Weidmanns to reflect." But Gräff suggested that if Herr Goschen had really been serious as to a joint undertaking, he ought to have replied to the objections which Weidmanns had made to that proposal when originally put forward. He then applied for Goschen's defence so that he might make a declaration concerning it.

The war in the Courts, which had now fairly begun, sadly troubled the old author's soul. He wrote to Goschen in querulous terms on March 21, 1793—

"Since I have considered more accurately and profoundly the rights of author and publisher, I have become as firmly convinced as yourself of the justice of our cause; whether, however, that will make it victorious, is all the more doubtful, as the Weidmann firm is rich and greedy of gain, and the present head of the business is an exceedingly warped, wrong-headed, passionate, proud and dogmatical person. Should you even receive a favourable verdict at

Leipzig, our adversary would have recourse to the Supreme Court of the Empire under the pretext that justice had been refused him, the first effect of which would be that everything would remain *in statu quo*, and the next, that I should not survive the issue. Unfortunately, it is not enough in this world to *be* right; so soon as it comes to a lawsuit about a matter of some importance, he is usually right who can and will lay most ducats in the scale of all-hallowed justice. This is really the reason of my having always feared the Weidmann firm, and of my always having raised difficulties (as my previous letters prove). Another very untoward circumstance is this, that I am quite convinced that by far the greater number of publishers hold the same views of their privileges as the Weidmann firm, and would therefore rush to proclaim them right. Meanwhile, as things cannot be altered, we must await the decisions of gods and men, and as, save death, there are but few ills against which there is no remedy, we will not let our courage sink, even though the worst should befall. I shall not permit my works to be hectorred or judged away from me, that is certain, and you may depend upon it.

"I read the Weidmann 'Pro Memoria,' that wretched web of sophistries and insolence, with scorn, and the passage where Gräff makes mention of his conversation with me, with indignation against the malice of the fellow's head and heart. You know *him* and *me*, so I need say no more.

"This much in haste, dearest Goschen. May Heaven send a more favourable issue to this troublesome business than I expect!"

A little later the anxious author was terribly disturbed by a rumour that Goschen was ill. That would, indeed, be a catastrophe! He wrote in haste to inquire after his health and the position of affairs. And a fresh danger loomed before him—a league of publishers against Goschen and himself. Still, he thought he would be able to balance it by a "Fronde" of authors, whose rights and interests were identical

with his own. "We will not allow ourselves to be beaten down in any case."

Fortunately Goschen was soon able to report that the idea of a league of publishers had failed at the Easter Fair, 1793, and his despatch of another 1000 thalers no doubt produced a further soothing effect on the author. And, indeed, Goschen was in high spirits, for he had won a very important victory in another field.

Engaged in a lively combat with Wieland about the virtues and shortcomings of artists, draughtsmen, and engravers; pelted with letters about the arrangement of contents; pestered by the commencement of proceedings on the part of the protesting firm;—as if he had not enough trouble on hand, he had to face a great conflict with the whole guild of Leipzig printers. His application for a concession under which he might set up printing presses of his own, was opposed by them on the ground that he was not a trained printer, and would therefore encroach on their privileges. Goschen, nothing daunted, resolved to appeal to the Electoral authority, which he had good reason to believe, from Körner's accounts, would support him in his project, but, as this would take time, and "as he loved the safest and shortest roads," he arranged to have the first instalment of the three best editions printed by his friend Haas in Basle, from whom he declared he had learnt all that he knew of typographical beauty. The type, however, had been specially cast to his own order by Prillwitz, and it was forwarded to Haas. The common cheap edition he could print in Leipzig.

"The editions," he wrote to Wieland, January 15,

1793, "must turn out even more beautiful than the specimen. For I am the pupil, and Haas is the master. If I get my own way in Leipzig, after the expiration of a year I shall take part of the work off his hands and print myself. My friends, the printers, will be much surprised that, notwithstanding they barred my way, the works appear in all splendour and beauty." As to the common edition, he had his own plan too. He would let his manager, who had passed the necessary apprenticeship as a printer, and whom therefore no one could stop, become a master-printer; he would hand over his presses, his types, his people, and everything to him, and so would have a printing establishment without being a printer.

Early in February, 1793, Goschen's application for power to set up a press of his own with Latin type in Didot's style, came before the Dresden authorities. He pleaded not only his own advantage, but that of Saxony, in having a rival printing-press to that of Unger in Berlin, and he stated that he had already made distinct improvements on Unger's type. He denied the right of the Leipzig printers to hinder his enterprise, especially as they had no intention themselves of setting up an improved type. For his part he should use his presses only for works to be issued by his own firm. The concession, limited to Latin type, was granted on the 4th of March, but sixteen Leipzig printers appealed to the Town Council to prevent the erection of the presses, on the ground that their business would be seriously injured. The Council, however, declared for the concession, and by a rescript of the Dresden authorities, issued on July 4, 1793, all further appeal was forbidden. The decision was of first-rate importance for Saxony, whose chief industry, that of

the book-trade, might otherwise have long remained seriously hampered.

Goschen at once commenced printing, and in June Wieland returned the first proofs, which he found irreproachable, and "wished Goschen luck a thousand times and every blessing for the work so happily begun."

A letter written by my grandfather in July, 1793, to his friend Schubart—son of the eccentric poet of that name, famous for his talents, his wild dissipation, and his misfortunes—conveys a vivid impression of the degree to which he was absorbed in the work he loved. He was writing about a book by Huber, but soon plunged into the subject which preoccupied him.

"Holcroft's *Road to Ruin* by Huber is now ready. But such works are only the pot-boilers of the establishment, and you must not take your idea of the typography of my *Wieland* from this specimen. It is one thing when I am printing a work intended to go down to posterity, and another when I am only getting up articles for the Fair. For such ephemeral productions the public would not pay the necessary cost. I do not think that any firm will outstrip me with regard to Wieland's works, and I hope they will fulfil all expectations. You will shortly receive the advertisement and specimens. The Weidmann firm have filed a complaint against me; I must await the first judgment in this matter before I can make further progress. This is my reason for keeping so quiet just now, but the matter must certainly be settled in a fortnight.

"If I could but go to Switzerland, and with you! But it is not to be managed; I gaze on nothing now but type and paper, hear nothing but the rumbling of the presses, and think of nothing but of rolling machines, exquisite ink, perfect presses, and so forth, until my *Wieland* is completed.

"I will confide to you that when next Michaelmas comes, and you get hold of a production called *Johann's Reise*, you must receive it as a trifle from friend

Goschen's pen, but the Nurembergers must not learn the authorship. . . . Since I have seen you, I have read nothing, not even evening prayers, and am meanwhile as ignorant of literary matters as a savage."

This letter crossed one from Schubart, whose enthusiasm and flattering reports of the fame already gathering round the specimen sheets of *Wieland* must have warmed the publisher's heart.

"Nuremberg, July 12, 1793.

"You have again made me your debtor, excellent Goschen, by your present of the beautiful *English Anthology*, and by your latest publications. Oh, that I were but a Gibbon, a Robertson, a Wieland, a Pope, that I might be able to write something for you which would run to ten editions, and make capitalists of both author and publisher! Failing that, or till then, accept my best thanks for your beautiful present.

"Our publishers and booksellers have told me a great deal about the six splendid specimens of your *Wieland*; and Huber confirmed the news, and added that Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, at which he was working, would be the first production which we should see issue from your new press. When one is told that your *Wieland* will turn out far finer than the best typographical experiments of Unger, Himburg, Voss, Orell, and others, it is clear that curiosity must be raised to its highest pitch. I know from yourself that some quite new masterpieces, hitherto destined for *opera posthuma*, will appear in this edition, which may extend to forty volumes; for instance, *Tristan Lyonet*, a companion work to *Oberon*, which according to the judgment of great critics, can hold its own against it; *Amadis*, in the Italian octosyllabic verse, remodelled by Wieland within six weeks; *Idris*, completed (oh, that my pleasing fancy may not delude me here!); the comedies of Aristophanes, translated by Wieland; and a prose work unknown till now. Look you, so much I already know from travellers and from the papers about this edition. If you will let me have a word from you before your first flourish

of trumpets, it will not be amiss. Assuredly this is the greatest publishing enterprise hitherto carried out in Germany!

"With kiss and hand-clasp (*Mit Kuss und Handschlag*),

"Your,
"SCHUBART."

The blast of the trumpet had unfortunately to be put off for some time. The war with France, which raged throughout the year 1793, was destructive of business hopes in every department of trade, and Goschen found it necessary to postpone any further printing till after Michaelmas. Thus, relieved of the immediate necessity of hurrying on with the revision of his works, Wieland was able to find pleasant recreation in a translation of Aristophanes, to the great delight of all his German admirers. In July, 1793, he wrote—

"We hope, my dear Goschen, as long as we breathe. We therefore hope that in spite of all contrary appearances, the coming winter may bring blessed peace to us again; and it is chiefly for this reason that I do not object to the pause till Michaelmas which you desire for the printing of my *Omnium*.

"We have had weather like Paradise for a week; no purer, fairer, or serener sky could be spread over the islands of the blest. Everything gives promise of a most splendid summer and a most fruitful year. Why must rabid Republicans and sceptred Cyclops' mar for mankind the enjoyment of all the good things that our dear mother Nature is so fain to grant?

"But we will not become weary in our separate tasks, each in his own way, of breasting the tide of time, or at least of tacking as much as possible along a diagonal line, so as at last to land on the shore whither our course is directed. The main thing, dearest Goschen, is to live and be healthy."

When September came (1793), author and publisher were discussing the form of the public announcement. What Wieland wrote reveals in each line the consciousness of strenuous work, his high sense of literary duty to his countrymen and posterity, and the legitimate pride of a distinguished leader among men of letters.

“Even apart from the frequent appeals which have been made to me by friends from all parts of Germany, I should have held it to be a duty which I owe to the nation to hand over the whole of my writings in prose and verse in one general uniform edition with the last finishing touches, as perfect as my ability can make it, to my contemporaries and posterity. As, after all, it is probable that, however short or long their existence may be, they will at least survive me for a time, I have selected, emended, and applied the file, with the utmost severity towards myself. This labour has now been occupying me for several years, and I am still bestowing on it the most cheerful days and hours of my life, with all the more pleasure as I am conscious that I am guided in my work by a pure love for the arts of the Muses, and for all that is truly beautiful and good—such a love does not suffer me to regret any time or labour devoted to removing even the smallest blemishes that I may perceive in a work which already appears to be complete. It is sweet to think, notably in the last autumn days of life, that one will continue to live after one's death amongst the men whom one has loved; that one will still be useful to them, and continue to be loved by the best of them. Even though the hope that the future might realize these thoughts, should prove mere illusion, what sacrifices, what watchings in the night, could be too much, to procure one's self, while one still lives, so sweet an illusion! No one can be more deeply conscious than myself, that notwithstanding my most strenuous endeavours even the best products of my intellect remain far below the standard I had set myself—not to speak of the ideal of what is beautiful and good—and that, in spite of the firmest

intention to act with the sternest rigour in the improvement of my writings, many faults will still escape my attention, or bear witness to my incapacity to correct them. But this thought will sharpen my attention and double my industry; and so, whatever the result may be, I shall some day be able to leave the world with all the more tranquillity if I feel conscious that I have done all in my power to bequeath to it my spiritual legacy, in as good order, and as well equipped, as I could possibly make it."

It was fortunate that the public announcement had been, by this time, prepared; for Weidmanns now took fresh steps, publishing without Wieland's knowledge or consent a new edition of his *Musarion*, a proceeding which Wieland urged Goschen to make the ground of hastening the decision of the Court. Goschen replied that he could not attack Weidmanns on this plea, as he had always declared that he would not publish works, which belonged to them, singly. But the hostile firm, not less fierce or determined in their opposition to their daring rival than Goschen in his defence of his scheme, delivered another heavy blow. They resolved to take the wind out of Goschen's sails by announcing a considerable reduction in the retail prices of all of Wieland's writings issued by themselves.

Wieland was excessively annoyed, and wrote at great length to Goschen (September 23). Their own announcement, he urged, must now be hurried on. Surely no one wishing to procure any of his works, would be such a fool as to buy Weidmanns' stale wares, if they were able to buy them finally revised and much improved, in a beautiful and very cheap edition with the last touch upon them. But it must be admitted that the rival firm was doing its utmost to traverse the great undertaking, and, if possible, to

destroy it ; and these manœuvres were seconded by the terrible turn which the French Revolution had taken. This was the year of the Terror, the establishment of the Committee of Public Safety, the savage work of the guillotine, followed by the mad energy with which the French, after a succession of disasters in the field, ultimately bid victorious defiance to united Europe.

"I cannot help lamenting that we have just fallen on these times. Things still look queer for the peace which all desire, as the Jacobins and Sansculottes, who make up the larger part of the French nation, are miles away from the thought of surrender, and all the European powers together are incapable of carrying anything through against so great a nation, in which at least four millions of men capable of bearing arms are determined to die sooner than to submit to foreign dictation, or to allow their territory to be broken up. Therefore God alone knows what the issue of all this will be. Certainly we must not let our spirits sink in consequence ; but I fear that you may need this courage more than I like to think of, my dear friend. All the same, I have no doubt that even if the subscriptions and orders should be considerable at the end of this year, you may still depend on their increasing by degrees, and so may calculate the number of copies which you should print according to this legitimate hope. In any case do not take Weimar as a standard, for (1) a prophet has no honour in his own country, and (2) most of my admirers are as poor as church mice, whilst the wealthy are not admirers. Thus the harvest here will be very small."

However, he had been assured that the Dowager Duchess would order a copy of the quarto edition, and he hoped that the Duke would do the same for his library, as that prince could not expect that a poor devil like Wieland should make him a present of 200 thalers.

He was really curious to see whether Goschen would get a dozen German princes and magnates on his list of subscribers, for it was extraordinary how the barbarities of the French Revolution had in four years affected even the best of the German aristocracy, and what extraordinary discredit it had cast on all books and book-makers, since these aristocrats had got it into their heads that it was only the men of letters, the philosophers, and the poets who were responsible for the French Revolution. "In short, my heart prophesies nothing very comforting. Heaven grant that things may go better than my want of faith allows me to hope." The subscription list to the great quarto edition ultimately showed that in his fit of despondency, Wieland had been unjust to the "magnates."

The reduction which Weidmanns had announced in the prices for their stock of Wieland's writings determined Goschen to deliver an immediate counter-blow. He had intended to defer any public announcement of the four editions till the Court had given its verdict, but now that Weidmanns had broken in upon the *status quo*, he at once took the field, and that with his usual energy. He had 2500 copies of the advertisement printed off with specimens of the type, and distributed them in every direction. Private and public channels were alike utilized. He wrote direct to the Duke of Augustenburg in Copenhagen, Schiller's magnanimous patron. He attacked his Vienna connection, Counts, Countesses, and readers to Princes, "who might in their turn influence their Highnesses." Alxinger, the poet, was also to bestir himself. The greatest potentates were to be approached. Graf Anhalt was to show the specimen to

the Russian Empress, the great Catherine, to whose eccentric literary appetite reference has already been made; Luchesini was to win the King of Prussia; "in short, no grand Seigneur was left in peace." But the press must also be thoroughly worked. The *Litteratur-Zeitung* must publish the advertisement, Archenholtz must help at Hamburg, and Professor Meyer in Berlin, the former by a special notice in his *Minerva*, the latter in his *Monat-Schrift*. "Whatever activity can accomplish," he declared to Wieland, "you may certainly rely on my doing. Then, if I fail, I shall know that the nation is unworthy of you, and I shall print nothing but almanacks of the revolution, 'opera' of Geissler the younger, or of myself!"

To Bertuch, too, he sent an urgent request for a special notice of his enterprise in his *Mode-Journal* (October 29, 1793)—

"It is indeed a matter of national concern that it should be carried out with good results. This result will be a standard for posterity to measure how the age has appreciated its great writer, a conclusive test whether the German nation was inclined to support a great undertaking, or whether it was not worthy of it. In England the matter would meet with no difficulties; but in Germany the result alone can show. Still I have courage enough to hope that, in the case of our countrymen, all that is wanted is a fortunate shock to electrify them. And so I ask you, too, to champion our undertaking, and to manage cleverly to produce such a spark as shall drive men's hands into their purses, and fire the well-to-do with the ambition to see their names prominently printed as promoters of the Arts and Sciences."

Bertuch sent a very cordial reply (November 6, 1793), and the reader will not fail to note the exceptional position which he assigned to Wieland in the hierarchy of poetical writers:—

"I thank you, dear friend, for the announcement of Wieland's works. It was a pleasant apparition which had long since been expected. I should, even without your appeal to me, most certainly have used all my influence to support so fine and important an enterprise, for I hold it to be a duty of friendship towards Wieland and you. I will try to see what my weak voice can accomplish in an appeal to our public, lazy as it is in its attitude towards all that is fine and magnanimous; and, in view of your announcement, I will write a special little essay on typographical luxury for my periodical. My firm shall not fail to collect subscribers, only be so kind as to send me some specimen sheets such as are mentioned in the announcement, so that they can be exhibited to intending purchasers. I will do still more, and will furnish in the next number of my magazine a treatise on the advantage of Latin type over German, and on the stupid idea and failure of Herr Unger to make the German 'Monks-type' more beautiful. At the same time I shall hold up your edition of Wieland as a specimen and pattern.

"I confidently hope that your enterprise will be a success, for Wieland is, without doubt, the first classical poet of the nation. He will always be bought, and every German who only collects a couple of dozen books, and aspires to but a shadow of literature and taste, will be as much compelled to have his Wieland, as the Frenchman his Voltaire, and the Englishman his Milton and Pope."

When Goschen received Bertuch's article he was overjoyed. "Such an essay must have its effect, and I go to work with threefold zeal!" And he reported to Bertuch, as he was about to report to Wieland, that his friends were at work for him everywhere. "It is an unspeakable delight to me," he wrote, "that in all corners of Germany, my friends are showing great zeal and activity. The work itself will certainly far surpass the specimen sheets. My ambition is to make the quarto edition quite equal to the Boileau, La

Fontaine, and Télémaque of Didot, and this I can confidently assert, as I am now actually at work printing all the editions."

The publisher's excitement grew at this time from month to month. The expenses were immense. The extreme care taken forbade the printers to strike off many copies; the strictness with which any sheet, if not quite perfect, was rejected; the costly arrangements by which the beauty of the printing and of the paper could alone be secured; and above all, the circumstance that he could not distribute his outlay over very many copies in Germany, were reasons why he was compelled to put the price somewhat high. But his prices, nevertheless, so he declared, were lower than those of works of corresponding beauty in England and in France.

Infected by the inspiring and confident attitude of his friend, whose forward policy he had in vain attempted to curb, Wieland himself at last became more hopeful. He wrote on the 18th of November, 1793—

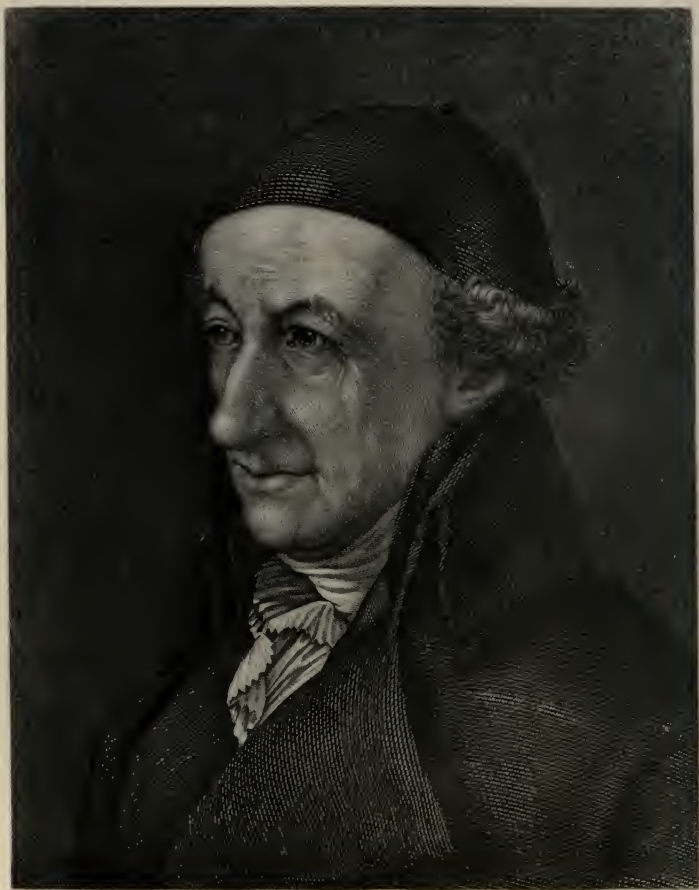
"You know that for the last three years, I have been rather seeking to warn you off this great enterprise than to encourage you in it, God knows from the purest motives. But you conquered all my objections, and put your hand courageously to the plough. Now that the work has been begun, and as retreat is out of the question, courage, confidence, and perseverance are indispensable, and I should feel deep regret if, in case the Germans should not meet you with an enthusiasm of which they are incapable, you should become gloomy, and give admission to the evil spirit (*Dämon*) of King Saul. On a brilliant success you could never count, as I have told you over and over again, least of all in such unhappy times as the present. But as you can be sure that the costliness of the fine edition, and the

extreme cheapness of the inferior edition (which nevertheless is elegant and extremely correct), will protect you at least for fifty years against pirates, it is, so far as I can judge, the general opinion that you can't quite fail in this enterprise, and that though you may not make a *coup* at once, nevertheless on the whole you will not only recoup your outlay, but secure a capital bearing good interest for yourself and yours, to which your friend Wieland says Amen with all his heart."

Goschen replied—

"Don't be anxious. I am not accustomed to lose courage when a great game is at stake, and I tell you with the utmost conviction, the game is already won. It is extremely touching to me to see how my friends in every corner of Germany are working for me, and I should indeed have reproached myself if I had not utilized the love and friendship, which have been displayed everywhere, for some really great purpose."

Thus, if attacked in many quarters, he began to feel that he had on his side the support of many enthusiastic friends. And on the 30th of November, 1793, he had a grand piece of news to send to Weimar. They had won their suit in the Leipzig Court!



Walker & Co. del.

Wordsworth,
from an engraving by M. Steinle
after the portrait by F. Tegner.

CHAPTER XXI

SUCCESS AT LAST.

1793-1798.

THE most general aspect of Weidmanns' suit against Goschen, which created a great stir in the German literary world, has already been brought out.

Gräff's position was this: he asserted that Weidmanns had the sole right to the future publication of those works of Wieland's which had been issued by their firm between 1768 and 1773. I gather that he could not maintain that Wieland had expressly ceded to them the right of publishing further editions, but the arguments, both of the parties interested and of the Courts which decided the case, seem to me extremely weak and unconvincing.

Gräff, in his counter-objections, argued that a publisher had no rights whatsoever over the particular works issued by him, and even then, assuming on high authority, only over the first edition of new works; further, that Wieland had already waived Reich's right to the publication of a second edition, and it followed *a fortiori* that he claimed his right to a *collected* edition. Moreover, examples could be quoted of collected editions being published by publishers other than those who had originally issued the works singly.



Woodward
from an engraving by R. Smith
after the portrait by J. Reynolds

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Goschen, in his counter-memorandum, argued that a publisher had no rights except over the particular works issued by him, and even then, according to high authority, only over the first edition of such works; further, that Wieland had already denied Reich's right to the publication of a *second* edition, and it followed *à fortiori* that he denied his right to a *collected* edition. Moreover, examples could be quoted of collected editions being published by publishers other than those who had originally issued the works singly.

Wieland laboured the question of the rights of authors in much detail, but, to my mind, his argumentation, based on abstract rights, was the weakest portion of all the pleas and counter-pleas put forward in the course of the discussion.

Neither Wieland nor Goschen brought out with sufficient clearness what was really the chief issue involved, namely, the question as to an edition revised, enlarged, and generally improved, by the author. Was an author to be prohibited from clothing his works in a fresh dress? and if not, what were his rights as regards their disposal? On another point, Goschen's declaration was clear: revised or not revised, he would not sell any of Wieland's works *singly*.

The Sheriffs' Court, rightly or wrongly, held that the author was not prohibited from revising his works, and then disposing of them in a collected form anew. Their judgment was entirely in Goschen's favour.*

Weidmanns, not unnaturally, at once gave notice of appeal against this judgment to the Faculty of Jurisprudence in Leipzig. The Faculty, after a year's delay, simply upheld the decision of the Sheriffs' Court. Weidmanns then carried the case to the Dresden Ecclesiastical Court of Appeal. Years passed before that Court came to a conclusion. Eventually, their judgment, though it did not entirely coincide with that of the Leipzig Court, was again in Goschen's favour, and thus he won his case in every instance; but a good many years later he found the precedent which he had striven so earnestly to set,

* This judgment, as summarized by Karl Buchner, will be found in the Appendix. It contains a singular argument.

very inconvenient, when Goethe negotiated with Cotta for a fresh collection of all his works. Schiller, too, had a controversy with Crusius, waged with some heat on both sides, which much resembled this collision between Goschen and Weidmanns.

The hostile firm, pending their appeal to Dresden, continued to wage the war against Goschen outside the courts. Gräff, indefatigable and full of resource, a doughty antagonist, at once worked a portion of the press; but Goschen followed him step by step in all the journals, arguing, answering, advertising, fighting all along the line, and, courting the utmost publicity, he announced that "at his place of business in the New Market im Cramerhaus, No. 633, first floor, between the hours of two and three p.m., printed sheets of Wieland's works, with engravings by Ramberg, were on view, and that advertisements of the same would be distributed gratis."

Sundry steps taken by the enemy he regarded as mere bravado, and his spirits rose from month to month. He wrote to Wieland (December, 1793)—

"Our game is won. This I gather from every symptom, and Easter will be the goal of my cares and of my gigantic outlay. Then the work will move of itself, which till now I have pushed single-handed, and so pushed that I have anticipated the payment of paper for two years at a cost of 12,000 thalers, established a press without a rival in Germany, and met my debts for most of the engravings. How could I now let my courage sink?"

And soon Goschen was able to send news which went straight to his old author's heart. Biberach, his native town in whose service he had been ten years, had sent a subscription list of twenty-four names, including that of the Town Council, who

were willing to invest in a Quarto copy. Thus the year closed after alternate spells of fears and of hopes, and the two emotional men exchanged characteristic New Year's letters which bring out their respective moods into clear relief.

"December 31, 1793.

"I have lived through this year in good health, and this letter is my last business in it. It has been a year of toil and full of anxious work. Whether it has brought me nearer to a more tranquil enjoyment of my life and of all that Heaven has given me, the future will show. I go forward with comfortable confidence to meet it, and have only one wish: let not a kind Providence deprive me too soon of any friend of my heart on the road which I have to travel; may it preserve my dear ones and give them joy! In this wish you, my most worthy and best friend, are included. After I have in spirit folded you in my arms, I hurry off to the companions of my home, and rejoice in my life amongst them. To the last day of my life, I remain,

"Yours,
GOSCHEN."

Wieland replied with earnest sympathy—

"January 4, 1794.

"May this new year be the beginning at least, my dear and beloved friend, of reward to you for the endless anxieties, work, and trouble of the last one; and may I, too, at least live and work so long as to see the end of your work for me, and that work crowned with success. One of my earnest wishes is that the good courage with which you have begun this new year, may never leave you. You have sorer need of it now than ever, for in addition to all the other circumstances which stand in the way of the brilliant success of your bold undertaking, there is this further obstacle that there is not the slightest hope left of peace. That I can only too easily foresee—still no word of evil omen! With time and

patience all may, and it is to be hoped will, yet go well."

Family troubles fell thick on Wieland at this time. His daughter, "the dear good Amalia," had been struck down by a dangerous illness. He lost his third son, Philip, just as he was thinking of apprenticing him to the book-trade, and his beloved son-in-law, Reinhold, left Jena, with his wife, for the distant University of Kiel. Goschen was deeply sympathetic. Such sorrows touched his domestic feelings to the quick. But domestic troubles did not cripple the energies of the veteran author now that he could see land in sight. The manuscript for the first portion of the five volumes was approaching completion, and Goschen revelled in the beauty of *Agathon* as he read the proofs. Its perusal strengthened him every morning at four o'clock (!) for the work of the Fair, and made him cheerful and gay. He was all aglow with enthusiasm. He thanked Wieland in his readers' and in his own name, for the splendid additions which the poet had made to the work.

In the mean time subscribers to the Quarto edition were being gathered together from all parts of Germany. Early in the year (1794) the situation did not look very promising. Still, subscribers were coming in, though the forecasts of the publisher were singularly falsified. Those parts of Germany, he wrote, on which he had counted most, turned out to be the worst, and others on which he had not reckoned at all, made good the deficiency. He had not put his expectations too high. He had calculated on two hundred subscribers, and these he should be able to bring together. He did not expect much more. He grumbled a little, nevertheless. If he were to issue a

hundred editions, he would not be able to meet the wishes of purchasers, "for whom one edition is too dear and the other too cheap, and so on."

But in June Wieland wrote—

"Yesterday I met Bertuch on the promenade. He brought me the almost incredible news that your Quarto edition was so successful that you had only ten copies for which orders had not been received. Why, in this way your expectations would be far surpassed, would they not? May Heaven but grant the other editions the same good fortune, and then you have only to win your action against Weidmanns and you will see an undertaking which you alone could face and execute and which looks almost like a miracle in every one's eyes,—crowned with complete success."

As in Goethe's case, so in Wieland's, princely houses were prominent on the list of subscribers, and belied Wieland's former querulous tirades against German magnates. Literature, like art and the drama, benefited by the very numerous courts and principalities which existed in those times in Germany. Reigning princes, heirs-apparent, and a score or more of Serene Highnesses figure as supporters of the Quarto edition in a list printed in the first volume. The Gotha princes took three copies, the Duke of Weimar and the Dowager-Duchess gave their names. But it was not Germans alone who figured in the list. I also find the names of the Dowager-Queen of Denmark, Juliane Marie; of her Majesty the Queen of Naples; and, on this occasion, Great Britain was represented by the King of England.

But if the names of German and foreign potentates were welcome additions to the subscribers' list, probably no application more warmed the publisher's

heart than one which came from "Father Gleim," the veteran poet, who had secured a unique position as the friend of authors. He wrote from his home in Halberstadt (November 10, 1793)—

"Much success and many thanks from the German Muse for your patriotic enterprise, dearest Herr Goschen. Here are my five and twenty thalers for the first instalment.

"I shall take all possible pains to promote the success of the glorious work, but I am old and have much to occupy me; I cannot therefore, as I gladly would, help you on to the degree that I should like. It must and shall succeed! The fainthearted must be forced to the front.

"If it does not succeed, dear Herr Goschen, your colleagues the publishers, and the men of letters who damage one another, will be the cause.

"I beg for one of the best copies for the family library founded by me, and hope that you will have the kindness to send it to me as soon as possible on account of my advanced age.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"OLD GLEIM."

The great impression which my grandfather's splendid typographical efforts made on "Old Gleim" was lasting. In a short and melancholy letter to his friend Seume, written in the year 1801, in which the old man lamented in a sad mood the deaths of his fellow-workers around him, he spoke of Goschen as "our Didot;" and again, writing about his own *Volkslieder*, of which a thousand copies had been printed for presentation to friends, he said, February 11, 1801—

"I read no learned papers, no advertisements, and therefore know nothing that is going on in your learned world, but would still like to know what 'Elzevir Goschen,' who never prints anything but what is excellent, has under his presses."

Wieland's own joy, when he saw the beauty of the types which Goschen had elaborated with so much care, knew no bounds. Thus he wrote—

"I can't exhaust my delight in these letters. Each in its way is a Venus de' Medici. Don't laugh at this apparent hyperbole. I can't think of any more beautiful designs of letters, and, after all, I have imagination.

"I wish I could tell you, friend and brother of my heart, how great and lovable you seem to me through this striving after perfection in your sphere of action, and through the sacrifices which you bring to these noble efforts, in which you occupy so unique a position in your craft. But as your reward you will enjoy not only the profound respect of all—the *few* who appreciate true worth, but also the sweet delight of having attained your noble object and of having obeyed the ideal of perfection in this department to as great a degree as was physically possible!"

The preparations for the public appearance of the *Works* were now almost completed, and towards the close of May Wieland sent the publisher the preface for criticism. Goschen was highly pleased with its dignity and brevity, and only suggested the insertion of a compliment to the city of Biberach. "The respect of these people for their great countryman is unprecedented in Germany, and deserves to be noticed as an example."

All being now well advanced, Goschen invited Wieland very urgently to pay him a visit at Leipzig, and, after many delays, the poet decided to accept the invitation and also to go to Dresden in Goschen's company, hoping to satisfy "the hunger and thirst of his love for the artistic treasures of the Gallery."

This programme was carried out. Wieland, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Leipzig at the end of

July, and after a short stay there, left Frau Wieland with my grandmother, and travelled with my grandfather to Dresden. There the poet enjoyed himself to his heart's content, and his author's vanity was fully satisfied by the manner in which he was received. He was specially presented to the Elector of Saxony at Pilnitz, the latter's country palace on the Elbe.

But Wieland had to consent at Dresden to proceedings for which he had not bargained. Goschen, ever on the *qui vive* for any fresh means of beautifying and lending fresh interest to his great venture, determined to supply the public with an engraved portrait of Wieland in his Quarto edition. Here was the opportunity. The poet was in Dresden, the home of Graff, at this time one of the most famous portrait-painters in Germany. Wieland must sit to Graff. Goschen carried his point. Wieland, writing to his daughter Sophie, told her that, out of his eight days' stay at Dresden, he had been obliged to part with four mornings during which he had to allow himself to be painted by the famous Graff, "for friend Goschen and the Quarto edition of my collected works." What happened when the portrait came to be engraved will presently appear.

On Wieland's return to Leipzig, a characteristic reception awaited him. To this day the imaginative element in the German people causes them to delight in poetical and symbolical celebrations of domestic and public events. A festive tone is imparted to weddings, birthdays, anniversaries of every kind, not only by ordinary rejoicings,—but poetry and art, and, above all, the inhabitants of Olympus, the Muses, and allegorical characters and personifications, are

invoked to shed an imaginative colour over the whole. For an occasion such as a visit from Wieland, the special friend of the Olympian deities, some specially wonderful *fête* had to be devised. Thus on an island formed by a stream in a garden where Goschen had a pleasant summer retreat, a temple was built containing Wieland's bust. From this structure, as Wieland approached, two boys in Greek costume sallied forth with a Grecian car, carrying the first volume of the *Édition de luxe* of the great work, and advanced to meet the poet. At the same time a beautiful woman, Goschen's sister-in-law, placed a laurel wreath on Wieland's brow. The emotion of the sensitive poet can easily be imagined, and history tells that, folding my grandfather in his arms, he burst into tears!

Goschen's own family must have felt the triumph of that day with almost equal emotion. The climax of the great undertaking seemed to be reached, and glorious triumph was in sight. Some proof of the excitement may be gathered from the fact that, to the confusion of all further plans and festivities, my grandmother was prematurely confined the next day.

On his return home Wieland wrote in most enthusiastic terms of the "spiritual and moral good he had derived from his visit," and thanked his friends for the many delightful and gratifying "scenes, days, hours, and moments" which he had enjoyed, and for the "friendship, kindness, and consideration" with which he had been overwhelmed. The meeting of the author and the publisher in the latter's home had indeed been a success.

While the two friends were thus celebrating their anticipated triumph, rumours as to the splendour of the forthcoming editions continued to spread through

many parts of Germany. The following letter from Schubart expressed the natural regret of friends that so harassing a worry as the Weidmanns proceedings should beset the production of such a *chef d'œuvre* :—

"Nuremberg, August 23, 1794.

"DEAREST GOSCHEN,

"Daily and hourly we are expecting here your *Wieland* and Thümmel's *Reise*, which, together with Goethe's *Reinecke*, are just the productions which I shall swallow most greedily out of the whole deluge of the last Fair. Of course, I shall let you have my verdict on the occasion as to the inside and outside of the work with all the candour of a Swabian.

"I pity you for being obliged to sustain a dog-fight and snarling match in this the most glorious undertaking the burden of which a German publisher ever took upon his shoulders, just as though you and your author were playing some sharper's trick. An endeavour was made to obtain the opinion, amongst others, of the University of Altdorf; the gentlemen of the faculty, however, conscientiously declined to give it. The writers of Britain and France never see themselves exposed to such a vexatious dilemma as *Wieland*; for they make written contracts with publishers with exact stipulations as to the editions, and with the proviso that a fresh contract must be made for every new edition. Consequently, if they wish to collect their works, notice of this intention is given to the different publishers, and a limit of time is fixed within which to dispose of the copies they have in stock. Is not this—*inter cætera*—worthy of imitation in Germany? . . .

"SCHUBART."

Whether or not Schubart was correct in stating that British writers never saw themselves exposed to such a dilemma as *Wieland*, and whether their contracts with their publishers never gave rise to similar controversies, I must leave the students of the biographies of British publishers to determine

for themselves. No doubt what Schubart called "a snarling match" was a most sordid accompaniment to an otherwise glorious work.

Another friend, Schaz, of the Gotha literary coterie, had earlier in the year denounced "the cabal" against Goschen in his undertaking. His letter (February 2, 1794) is eloquent on the extent of the opposition which my grandfather had to face—

"... How anxiously I await your Wieland you may imagine. I am exceedingly glad that the cabal of your opponents was not able to deter you from this beautiful and great undertaking; but what pained me on this occasion was an observation which I unfortunately had more than once to make. I noticed men amongst your colleagues whom I believed far above such petty passion, uttering in this instance for the first time expressions of envy and grudge. That many others, of whom it did not surprise me, really behave like lunatics, you will long since know. If not, so much the better, but at any rate your ears shall not be troubled with their names. I and all your friends, and all friends and admirers of Wieland, and all friends of our beautiful literature, certainly wish your undertaking, which does honour to Germany, the happiest consummation."

With the approach of autumn the gush of sentiment which had flowed at Leipzig between Wieland and Goschen, was checked by some trials which the wayward and timid author found difficult to bear.

The same sun which had shone on the poetical allegories acted in Goschen's garden had, with its scorching heat in the summer months, caused a deplorable catastrophe to the splendid paper prepared for the Quarto edition. Of this, in the first instance, Goschen breathed no word, for reasons which he subsequently explained. In other respects, too, dangers loomed ahead. The Michaelmas Fair

was extremely bad; all business seemed paralyzed by the troubles of the times. Wieland, writing in most despondent spirits (October 17, 1794), told Goschen that much of what he was now experiencing he himself had prophesied to him some years ago. But the publisher would confess to no depression—not he! His health was particularly good. He had “become quite corpulent” again.

“When one has health, one has courage, and, if one is a man, persistency. Experience, the teacher of patience, I also possess, and so I gaily work on. The times cannot long remain as they are, and, after all, are not so bad, at least for us, as a hypochondriacal hour paints them.

“Kosciusko is the sacrifice for the peace of Europe. As the French have lost this terror to the Prussians and the Russians, they will not oppose peace so strongly. The end of Poland seems to be the end of the war, if the great potentates and accursed Britain are disposed to peace.”

My grandfather's view of the general situation, apart from that vehement distrust of British policy which was so common on the Continent in those days, was shrewd.

The insurrection of Poland under Kosciusko in 1794 had been, as he wrote, “a terror to Russia and Prussia,” and the latter power, as well as Austria, who did not wish to be excluded from the final partition of Poland as she had been from the last,—had largely reduced her forces in the Rhine districts in order to deal with the Polish question, much to the advantage of the French armies in the West. The capture of Kosciusko and the suppression of the insurrection set the forces of the allied powers once more free, and, as Goschen

correctly surmised, a greater leaning towards peace arose in France about the end of the year. This disposition took partial effect in the Treaty of Basle concluded between France and Prussia in the spring of 1795, but the war continued with England and Austria, and Pitt's indomitable efforts against the French were execrated in parts of Germany as deferring the blessings of peace. The national spirit was not yet alive at that time.

But Wieland was disturbed not only by his normal anxieties. His patroness and dear friend, the Grand Duchess Amalia, had become impatient for her copy of the works. Subscribers had been assured at the Easter Fair that the first issue would be ready at the intermediate "Johannes" Fair, and now, when the Michaelmas Fair was past, they became clamorous for their copies. Wieland despatched a note without any friendly word of greeting—a very formal note indeed—

"Weimar, November 15, 1794.

"I am to ask Herr Goschen, on behalf of the Duchess Amalia, about what number of weeks she is still to wait for the first issue of Wieland's Collected Works, and what hope she may cherish of living long enough to see its final delivery, if the extraordinary way in which Herr Goschen discharges his first engagement to the public is to be taken as a measure of the value of his promises for the future. For many weeks past I have exhausted my imagination in finding excuses for my friend, but for the last fortnight I have been at the end of my tether, and indeed I no longer know myself what I am to think, since yesterday's post is the fifth from which I have received no sign of life from Herr Goschen."

Once more an instance of that old habit of silence which so greatly irritated the publisher's friends! At

last, November 17, 1794, Goschen wrote to explain both the cause of the delay and the reason for his having kept it to himself. He directed Wieland to tell the Duchess that he was really fulfilling his engagements in a remarkable manner. The miserable heat of the last spring and summer had had a hurtful effect on the paper which had been moistened for printing, a damage which had only lately become visible. He sent specimens of spoilt sheets. He had been obliged to print them afresh. "Most certainly I won't permit myself to be put out by any kind of hustling." He had spent so much upon the work that, whatever happened, he was determined it should be perfect. Then he philosophizes on a curious feature of his own temperament—

"At first your note pained me a little, but as the effect of all things for which we are ourselves not to blame, ceases in time, I found that you were entitled to write those lines. I hate complaining. That's why I didn't write to you. You would have become anxious, and that anxiety would not have helped me; and as I could gauge the damage, I repaired it quietly. It is curious that other people feel comfort in being pitied, but such pity hurts me a thousand times more than the loss itself. The loss, as long as I am not ruined by it, only makes me more active, but pity paralyzes me. The case is different with what concerns the heart. In such cases I like my heart to have a vent. If my wife is ill, the sympathy of my friends is a comfort to me; but in affairs of gain and business, it is not so."

A little later, December 2, 1794, Goschen sent good and bad news. He had won his suit in the Faculty of Jurisprudence, and this was the most dangerous appeal. At the same time he had to announce the failure of Fleischer, his brother-in-law. Wieland

replied at once in a very querulous tone, showing how thoroughly he was upset. He could scarcely have borne the news of the bankruptcy but for the good news that the suit had been won. "Heaven grant that you may now win your suit with the public, with whom you have lost more than you imagine, and of whose want of patience, after your breach of two positive public promises, you verily cannot complain." With reference to Fleischer, after some expressions of sympathy, the anxious author continued—

"God preserve you, dear Goschen, from a similar fate; but, indeed, it is everybody's duty to take the warning to heart: 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' It is unfortunate enough that you have fallen on such evil times with your undertaking. The only possibility to save the ship from sinking, is to recover the good opinion of the public. How would you fare if a couple of hundred of your subscribers were to withdraw? I am sorry to write to you in this tone, but ill-humour and annoyances have for the last six weeks so piled themselves up in my spirit, and have so affected my health, that it is no wonder if an over-full vessel runs over. You spare me too little,—surely you ought to have relieved me from unbearable uncertainty by a few lines."

This was not the way to take the publisher. He stood his ground firmly, not without signs of anger. He replied (December 7)—

"If I were not stimulated by my own activity, I should not bother myself about the loss of my 'suit with the public.' For, notwithstanding their impatience, I must not, will not, shall not, ruin myself by an imperfect edition in Quarto. If all the subscribers to the Quarto were to cry off, they can't ruin me. I would buy his copy from each one of them for twenty-five thalers, and that with profit; for I am receiving new orders. The small number of copies will not be enough, and I shall never print the

book again. But if I fail to deliver the first five volumes in such perfection as I wish, then its friends will cry off; there will be none to replace them, and in *that* case I shall lose. Circumstances are not all under our control, and how unhappy would two-thirds of all human creatures be, if they suffered themselves to be put out by contrary circumstances!"

That was the man all over. Hindering circumstances never stopped *his* course!

Fortunately the controversy closed through Wieland taking to poetical work. He excused himself for not answering Goschen's letters, because "the verse-devil" had so possessed him that neither by day nor by night could he think of anything or do anything except put fables into rhyme. As to the suit with the public, Goschen must know best, and he hoped to Heaven he was right.

At last, in January, 1795, there was a lull in the endless anxieties and worries and temporary disappointments of the publisher. Peace and the publication of the first instalment of the works seemed both in sight. Schaz wrote to Goschen from Gotha, that he was looking forward with curiosity and intense desire to "your Wieland," and hoped that though such a work, with its combination of poetical and typographical art, needed no spice from without, its publication in a few weeks would be contemporaneous with a general Peace, so that the enjoyment of the one might enhance the sweetness of the other. The Treaty of Basle brought only partial peace; but in February the first five volumes were in the hands of the public, and the great enterprise was fairly launched. "Stand up, my friend," the happy Wieland

wrote, "I touch the tip of your nose with my author's sceptre, and grant all your just requests!"

But Goschen did not rest for a moment. At no period of his career did he show more wonderful energy. The next instalment must follow at once. His presses were now in full working order, and could print at a great pace. In a letter of the 24th of March (1795) he tells how he had fared—

"Here I am again, my friend, after having allowed myself to be buried for a month in the smoothing-room (*in der Glätte*). At last I have issued from that mysterious place, with the happy result of turning out 5000 sheets in one day.

"I could gossip merrily, but I must not do it. Thirty people who are employed on the second instalment have to be settled with and set their tasks. . . . For a month I have been hard at work from day-break till ten o'clock at night, and am, thank God, in better health than usual."

All this time, indeed, Goschen was paying positively passionate attention to typographical perfection. The thoroughness which characterized the man in all his work when he was "on fire," is revealed in the following letter to his old friend Zacharias Becker (March, 1795):—

"Wieland has penetrated me with a spirit of activity. All the powers of my inner self have taken a practical direction. Just fancy! I have been obliged to study chemistry and mechanics in order to improve our typographical output, and to increase it by new inventions. I had collected the most skilful workmen, and soon found that I must plunge into the art myself."

Giving some details of what he accomplished through endless experiments, he continued—

"Just look at German printing-presses! See how important parts of the structure are made of wood

which is affected by each change in the weather. Ask a German printer what is the meaning of a perfect plane! We Germans have neither proper means of testing such a plane, nor the art of polishing it. But all this I secured two months ago, through an artist who had worked twenty years at Ramson's* in London. Now I am conscious of printing better every day, and being no longer a bungler in my craft. But I am neither reading nor writing anything! Any letter is a punishment. The newspapers don't concern me, and the French might come into the town without my knowing it. . . .

"Thank God that you are prospering. May you have health and cheerfulness to enjoy what God bestows on you! If only I have firm ground to stand on—and that I shall have after completing *Wieland*—I shall take some repose, and be a happy man in the midst of those whom death has spared to me, in the midst of that tranquillity of which I still feel the charm."

The success of Goschen's unparalleled efforts was all he could wish. The sensation created by the wonderful edition was immense in every quarter. The great Klopstock himself was fired by its appearance, and we shall find him presently himself in relations with the German Elzevir, as Gleim had called my grandfather.

Archenholtz was startled at a report that Goschen would like to publish Klopstock's *Odes*. "I had not the slightest idea that you would be speculating on these *Odes*, in addition to your present colossal undertaking." But Goschen was launched on his new career as a great typographer, and the vast proportions of the work on his hands only stimulated him to fresh exertions. Klopstock was a client who, at all costs, was to be secured.

The second instalment of five volumes of the

* I have failed to find a clue to the identity of this firm.

Quarto, Large Octavo, and Pocket editions were ready by May, 1795. "I have now been able to print all three myself." And Goschen was off at once to Dresden. "I must make this trip in order to give our third instalment a still greater degree of typographical perfection."

Though Goschen had written to Becker of "that tranquillity of which he still felt the charm," such tranquillity at this period only attracted him in thought. His moral nature, as we have seen throughout these pages, frequently revelled in dreams of an idyllic, calm, domestic life in the beloved circle of his family; but in fact, idealist as he was in many respects, he was also a passionate worker. Whatever he might wish while communing with sympathetic friends, he was resolved in his heart to enlarge and confirm his growing reputation as the printer and publisher of the most splendid editions in Germany.

And, indeed, much still remained to be done. Ten volumes of all the editions were in the public's hands. A third instalment was ready by September (1795). But still this meant only half of the undertaking. Author and publisher had to bestir themselves to the utmost, for the political outlook was full of menace, and all delay involved serious risk. The financial question could not be left out of sight. Wieland, hard pushed by the heavy expenditure of an immense family still living in the paternal home—increased by the return to it of two widowed daughters with their children—clamoured in his genial and poetical, but very urgent style, for earlier payments than had been agreed on for 1796, and "Elkan the Israelite" would present his draft to

Goschen. The latter, on the other hand, was, as we have seen, buying his little country house at this time, and could ill afford to anticipate his payments to Wieland, though, as usual, the author had his way.

The danger of not supplying the public fast enough with further instalments began to assume a serious aspect. For the fourth instalment of five volumes, manuscript came in during the autumn of 1795 and the spring of 1796. The series was eventually completed, if not all actually delivered to the public, up to the twenty-sixth volume, in the latter year; but when Wieland was about to start in May on a journey to Switzerland to visit a daughter, Goschen became anxious as to the last volumes. Yet could the old man be fairly hustled? The author was bestowing ungrudging labour, and even enthusiastic attention, on the unsparing use of the file. He was determined to bring his mature judgment to bear on the less ripe productions of his youth. Many a long letter he wrote to my grandfather on his corrections and re-corrections of successive works, always, as he declared, desiring to leave an heritage of absolute perfection to posterity. On this idealistic phase Goschen hesitated to break in with commercial prose. But in the end (May 16) he was compelled to express his most legitimate anxiety.

"I quite understand that a product of the intellect cannot be fitted and fashioned according to the needs of the publisher, but still sometimes the fortunes and the weal and woe of one's friends have some influence on one's spirit and on one's enthusiasms; and so pray allow me to cite two circumstances.

"1. Since I began to print your works, twenty customers for the Quarto edition have been lost to

me through death or through other causes. The longer we are in bringing out the continuation, the more buyers fall away, and in the end I may possibly be compelled to print this edition at a loss.

"2. Since I began the printing paper has risen 100 per cent. I did not want to raise the price so that I might finish the Quarto edition, if not with profit, yet with honour. As Switzerland* is drawing more and more people, and more and more money from France, but does not receive more of the necessaries of life, manufactured articles will continue to rise in price, and accordingly paper cannot remain at its present price.

"3. Imhof may die, and then I shan't get the paper at all.

"The result of this is my prayer: Don't postpone the conclusion of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth volumes too far."

But notwithstanding qualms, warnings, and this attitude of uneasiness, the Collected Works were not to conclude with the thirtieth volume. There were to be "Supplements"! and already in this year 1796 they were discussed between the two men. More scattered writings were to be swept up, more written or completed. In this same letter of the 16th May, Goschen proposed that he should write to every possessor of the fine edition, and ask in what form he would care to have the supplements. He hoped they would be able to let the supplements appear in the same shape as the Collected Works, and then he would give the author the same terms for them.

Even at this time, when so great a proportion of the Collected Works had actually been issued, a formal and final contract between the publisher and the author had only just been completed. The letter

* Goschen, it will be remembered, drew his best paper from Switzerland. Imhof was the manufacturer.

of the 16th May, quoted above, concludes with a request from Goschen to Wieland to sign "our contract," * and to affix to it a paper signed and sealed by himself, in accordance with the author's wishes as to *new* works. Wieland, in this arrangement, gave his friend the right to publish all his future *original* productions, but translations were reserved for the firm of his son-in-law, Gessner. Goschen added a phrase, which was possibly a little dangerous, and one which his friend might remember in later years—he hoped that he, as a publisher, might see Wieland's life long spared, till his works had reached a hundred volumes! "Then I will wish for nothing more from you!"

Wieland enjoyed a blissful holiday in Switzerland with his beloved daughter among many devoted friends, though war was sweeping over Germany in a full flood. On his return journey to Weimar, he honoured F. D. Graeter, a man of letters settled at Schwäbisch-Halle—himself a friend and client of my grandfather—with a visit, as reported to Goschen in ecstatic terms by the host—

"Wieland the immortal has been with us. It was on the 10th of September. I have written this day in golden letters on my heart. Six never-to-be-forgotten hours I spent in one continual conversation with him. We spoke a great deal of you. He said you were too partial to him, and had done too much for him—too much! Your merits in the cause of the typographical renown of Germany would live for ever. What sums had you not spent on engravings and smoothing machines alone? It cut him to the very soul that through the deplorable turn of the war, the results could not correspond to your deserts or your expectations."

* I have not found any copy of this contract.—G.

The same letter chronicles an example of the disastrous results to the publisher from the withdrawal of subscribers to the *Works*, as Goschen had foreseen. A high official of the town, Herr Kloster, a "Steuer-meister,"* could not pay for a copy of the costly Quarto. Graeter wrote—

"By this time you will know the unhappy fate which the invasion, with its deluge of Frenchmen, has brought on our Swabia in July and August. Every one took to flight to save themselves; the rich among the first, and Herr Kloster with them. Not a soul thought of an irruption into Franconia, so people sent their most valuable possessions and their jewels to Nuremberg and Anspach. But soon afterwards the French were raging in the former town, and in the latter everything had to pay ten per cent. duty. You may imagine the expense, and if you add that half of the forced contribution for the armistice had been paid out, that the wealthy had had to pay the largest part, and that, besides, the necessities of life have risen to four or five times their real cost, and that in times of such extraordinary famine prices, he who is considered the wealthiest man of the place must be open-handed in every direction—and you will readily imagine that Herr Steuer-meister Kloster is in a very difficult position."

Fortunately for Germany, the advance of the French was soon arrested. The Archduke Charles drove the invading forces in retreat across the Rhine, and the terror which the invasions had carried far into the interior of Germany was followed by a great reaction of relief.

Thus when Wieland returned to Weimar, in September, Goschen was able to write to him in a somewhat more encouraging strain.

"Since the French have spared us a visit, I have certainly more confidence, but in order to retain a

* A revenue officer.

sound confidence in times of need, I like to take measures betimes. *Balanciren* and *Pausiren*, and all the other *irens*, are to be commended to every one in the book-trade who does not wish to be crushed to the earth by the circumstances of the present times."

Wieland, in a fairly cheerful reply, rejoiced in his friend's consolatory tone; he sent more very welcome manuscript, and assured Goschen he would help him in daily striking up the prayer of the Christian Church, "Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris;" and hoped that "God could find means in one way or another to put an end to these disorders."

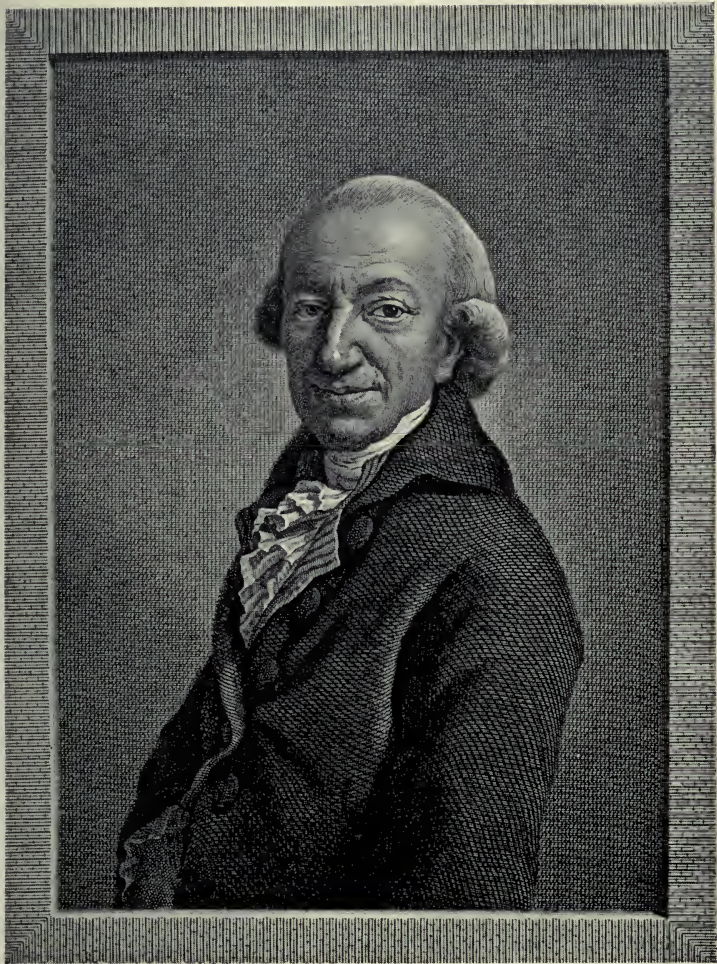
The blessings of peace were not yet to be bestowed upon Germany, though towards the end of the year (1796) its approach seemed to be in the air.

Manuscript now continued to flow freely from Weimar to Leipzig, and gold from Leipzig to Weimar, and all was going smoothly when, early in 1797, an incident—not without its comic side, owing to the extravagance of the language used—roused the fine old veteran to a vehement anger which he had not exhibited on many more trying occasions. He was hurt in his personal vanity. A proof copy of the engraving of the author's portrait, taken, as we have seen, during his visit to Dresden, by the painter Graff, was sent to Weimar for inspection and approval. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the most rigorous search by the friends of the great artist, the original oil-painting has not been found, and what is extant is a chalk sketch by Graff himself, probably taken during this visit, and the engravings of the lost oil-painting. The sketch is said to have been worthy of the painter and the poet, but not so the engraving

executed by Bause, an artist of considerable note, for the Quarto edition. The painting itself was not finished by Graff for some time, and it is suggested that he completed it from memory. Bause then spent a long time on the engraving. When the old author beheld the portrait, he dashed off a letter of passionate remonstrance to the publisher—

“As to the proof copy of Bause’s bit of bungling, what else shall I or can I say, except that I am appalled by it? I should think I was ugly enough as I am, and Herr Bause had no need to make such a caricature of me. Every one here who sees it, crosses and blesses himself, and exclaims, ‘What sheep’s eyes! what a nose! what a drawn satyr-like mouth!’ There is only one voice on the subject. However, we will all own ourselves in the wrong if you and Herr Bause are content; but we think, from the way in which you speak of it, and from your excuse, that the thing is not yet ready, and that the impression is a bad one, we may pretty clearly infer that you yourself have not much more satisfaction out of the Bause caricature than I have. I confess that it is more for you, dear Goschen, than for myself that I regret that a work on which you have lavished such industry, trouble, and expense, should at the very last be disgraced in such an ugly fashion by such a portrait of the author. I am infinitely sorry to have to say all this, but as it is my own skin which is in question, you must forgive me this outpouring of my heart. Herr Bause—by your leave and that of the genius of Leipzig—was never a great artist, but for some time past he seems to have fallen below his own level.”

On receipt of this angry letter Goschen wrote to Böttiger that he would not reply direct, but he hoped Böttiger might take some opportunity of putting the other side to Wieland. He was well aware how Bause stood amongst artists, and that Müller of Stuttgart would have done infinitely better, but the latter had



WIELAND.

[To face p. 90, Vol. II.

From an Engraving by J. F. Bause, after Graff.

told him that he had his hands full for seven years with English orders, while Lips, his famous rival, was not regarded as excelling in portraits; he had therefore had recourse to Bause, and paid him 300 thalers. He had done his best, and could not have the picture engraved only for Weimar. As to the portrait, he did not think that the eyes were like sheep's eyes; he saw in the whole an expression of kindness, goodness, and humour; and a real likeness without caricature. It was true that Graff need not have been so strictly faithful, and painters, too, have an advantage in being able to tone down things with several colours, while engravers have only two. However, it would be possible to get the more conspicuous points altered.

Then, in his own irritation, Goschen fell foul of German art.

"I tell you, my dear friend, I begin to hate German art. A shudder runs through my body when I think that God has fore-ordained me to toil and moil with artists, and to stuff these creatures' stomachs with gold. It is bad enough that our youngsters and apprentices are self-opinionated, capricious, and arrogant; but, besides, every one has his *clique*, in which he has swaggered himself up to something. It is only by the grace of God that anything is allowed to come out of any other workshop. All our aristocratic women, all idle heads, set up for being cognoscenti in art, and God knows that in Germany we have very few of them. Would that it might be seen that where there are true art-critics there is true art, and that where there are swaggerers and dabblers, the outlook is bad for the knowledge of art!"

If Wieland had been violent, truly my grandfather was not less so. His allusions to Weimar evidently betray that the contemptuous criticisms often launched from that highly cultured centre—frequently called

the German Athens—on Leipzig and what came from there, had not left him untouched. The *Xenia* had been published by this date, and tempers had been sadly ruffled. But Goschen's outburst was also due to the endless worries encountered generally in connection with the various engravers for Wieland's works. Wieland himself had been opposed to having engravings, but Goschen had overruled his objections, and the choice of subjects was entirely left in his hands. As to details, however, endless discussions took place between author and publisher: the pose of a head, the length of a leg, the proper attitude of a Greek dancing-nymph, were debated with much zest, and, till the portrait of the poet himself was presented for criticism, without much heat.

And the old man soon cooled down. Before a week was out he had repented him of his violent utterances.

"Perhaps I was a little too severe in my treatment of the work of old Master Bause under the first impression. The nose and mouth make it, indeed, almost a caricature, for the nose is undeniably too thick, and the mouth drawn to a stupid expression. There is also lacking in the whole, something—I know not what—which characterizes me. The picture has too much Swabian *bonhomie*, and too little soul. If it can be a little improved, so much the better; if not, we will comfort ourselves with the fact that there are few portraits which have not either been much flattered or been made caricatures from the desire to be faithful."

The choice of artists had given infinite trouble, and some lively letters had passed between Goschen and Wieland, during the last six years. One artist of note refused to work except alone, to Wieland's keen annoyance, as he could not conceive that association

with his works would not be sufficient attraction. Other artists did not prove so intractable, and we hear of Angelica Kaufmann, Lips, Berger, Ramberg, Meyer, Korkor, Bolt, John, Bause, and others helping to do honour to Wieland, Goschen's idea being that the tastes of different subscribers should be satisfied by different styles of engraving, while to secure artistic co-operation he spared neither trouble nor money. Scores of letters from many of the above lie before me, and testify to the volume of correspondence, and the endless work which the engravings entailed. And all this rather in opposition to the author's wishes, but Goschen had his own ideas as to the equipment of books, to which he obstinately adhered.

The offending portrait was ultimately altered in some important points, as Goschen had promised. The engraving inserted in the Quarto edition is reproduced in these pages, and seems scarcely deserving of Wieland's scathing condemnation, but another engraving, also by Bause, and possibly anterior to the alterations introduced, makes it easy to understand that Wieland was not enchanted by it.

At the time when this artistic controversy was raging, the last volumes of the original thirty were at least in sight, and the supplements, though in an embryo state, began in the author's eyes to look like money. And now a passionate desire seized the old man of letters, whose life had been spent in towns; fired by Goschen's description of the glories and delights of his new rural home, he became penetrated with the idea that the whole happiness and comfort of his future existence depended on his

purchasing a country place himself. Country life assumed an attractive guise in his imaginative and romantic eyes. Visions of lovely little episodes of garden life, the children's play amongst the flowers and fruit, arbours shaded with many-coloured foliage, patriarchal walks with his wife to visit his cows and sheep,—all this he painted to his friend as the goal of his desires. A childlike simplicity pervaded all his dreams of what the country could give. At one time there had been some talk of Wieland's settling in the neighbourhood of Hohenstädt, but Wieland felt that the Duke would be pained at his leaving Weimar altogether. Thus a place must be found in the vicinity of that town. The choice fell on a "Ritter-gut," a country squire's place, called Egloffstein, comprising much land, and requiring to be stocked with cattle and sheep. Goschen was aghast. He wrote pages on pages to Böttiger, entreating him to warn off Wieland from such an undertaking. It was quite right to have a modest country home, but in such a purchase as was in question, Wieland must have a most experienced agriculturist to inspect and value the estate, and, if it should be in a neglected state, he begged Böttiger to go on his knees to Wieland, and to pray him, for his own salvation and for Goschen's sake, to keep off it. Otherwise the author would be plunged into misery and cares and vexations, and be hurried into too early a grave. He had thought Wieland was buying a "Bauern-gut" (a yeoman's place), like himself. That would not ruin a man, but he had learnt what it cost to put a place in order, and if that had to be done on a large scale, Wieland would have a rod constantly scourging him, and be plunged into debt. "So for God's sake save him, even if it should make him your

enemy. Put all this before him, and especially before Mutter Wieland."

For obvious reasons, the publisher, as he explained, could not write so strongly to his client himself. However, he did warn Wieland with much urgency, and, though the latter saw in the warmth of Goschen's expressions as to the purchase, "a new proof of his affection," his tone betrayed a little sensitiveness. He fancied Goschen's uneasiness must have been excited by some special cause, possibly by some officious gossip in Weimar. There were many such gossippers of both sexes. But he was able to reassure him. The purchase of Egloffstein was off.

Four other properties were considered by Wieland, and at last he fixed on Osmanstädt, situated about six miles from Weimar—his Osmantinum, as he affectionately called it when it became his own. The price asked and given was 22,000 thalers, a very large amount for the author, with his immense family, to scrape together; but Wieland reasoned with conviction, born of the desire to buy the place, that his wife and children would greatly benefit by the purchase. But how was the money to be found?

The sellers were the Commune (*Gemeinde*) of the village of Osmanstädt, and a mortgage of 14,000 thalers, bearing a heavy interest, rested upon the property. Wieland, intensely desirous to make a good impression on his future neighbours, somewhat recklessly undertook to pay off the above large sum at Michaelmas, provided the *Gemeinde* agreed to allow the remainder of the purchase money to stand over at interest till 1799. To raise the 14,000 thalers, Wieland expected to sell his Weimar house for 5000

thalers (and succeeded in doing so). The balance of 9000 had to be found by borrowing. For this, Wieland invoked the publisher's help.

"Could you, dear Goschen, either procure me the whole sum, or a considerable part of it, by the aforesaid date, as a loan at 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest?"

But the sum must be raised on his simple note of hand. His pride revolted against giving a mortgage on the property: he feared the Weimar talk; he feared compromising his unique position in the town.

"It may be an eccentricity and weakness on my part, but I confess to you that I cannot endure the idea that, by mortgaging my estate, I should furnish matter for stupid gossiping and scoffing to the Court, the nobility, and the Tiers-État of the princely 'Residenz-Stadt' Weimar, for a fortnight. . . . You can easily understand why I should not like to overstrain—and that, too, in a conspicuous way—the credit which for twenty-six years I have known how to maintain in Weimar, without any tricks or artifices."

Wieland's first appeal for assistance was made in a letter of enormous length and of great urgency. Naturally thinking his friend might consider him extremely imprudent, he explained that he had calculated that his income, literary and otherwise, would enable him to pay off the whole of the purchase money in six, or certainly in ten years, if his life was spared. But borrow he must. "You," he concluded, "are the only person in the world to whom I have thus unbosomed myself."

Goschen, who at this time was involved in the expense of setting up his new establishment at Grimma and required all his resources himself, replied in a sad and dispirited strain. Without a

mortgage, he could only procure his friend 3000 thalers. But he made a generous offer. He would surrender all the claims which his contract had secured him to the publication of the author's future works, if the latter could raise 9000 thalers on the transfer of such a right. But Wieland would not hear of it—

"It must not, and shall not, come to this, dearest Goschen. Other means must be found so as to secure the money by Michaelmas, without having recourse to such measures of despair."

He then summed up the position of the publishing account between himself and Goschen, and asked for 7000 thalers as the honorarium for all the "supplements," including 3000 thalers for a second edition of the thirty original volumes, and for four volumes contemplated as a continuation of the original series.

"I will only ask that I may calculate on 4000 thalers from you by Michaelmas. If so, you will have extricated me from all embarrassments. I must somehow manage the rest."

Goschen's reply is not preserved, but he found the 4000 thalers by the date required, and other considerable sums were sent to Weimar in the ordinary way of business. In full reliance on the aid of his friend, Wieland was able, with a more tranquil spirit, to taste the joys at Osmanstädt, to which he had looked forward with such delight. He indited a letter of rapturous ecstasy. The idyl had commenced, the simple rural pleasures satisfied his soul.

"Country air, unsophisticated nature, much grass, and beautiful trees, outward tranquillity, and free disposal of myself and my time—this, taken altogether, is, so to speak, my element, as the air is the element of the birds, and the water that of the fishes, and it is natural that I should thrive in it."

In September, Goschen, who had been urgently pressed to visit Osmanstädt, to be an eye-witness of the happiness to which he had so largely and liberally contributed, fulfilled Wieland's wish, and was shown all the glories of the new home; and there, in the midst of an arcadian atmosphere, he accepted a bill in favour of Gabriel Uhlmann, "of the seed of Abraham," for the 4000 thalers payable on the 27th of the month, on which day the mortgage was redeemed. Relieved of the terrible incubus, Wieland once more gave vent to the real intensity of his gratitude. No doubt there was always much verbiage, much hyperbole, in what he wrote; but, on this occasion, I think, the depth of his feelings cannot be mistaken—

"You can read my inmost soul, and so there is no need for long phrases, which, anyway, could never express what I feel with so much truth and intensity as real as I feel it. No one of my friends has earned such a claim to my gratitude as you, and I know no one whose goodness of heart and the manner in which, on every grave occasion, he proves it to his friends, have made it so easy to accept favours from him.

"Farewell, and be happy, my large-hearted and dearly beloved friend, and may you continue ever to render fresh services to the honour of the nation. That nation, it is to be hoped, will not always be indifferent, and at last may learn to understand the inward fitness that the people who invented typography should not allow any other nation to rob them of the renown of having brought it to perfection, and should not withhold their well-earned gratitude from the man who possesses, and has already so finely exhibited, the enduring courage and perfect skill required to secure them that glory."

Ten years had wrought an extraordinary change in the relations of the two friends. In September, 1787, the kindly author, then at the zenith of his fame

and popularity, had stretched out for the first time a helping and encouraging hand to the young beginner, offering him for publication a little book by his son-in-law. In September, 1797, we find the successful and very grateful publisher, with a splendid edition of thirty volumes of his patron's works almost complete, laying the embarrassed author under the deepest obligation by generous and timely help.

In February, 1798, Wieland was able to announce that he had finished the last volume, and that he heartily thanked God that he had come to the end of the extremely troublesome work of revising thirty volumes. Could the publisher be equally thankful? I have, unfortunately, not even such partial materials at my command for testing the financial success of the enterprise as I possessed in the case of Goethe's Collected Works. The splendid quartos were filtering into the libraries of wealthy magnates, though in diminished numbers as compared with the publisher's hopes. The sales of the other editions may have been fair, but a number of untoward circumstances militated against a handsome pecuniary yield. Paper had largely increased in price; whole tracts of Germany, wrenched away by France, were lost for sales; elsewhere, impoverishment largely limited them; and, in some cases, depreciated currencies long delayed the transmission of remittances for copies sold, except at a ruinous loss. Thus Goschen's declaration to Böttiger, denying a rumour that he had made large profits by Wieland, can certainly be accepted as correct. On the other hand, no evidence exists to show that he was actually a loser. Probably he made a moderate profit, in itself

scarcely an adequate compensation for the infinite anxieties and exhausting personal labour which he had undergone. But he had saved his publisher's honour, war or no war; the promised instalments were all delivered to the public; his indefatigable ambition had gained its end; his two great wishes had been fulfilled: the works of his friend and hero, Wieland, had been made accessible to every class; and, more precious to him than any pecuniary benefit, he had raised German printing to the level of the performance of the celebrities of England, France, and Italy. Thus the toil of years had its full reward.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STATE OF EUROPE—THE PUBLISHER'S POLICY—
IFFLAND, ACTOR AND DRAMATIST.

1792-1797.

UP to a certain point in my grandfather's career I have recorded almost from year to year the expansion of his business, and the progressive increase in the number of his clients. The rapid enrolment of authors of repute in the lists of a beginner with very limited means, presented an example of what energy, ability, and personal charm could achieve, which seemed worthy of being told in some detail. By the year 1791 he had taken his place as a well-established publisher, with a generally recognized position, and henceforward his further fortunes can more conveniently be treated on broader lines.

In the Easter Fair of that year he announced, as has been told, a notable though limited list of books, but the period was then to commence when he had pledged himself to contract his operations in view of the Wieland enterprise. Beyond this motive for caution and reserve, the state of Europe between 1792 and 1797 imperatively imposed the necessity for the utmost prudence on every branch of trade.

During the earlier part of this period, it was rather the deep and constant apprehension which was excited in Germany by the war in Belgium, in

Holland, on the Rhine, and in Italy, than a serious diminution of German territory, which paralyzed all commercial activity, destroyed prosperity, and enhanced the price of living. The indirect effects of war were calamitous. The Treaty of Basle (1795) only gave a partial relief to North Germany from the direct effects of military operations, while vast armies were elsewhere still in the field. Towards the end of the year, some symptoms of a desire for peace showed themselves both in Austria and France, and an armistice on the Rhine, arranged between the two powers in January, 1796, kept Germany clear of invasions for the first five months of that year; but in the south, Bonaparte, in command of the Army of Italy, struck not only at Sardinia and the smaller principalities, but at the Austrian possessions in the Milanese. Notwithstanding Austria's gallant and continued efforts, the progress of the young Corsican general was absolutely irresistible.

Nevertheless, in the summer, Austria was prepared once more to renew the struggle on the Rhine, and on the 1st of June the Archduke Charles, now in command of the Imperial forces in Western Germany, denounced the armistice. On this the French Government immediately ordered Moreau to advance into the very heart of Germany, and Jourdan to march from Düsseldorf. The first result was that invasion of Franconia and Swabia which Graeter described as having brought such havoc in its train.*

The consternation in Germany was great. I find in the month of July of this year more symptoms of real alarm and discouragement on the part of my grandfather than at any other time. The crisis

* Chapter XXI. p. 88.

seemed to be at hand. "The whole strip of Germany," he exclaimed, "from Düsseldorf to Basle, generally so useful to our output, is lost to us now, and if Austria is lost into the bargain, we may as well shut up shop and go about in barrows selling doggerel, if we wish for bread to eat." But his fears were not only for himself or for trade. In the next sentence he uttered that cry of despair, which I quoted in a previous chapter,* as to the perils threatening humanity, and the prospect of general demoralization and a barbaric reign of unbridled and degraded passion.

As for his business, he thanked God that he was so far advanced as he was with Wieland's works. The regions he had mentioned were crying off, and how could they recover quickly enough to buy costly books? He had given up all thought of new enterprises, and could only carry out that to which he had pledged his word. But by his scheme of the Latin Classics (to be presently mentioned) he should stand. "Might Heaven grant peace!" (July 26, 1796.)

On this occasion events speedily took a more favourable turn for Germany. Austria had found a general. The Archduke Charles was the first of all the Austrian or German commanders to show a genius for strategy. No sooner had he placed himself at the head of the Imperial forces in Western Germany, than he retrieved the situation. Having placed himself between Jourdan and Moreau, he first won brilliant victories over the former, then, turning on the latter, he compelled him to retreat until he reached and recrossed the Rhine. But in the centre of Germany the successes of the French Army on

* Vol. I. Chapter XVIII. p. 458.

German soil had made a deep impression, and the princes of the Empire—some of whose territories had been actually ravaged by the French, and others most seriously threatened—looked with jealousy on the Northern States of Germany, who, through the Treaty of Basle, and the line of demarcation there arranged, were preserved, under the protection of Prussia, from the horrors of war. And German sentiment was divided. France, now free from the Terror, and no longer launching decrees of defiance against all Europe, was not without her partisans. The French Government was straining every nerve to convert the Treaty of Basle into an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia, and in some quarters of Saxony itself a disposition arose to lean to Prussia the neutral, rather than to Austria the belligerent.

My grandfather wrote from Leipzig about this time—

“Brave battles are being fought in the coffee-houses. The resident French *Emigrés* would have it that 100,000 Russians will march and enter Leipzig in the spring (*i.e.* in support of the Emperor of Austria). Others will have it that our (the Saxon) troops should march, in conjunction with the Prussians, against the Emperor. That’s how things look here, and whoever doesn’t know that the Empress of Russia wants all her troops herself, begins to be nicely frightened.”

Leipzig did not want the 100,000 Russians, and Goschen was right in his belief that the Russian Empress needed all her troops herself for her own special purposes in Poland.

After a partial suspension of hostilities during the latter part of 1796, armies were again set in motion early in 1797. But, as before, the operations on the Rhine were practically subsidiary to the main

attack on Austria itself, which was to be delivered through Italy.

The French crossed the Rhine, and no longer finding the Archduke Charles in command, pressed forward victoriously. The Archduke had been called to take command of one of the armies which were in vain endeavouring to check the invasion of Austria, now conducted by Bonaparte in person. All was in vain. Notwithstanding their tenacity, the Austrians suffered a succession of serious defeats. Their doom was sealed, and on the 7th of April, 1797, the French entered Loeben, where, ten days afterwards, the so-called Preliminaries of Loeben were signed, and hostilities between France and Austria brought to a termination for the time.

On the 8th of the month, the poet Alxinger, who, like Graeter in Schwäbisch-Halle and other clients of Goschen elsewhere, had secured subscribers for the Wieland editions and encashed payments as the instalments were delivered, wrote the publisher an account of the state of things in Vienna, and of the entire collapse of the Austrian currency.

“There is no need to describe our political situation to you! If we don't soon have peace, and if the excellent Archduke (Charles) should succumb to superior forces, which God forbid! the French will be in Vienna! Perhaps our fate will be decided in a fortnight, perhaps sooner. These pressing dangers compel the State to devote all ready money to the army and military preparations. The issue department of the bank will no longer cash notes of higher value than twenty-five gulden, and these only once to the same person, as it is to be only a favour for the poor. You can well imagine how all this lowers the value of the bank-notes.

Thus the notes which had been paid to Alxinger

when they were of full value, would be useless to Goschen if remitted to him, nor would the Vienna bankers give bills in exchange for them. There was no help for it. For the future no volume of Goschen's should leave his hands except for cash; "but I fear the beautiful edition will *hic et nunc* remain on our hands till better times."

Bad news for my grandfather, to whom every thaler was important, with so much of his capital locked up!

Alxinger wrote again on the 11th of April. His account of the Viennese warlike preparations when Bonaparte was already at the door, is almost pathetic.

"Our situation has perceptibly improved these last few days. Laudon's good arrangements, and partly the valour of the country-folk, who snatched the muskets out of the hands of the soldiers, drove the enemy out of the whole of the German Tyrol. Besides, reinforcements from the Rhine have reached the Archduke's army, and more are expected. In addition, the *Landsturm* has been proclaimed in various districts, under which all inhabitants capable of bearing arms are obliged to march when the enemy approaches the frontier. Every street is full of volunteers, who feed and clothe themselves. Among them are nearly all the students, even some of the professors, and several people of a certain age and rank. Although one cannot tell for certain how people who have never seen an enemy will comport themselves in these circumstances, yet history records favourable examples. Anyhow, such an attitude frightens the enemy's soldiers, and cannot but have some effect on a wise general. Notwithstanding all this, our chief hope is fixed on peace. If the Directoire is as reasonable as it wishes to appear, I think we should have no great obstacles to meet. We are expecting a courier from Paris. If there is peace, everything will go up, even the banknotes, which they are sure to make a point of raising to their

old value. I, poor devil, have the greater part of my stock of money in notes!"

The mettle of the *Landsturm* and of the students was not to be put to the test. Peace was being arranged even while he was inditing his letter, and the Directory did prove reasonable, as he hoped. The conditions of peace, as ultimately embodied in the Treaty of Campo Formio, which followed the preliminaries of Loeben, severed no part of the home territories from Austria; her losses were in Belgium and Italy.

Prussia in the north, and Austria in the south of Germany were now at peace with France, but the Holy Roman Empire, and especially the principalities on the Rhine, remained to be dealt with, and though it had been arranged between France and Austria that a Congress should be held at Rastadt, with a view to settle terms between the French Republic and the Empire, that settlement was a long way off.

Some brighter prospects must now have opened out to German men of business, but even before the good news of the Preliminaries of Loeben could have reached Leipzig, Goschen wrote to Böttiger that he had passed through a struggle as to giving up his career, but that the claims of trade had carried the day.

"Wieland is mistaken. I shall never desert my craft. For the last three months I have been battling against myself and settled my plan of life. Trade shall feed me and the land rejoice me, and for this reason I have not aspired to a *Ritter-gut*, but am fully content with a *Bauern-gut*,* which I can make my delight, and with which I can play in a sensible manner.

* A *Ritter-gut* is a gentleman's estate, a *Bauern-gut* a yeoman's property.

No! it is now that my work in my calling shall really begin, all the more as I cannot tell how long I may enjoy my life. Only bodily weakness can turn me from my calling, and only when I see that I can no longer hold the reins would I dismount from this horse and resign myself to quiet ease."

Though my grandfather wrote at this date in a comparatively vigorous mood, that contraction of business, which both the nature of the times, and more especially the vastness of his Wieland enterprise, imposed on him as a necessary policy, had begun to be apparent in his operations. As an instance of astounding caution, we may recall the want of alacrity which Goschen showed when sounded at this very time (April, 1797) as to a piece of work for Goethe, and it is also remarkable that he allowed Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare to pass into other hands.

It is less surprising that he did not accept an offer of a translation of *The Letters of Junius*, made to him in September, 1796, by a certain Lange of Baireuth, who described it as "a very remarkable book." He assumed that Goschen was sufficiently acquainted with English literature, and would know what value Englishmen placed "on this estimable political writer." He added—

"I think such a book ought to be published by one of the chief German firms, in order to receive all the typographical beauty which its intrinsic value, and, I hope I may say, the manner in which I have put it into German, deserve. Accordingly I offer you the publication of *The Letters of Junius*."

It is noticeable that a knowledge of Junius was supposed to exist among cultivated Germans of that day.

While this and other refusals were entirely in accord with his announced policy, there were some strange inconsistencies. Of course, it was natural that he continued to publish for old friends. The names of Jacobi, Reinhold, and Hufeland present themselves, though only for small works; Huber and Jünger reappear; and a splendid new edition of Alxinger's *Doolin* excited much attention. Fresh volumes of Thümmel's *Travels* were issued at intervals. It is pleasant, too, to come once more to an offer by Körner of some Essays, quite in his old vein. He had materials for a *Philosophy for Women*, an article on *The Hopes of Humanity*, and a treatise on *The Limits of Doubt*. He was in need of funds, and—a happy description of the desired advance—he was anxious to “reap before he had sown.” Goschen accepted his offer and sent money with alacrity.

But we light on some ventures of which it is difficult to say why he entertained them at such a period, especially where great expenditure was involved. For instance, he undertook a very elaborate book by Racknitz, *A Presentment and History of Taste, as found among the Principal Nations, in four parts, with forty coloured engravings and many vignettes*.

This book was a large quarto, and the price eight louis d'or (forty thalers). No wonder that Goschen reported to Bottiger, when the first part had been issued—

“This is an enterprise for which the greatest courage is needed. It is costly, and no great sale can be expected. If a review of it comes out in good time, I shall feel no regret; but eight louis d'or stick uncommonly tight in the pockets of German gentlemen. Perhaps you have a talisman to charm them out.”

This first part of this expensive work appeared in the gloomy year 1796. The Weimar critics passed very adverse judgments on this publication. Goschen was very indignant. Racknitz had selected the best specimens of good taste from all nations, and presented them in beautiful colours and shapes. "This work has no counterpart in any other country." So far as I can make out, this pictorial book reproduced artistic furniture, decorative designs, and the like. My grandfather's acceptance of it at such a time reminds me of his enthusiasm for the *Pandora*, in which, on a much smaller scale, he fancied that he discerned some means of improving public taste in the surroundings of life.

Another book, *Venus Urania*, by Ramdohr, the author of *Charis, or On the Beautiful*, appeared in Goschen's list in 1798. Here, too, as in the case of Racknitz, the lash of the Weimar critics descended at once. All the Venuses of Weimar, so Goschen declared, had fallen on Venus Urania, as was the way with sisters. But the publisher, though irate, had to admit that the style was sometimes pompous, sometimes declamatory, sometimes dogmatic. Still, he averred there was much that was good in the book, and Herder himself would read the history of love with pleasure!

I have specially mentioned the works of Racknitz and Ramdohr, not only as an example of Goschen's departure from his rule to contract his activity without any really strong reason being apparent, but because, together with Thümmel, they were among the very first authors who suggested themselves to Schiller as meet objects for chastisement in the *Xenia*.

I have reserved to the last two very large and ambitious speculations on which Goschen cheerfully entered in the very middle of this period of paralyzing influences. He won two new clients of great importance for his firm—the prolific actor-dramatist Iffland, and the great epic poet Klopstock. With the former he signed a contract for sixteen volumes in August, 1796, the darkest moment of the whole period; with the latter, for an *édition de luxe* of his collected works in the autumn of 1795.

The story of Goschen's connection with Iffland introduces us to events and personages outside the literary circle of Weimar, Gotha, Jena, and Leipzig, within which Goschen's business relations and friendship had hitherto mainly centred.

August Wilhelm Iffland, actor and dramatist, was born at Hanover in the same year as Schiller (1759). In a very interesting autobiography he gives an account of his childhood, and relates how, from his earliest infancy, he was deeply stirred by everything connected with the drama; how, as a very young boy, with the spirit of the actor upon him, he declaimed not only other pieces, but especially sermons, to his admiring family, "with fire, splendour, and, at last, with furious emphasis;" and how his relations who at first were edified by his sermons, ultimately took fright, fearing that what they mistook for religious enthusiasm was only a dramatic exhibition. Parental efforts to suppress his passion for the stage were in vain. The drama became a kind of religion to him. But he had some other phases. As an older school-boy he fell into very undisciplined ways. "A book," he writes, "which at that time came into my hands, carried me much further than I intended to go. The

novel *Peregrine Pickle* seemed to fit into my special mood in so many respects that I devoured it with avidity, and did all I could to resemble the hero and to surpass him." Thus Fielding's influence reached even German schoolboys!

But Iffland's eminently sentimental and idealizing side soon gained the victory over wilder impulses, and once more he saw in the drama the highest sphere for emotional activity. The representation of *Hamlet* by the famous Hamburg Company aroused his feeling "for all that was sublime, wonderful, and good," and, in spite of an intense devotion to his father, he ultimately left home for a stage life before he was nineteen years of age. He went on foot from Hamburg to Gotha, where Eckhof, next to Schröder the greatest actor in Germany at that time, received him kindly and engaged him for the Ducal Company. Two young actors, then of great promise and afterwards of great fame, Beil and Beck, became his enthusiastic companions, and the three young men revelled in their art, in bursts of wild and transcendental excitement, in a union of hearts and spirits, with all the passion which the romance and *Schwärmerei* of those days breathed into ardent natures,—tears, embraces, vows, and songs, and transports of intoxicating gladness! This was in the early days of the *Stürmer und Dränger*, and the trio had read Werther together. "Oh, those beautiful and glorious times," cries Iffland, "doubts, uncertainties about art and artists, argument and speech, enjoyment of it all, enjoyment of poetry, living and being in art and fancy, in nature, friendship, and joy! Such was our lovely day's work. Sometimes we got up in the night in order to talk about art."

If this picture of a young actor's life in the second half of the eighteenth century seems a little remote from my grandfather's biography, it is introduced as typical of the men and the world amongst whom he moved, and of the spirit which was not without some influence on his own character.

In 1779 the Duke of Gotha closed his theatre, and the bulk of the company, including Iffland, Beil, and Beck, were engaged by Baron von Dalberg, "Intendant" of the Mannheim Theatre, on behalf of the Elector Palatine. This prince, Karl Theodor, was one of the first among German rulers to encourage German literature, and was, especially in the earlier part of his reign before the dark days set in for Southern Germany, a conspicuous specimen of the benevolent despot, anxious for the welfare and progress of his people. When he became also Elector of Bavaria, he took his theatrical company with him from Mannheim to Munich, but in order not to deprive the Palatine capital of the benefit of a court theatre, he engaged the Gotha Company.

In the year 1782 Schiller's play, *The Robbers*, was first acted in Mannheim, and aroused intense enthusiasm. Iffland played "Franz Moor," and the author was greatly pleased with the performance. At this time Schiller and Iffland were both only twenty-three years of age. In the following year the former was appointed dramatic poet to the Mannheim Theatre,* but, strangely enough, Iffland does not mention him when describing the most interesting personages connected with it. The actor soon began to try his hand as a dramatist himself, and after two failures, at last achieved a considerable

* *Vide* Vol I. Chapter IV. p. 64.

triumph by his drama *Verbrechen aus Ehrsucht* (*Ambition's Crime*). Touched by the enthusiasm with which its first performance was received, the emotional actor registered a vow on the spot never to utilize the possibility of working on the feelings of a popular assembly except in attuning them for what was good! "I have never consciously broken that vow."

A little later Iffland paid a visit to Hamburg. He was too nervous to act well in the presence of the great Schröder, but the latter encouraged him warmly to continue to write plays, a piece of advice which entirely fell in with Iffland's own disposition. He became a most prolific dramatist; play after play followed in rapid succession, and all his productions ultimately fell into my grandfather's hands.

These plays were in the main pictures of bourgeois society, or, as in one of his best pieces, *Die Jäger* (*The Sportsman*), of quiet country life,—family dramas, the very antithesis of the tempestuous work of the *Stürmer und Dränger*. Full of racy humour, delicate touches, and simple pathos, they did not deal with the fiercer sides of human emotion, with conflicts between rival passions, or with the sombre gloom of the *Schicksal Tragödie* (Tragedies of Doom). They rose to no tragic heights. Their tendency was essentially moral, virtue always winning the victory. The Romanticists denounced this bourgeois narrowness, and contemptuously called this style "Ifflanderei."

In 1789 the audiences in the Mannheim Theatre changed their character. The French Revolution had caused a vast exodus from France, and the *émigrés* flocked to Mannheim in great numbers. The theatre was soon filled with a new class of spectators.

Iffland tells how the joyous quickness of the French among the audience caught up all the points of the performance, and worked up warmth and enthusiasm to a degree to which the actors had till then not been accustomed. But the brighter side of the visitors' presence was soon forgotten in exhibitions which turned the theatre from a home of art into an arena for fierce political passions. The citizens of Mannheim were by no means universally hostile to the French Radicals before the days of "The Terror" had evoked horror and disgust in the place of a certain admiration for the doctrines of the earlier phases of the Revolution, and two opposite factions made themselves felt among the spectators in the theatre. The aggressive, arrogant French *émigrés* offended the quiet citizens, who resented the violent and almost imperious acclamations with which the French met all situations in the plays which seemed to correspond with their own feelings. On one occasion, after Louis XVI. had been brought back, a prisoner from Varennes (June, 1792), an opera was played of which Richard Cœur de Lion was the subject. Passionate scenes took place; men sobbed aloud and yelled as the performance proceeded; and when, at the close of the opera, Richard is rescued by Blondel, the storm burst out with such violence that men leapt on to the benches and broke out into the wildest cries. The French in the audience called for the whole of the performers in the opera. The curtain rose amidst intense excitement. Iffland, then the manager of the company, shaken, as he tells himself, by the tumult and "with the impressionability of an actor to cries of sorrow and pain," came forward and spoke the following words in French: "May the king

find a Blondel to save his life." Qualms beset him afterwards whether he had not allowed his judgment to be carried away by his emotion, and whether he had not been imprudent. His doubts were unhappily justified. From that day, he says, he was involved in very painful misunderstandings, both in his private life and in his career as an artist; it was so delicate a matter for an actor to meddle with politics of any kind.

Another incident—one in which my grandfather's name appears for the first time in connection with Iffland—increased the prejudice which was rising against the actor in some quarters on the ground of an alleged tendency on his part to sympathize with anti-popular reaction. The Emperor Leopold caused Iffland to be commissioned to write a play against violent political revolutions, to be founded on an event in Danish history, but the dramatist declared that the idea went against him; he made a counter-suggestion—to paint a picture of the terrible misunderstandings arising from party spirit and its deplorable consequences in family and civic life. The idea was accepted, and the tragedy *Die Kokarden* (*The Cockades*) was the result. The work was announced for publication by my grandfather at the Michaelmas Fair of 1791. Iffland connects the publication of this tragedy with the Blondel incident, and tells how the general trend of these occurrences caused misconceptions, which, amongst those who did not know him, led up to his being branded as "*Ein enragirter Aristokrat*." To my grandfather he wrote, in the earliest of his letters which I have in my possession (dated August, 1791), that he hoped *Die Kokarden* might be published by Michaelmas,

so that it might not, through a counter-revolution, become "*moutarde après diner*."

How the connection with Goschen began, I do not know. It is surmised that the two men met in 1790, at Frankfurt, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. However that may be, the first letter from Iffland just mentioned, is couched in the most cordial and complimentary terms: "I thank you heartily for your noble behaviour. I know how to value it. Your straightforwardness, your kindness, have touched me and encouraged me to work." Two more plays quickly followed on *Die Kokarden*, and were published at Easter, 1792, and in the autumn of that year dramatist and publisher met, the latter visiting Mannheim in the course of his journey to Switzerland. Once more it appears that my grandfather's personal charm accomplished a rapid conquest. Other publishers were wooing Iffland, but he would hear of no other than Goschen being entrusted with his works, and two pieces which were ready were handed over to him at once. An arrangement was made as regards future writings, and a preliminary discussion held as to gathering up all Iffland's works into one collection—another instance of my grandfather's favourite policy. However, when Goschen returned to Leipzig, he expressed some modest doubts. Possibly he felt hampered by his resolution to contract his business, and he saw that the dramatist exhibited a singularly prolific capacity, but the latter wrote that he would not think of Cotta or any other publisher: "I only think of you." He sealed the compact by at once sending another play.

Meanwhile war had broken out, and in the autumn of 1792 the retreat of the Allied Armies

under the Duke of Brunswick, brought the French to the very walls of Mannheim, and an outlying fort on the left bank of the Rhine was bombarded and taken. From this time forward till the conclusion of the Peace of Campo Formio in 1797, the unfortunate Palatinate lay equally at the mercy of the French and of the Imperialist troops. At one time the war was waged by Austria and Prussia, while the princes of the Holy Roman Empire, to which the Elector-Palatine belonged, were nominally neutral. At another period Austria had made peace, while the Holy Roman Empire was still at war. All the time Mannheim was a constant object of attack by both sides; its neutrality when it was neutral was not respected, and it was several times bombarded, captured, and recaptured. Whatever campaigns might be in progress elsewhere, two French armies were always ready for operations on the Rhine, and indeed, as stated before, the incorporation with France of all the German principalities, bishoprics, fiefs, and possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, was one of the chief incitements to the successive French Governments between 1792 and 1797 to prolong the war. To and fro across the Rhine armies moved in advance or retreat, and Mannheim was never tranquil or safe. But, whatever else might betide, till 1796 the theatre was seldom closed for more than a very few days, though the depôts of scenery, stage properties and costumes were more than once struck by shells. Meanwhile, the indefatigable Iffland continued to write, and my grandfather continued to publish his plays.

Prolific as an author, as a letter-writer Iffland was of all Goschen's correspondents the most laconic.

He dashed off a rapid scrawl, but often with much emphasis. On the 28th of January, 1795, he wrote—

“Forgive me, if in the midst of burning houses, bombs, blood, murder, and poverty—all the consequence of our pure philosophy—I remind you of the instalment of the 600 gulden which you kindly promised me for Christmas, *because I must*.

“With all my heart,

“Yours affectionately,

“IFFLAND.”

In September of the same year he announced another catastrophe—

“Mannheim has capitulated to the French. I will write to you about the two presentation copies to the King of Prussia. These troubles have also prevented the despatch of my play *Die Aus-steuer*. Please await another letter from me.

“Your suffering friend,

“IFFLAND.”

But the capitulation brought no respite. Within a month the Imperialists were again before the town, and on the 27th of October, Iffland reported—

“At the end of this week Mannheim capitulates or is reduced to ashes. I stand to lose 9000 gulden by it. I have resigned myself to my fate. It is hard that this blow falls just at this moment, as I am anxious to marry.”

Mannheim was surrendered to the Imperialists and not burnt, but the hand of the new occupying authorities was heavy. Baron von Dalberg, who had been charged with other important duties connected with the administration of the town besides the “*Intendanz*” of the theatre, was summoned by the Elector to Munich, and Iffland was left in sole charge. Notwithstanding the condition of the city, neither the

military authorities nor the public would hear of the theatre being closed, while, all the Electorate funds having been impounded, the usual payments for its expenses were not made. At the same time, the Austrian officers insisted on a very reduced rate of admission for themselves and their men. Stormy times these were for Iffland — troubled beyond measure, and beset with anxiety as to the remuneration of the theatrical staff. The Intendant returned in due course, but whereas Iffland expected to be rewarded for his efforts for the welfare of the theatre, Dalberg, who for sixteen years had been his personal friend, and had insisted on his remaining in Mannheim, received him with marked coldness. Iffland was in despair. With shattered health, loss of confidence in himself, and a dull sense of indifference, he was glad to obtain a short leave of absence, and employed it to give a series of fourteen dramatic representations at Weimar. He took the place by storm, and his enthusiastic reception by its choice spirits completely restored his tone. Wieland wrote to my grandfather that Iffland was one whom "it were sacrilege to neglect." Schiller, himself at Weimar at that time, was much interested by the actor's performance, and sorry that Körner could not come to see him, but he wrote no criticism of his powers on this occasion.

From Weimar Iffland went to Leipzig, where, again, he was received with distinction and cordiality. Of course he took the opportunity of talking business with Goschen. The plan for a collection of all the plays was revived and advanced, and the actor returned to Mannheim in May, 1796, full of the scheme. But he was not to stay long in the

city on the Rhine. The inevitable breach with the theatre which he had sustained so long through good and ill repute with unparalleled energy, came at last. Soon after his return the French again crossed the Rhine, and Mannheim was doomed. At the last moment (July, 1796), Iffland, now married, and thus charged with new responsibilities, was compelled to flee, and had to pass with his wife through three thousand baggage-waggon before he could reach a road free from troops. Hanover, his native city, was his goal; but in the first instance he once more visited Leipzig, where, notwithstanding the war, which now extended over a considerable part of Germany, and the triumphant campaigns of the French in Austria, he found Goschen bold enough to enter on the serious enterprise of publishing sixteen volumes of his plays.

Under the terms of the contract, the author bound himself to send every year, four weeks before Easter, the manuscript for an instalment of four volumes, containing twelve pieces, nine printed previously and rearranged, and three new ones, the commencement to be made four weeks before Easter, 1797. The terms for the 'honorarium were of a very complicated character, but it appears to have amounted to about 6000 thalers in the aggregate.

Meanwhile a great change took place in Iffland's fortunes. In June, 1797, he was invited to Berlin, to take charge of the Court Theatre in that city, under extremely favourable conditions, namely, a salary of 3000 thalers, besides benefit performances, and the receipts for the second performance of a new piece. Goschen estimated his total income at 5000 thalers.

To the publisher himself, the dramatist's new and

urgent duties at Berlin caused great inconvenience, as they prevented the regular despatch of manuscript, and, indeed, it was not till a year and a half after the contracted time that the first five volumes were ready.

In June, 1797, Iffland once more paid a visit to Leipzig, and Goschen gave Böttiger a lively description of his reception. The Leipzig folk had liked him, and he had liked the Leipzig folk; and by the Leipzig folk he did not mean the mass of students, shop-assistants, or all the floating public generally, but the men who had been educated by great actors, Eckhof and other masters; just as, when he had the Weimar public in his mind, he thought of Herder, Goethe, Wieland, and Böttiger himself. Professional jealousy had been conspicuously absent. The Leipzig actors had behaved splendidly. A banquet had taken place, at which Iffland, with an easy and cordial manner, had carried all before him. Never had Goschen seen in so large an assembly such a perfect atmosphere of effusive gaiety. Weisse, the veteran poet, was present, and he and Iffland fraternized to such a degree that, when the parting came, "they shed tears of love."

More interesting than Goschen's hyperboles in describing Iffland's social reception, are two letters of a later date (1804), when Iffland had once more appeared as a star in Leipzig, and had filled the title rôle in Schiller's *Wallenstein*. For Goschen not only criticized the actor, but analyzed Schiller's conception of his hero and the piece itself, with much acumen, and, as it strikes my lay mind, with correct dramatic insight. Iffland on this occasion showed riper powers than ever before, though "his years had once more become young." "He has

surpassed my highest expectations in his rendering of the 'Abbé de l'Épée,' the deaf-mute, and of 'Lorenz Stark;' no mortal could conjure up more truth, more delicacy." But in "Wallenstein," Iffland had not been successful: "the public received him coolly in this part."

"I admit that Iffland made faithful use of all the aids afforded by art, pose, motion, action of the outward man; but one missed the heroic in soul and voice. Iffland thinks much of this part; one can understand it, as he has devoted much labour to it. A few points, a few situations, were excellently rendered; he acted the whole part in such a manner as cannot detract from his fame. The expert who calculates on all the impressions of nature, and knows how to value the use of art, appears content, but the natural, uncultured man does not feel the effect which the part should produce. Much could be said as to the part itself, and I am tempted to assert that, if the actor represents it as written by the poet, this fidelity will result in some want of truth and interest in the whole play. Such language in Wallenstein's age, such thoughts in a man of that mode of life, in that situation, of that education, of that plane of humanity,—why, it cannot be! One sees the effort of the poet to give to a strong character a two-sided signification; one sees the effort to awaken tragic interest through *traits* of goodness, and yet one feels that he might have done more, or at least might have worked it out more successfully. In no one of Schiller's works does one see more plainly the soul of Schiller himself rather than the soul of the character put on the stage. For this reason *Wallenstein* makes excellent reading, but as a dramatic work it is not quite a success."

Iffland's school of acting was somewhat too natural for Schiller, too conversational, not sufficiently declamatory. The realistic representation of everyday life was not stimulating enough. The

style might be liked at Berlin, and be accepted there ; but Schiller wanted more swing and a more tragic tone. Körner the critical, on the other hand, wonderful to relate, was very satisfied with Iffland's performance when he acted in Dresden. In most of the parts he had "quite surpassed" Körner's expectations. He was specially pleased with his pathos and his humour, and particularly struck by the way in which he gave some elegance to a low-comedy part. Indeed, in comic parts he had never seen anything better.

As a dramatist, it is not surprising that the two high-souled idealists had no great opinion of Iffland. It is true that, when Goschen sent a complete copy of his works to Frau Schiller as a Christmas present, the poet replied, "My wife thanks you most cordially for your pleasant gift. It is a pleasure to possess Iffland's pieces. Their hearty and moral tone (*sittlich*) and German simplicity ensure them a lasting value." But his correspondence with Körner reflects his judgment more faithfully. The two friends thought Iffland too insipid, too flat and commonplace. To see ordinary life reflected on the stage could scarcely be either elevating or entertaining. The family drama was obnoxious to their taste. Personally, however, Schiller had much regard for Iffland.

As a publisher's speculation, Iffland's works went off well. Thirteen volumes, containing twenty-nine pieces in five acts, and nine in one act, besides the actor's autobiography, were completed by the end of 1800, representing all that had been written by Iffland up to that date.

And still Iffland was not played out. Three more



*Er, wozu hat man den Mund,
als zum Reden!*
I. Aufz. 3. Auftr.



*Von nun — laß doch — sprich
doch nicht von so was.*
IV. Aufz. 10. Auftr.



*Und wüßten wir, wo jemand trau-
rig läge, wir gäben ihm den Wein!*
V. Aufz. 14. Auftr.



*Da — da bring ich Dir Dein
Rückchen, mein Goldmädchen.*
I. Aufz. 8. Auftr.

volumes, containing entirely new pieces, were finished by June, 1801. But the convulsions in Germany and constant wars were doing their work in undermining all traditional sentiment, and changing the social and intellectual tone of the people. "What shall I write?" Iffland asks. "Domestic happiness is no more the fashion. Friendship has become contemptible. What humane sentiment is not considered vulgar?" How much these words resemble Goschen's outbursts on the demoralization and degradation of sentiment in Germany in this dismal and miserable period! At last, however, Iffland was disposed to write again, but the book-trade had almost been annihilated after Jena; and when in 1807 Iffland offered Goschen three new pieces, the publisher, with a feeling of deep humiliation, had to decline the offer. He did not dare to undertake anything new. At the moment he was doubtful whether, crushed as he was by the terrible calamities which had swept over his country, he would be able even to meet his liabilities.

This enforced refusal to publish further plays from Iffland did not, however, weaken the friendship between the two men. Several times more Iffland met Goschen in Leipzig, and the latter tells with enthusiasm how, in the darkness of those troubled times, the actor's performances had breathed fresh life and courage into him. And "what a patriot he is!" Goschen exclaims. "He who, in its brilliant days, disliked Berlin, clings now to the town and its sovereigns with all the force of his burning soul (*mit seiner Feuer-Seele*)."

Iffland died in 1814. A long time was required to sell off the stock of his works; but Goschen,

shortly before his own death, published another edition (in 1827). Other editions have been published since, but I am informed that the waters of oblivion have almost closed over this once famous actor and exuberantly fertile dramatist.



Fuel pinx.

A. W. Böhm, s.c.

Frontispiece to Vol. VII. of Klopstock's Works (Quarto Edition, 1798-1809).

[To face p. 127, Vol. II.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

KLOPSTOCK.

1795-1806.

THE name of Klopstock has already occurred several times in these pages. Though probably not one in a hundred of my English readers has read a line of his great epic, *The Messiah*, he ranks amongst those few illustrious poets who have enjoyed a world-wide reputation. Klopstock was only twenty-one years of age when, in the year 1748, the first cantos of his famous poem appeared and at once aroused extraordinary enthusiasm. Bitter opposition, it is true, broke out in certain quarters, but the great public felt that no German poet before him had scaled such heights. Another great author, Lessing, was about to appear a little later, and, with Klopstock and Herder, to form a triumvirate of genius before the establishment of the more glorious reign of Goethe and Schiller.

Lessing, four years younger than Klopstock, was, like him, destined to inaugurate a new and brilliant departure in German literature, but Klopstock and he were not rivals. Their spheres were so entirely different, the contrast between them so remarkable. Lessing, a far greater intellect, achieved in the end a

wider area of popularity and a much higher position in the world of letters ; but Klopstock, in the heyday of his genius, had been acclaimed king of German poets. Lessing, it may be said, created a new public opinion in Germany as to what the drama ought to be. His delightful *Minna von Barnhelm* revealed the charm and possibilities of a new type of comedy ; in his tragedy *Emilia Galotti*, he anticipated the force and the boldness of the *Stürmer und Dränger*, dealing one of the first literary blows at the licentiousness of courts and the degrading vices of those despotic days. In *Nathan der Weise* he rose to a sphere of lofty thought, and especially to a spirit of toleration, both as to religion and as to class distinctions, unknown till his time. I need not recall how in *Laocoon*, perhaps the best known of his works, he laid down new canons of æsthetic criticism with consummate subtlety and courageous insight.

From Klopstock's genius a different stream of glory issued. Both were essentially German in spirit, but while Lessing stood out as a cool-headed pioneer of religious toleration and of the *Aufklärung* generally, Klopstock was essentially the champion of Christian faith. He united in himself in a strange combination highly strung religious emotion with a degree of Teutonism sometimes almost extravagant, while he clothed all in versification founded on Greek and Latin forms. He himself declared that, as a school-boy, he read Homer and Virgil in order to sing heaven and religion. Later, he hesitated for a time between an epic commemorative of some great German event, which should stimulate patriotism and be essentially Teutonic, and a poem which would give expression to the sublimest truths and most

sacred incidents of the Christian Creed. He decided in favour of the *Messiah*. Full of enthusiasm, and stirred to the depths by his own beliefs, he was, in his own estimation, more than a poet. "Never," writes a somewhat severe critic, "did a poet take his mission in such sacred seriousness; he looked upon himself as a *vates* in the sense of the ancients, or as a prophet in the sense of the Hebrews." He composed his majestic verse in the deep conviction that he was serving religion as fully as the Muses, and his contemporaries, both disciples and opponents, recognized his position in this respect. In the period when the poems appeared, the *Aufklärung*, along with its splendid emancipating work, had not yet brought in its train those intellectual excesses which ended in denouncing religious sentiment as morbid sentimentality, and religious dogma as Philistine narrow-mindedness. Feelings were abroad to which his lofty beliefs were able successfully to appeal, and he was accepted as a sacred bard. But with each successive decade of the second part of the eighteenth century, Klopstock's great influence waned; partly because he himself wielded his pen with decreasing force, and failed to retain the magnificent power of his early manhood; partly because a race of literary giants had appeared, whose very nature was antagonistic to his own.

The *Messiah* has from the first been regarded from the point of view of a German *Paradise Lost*. It was clearly composed under Milton's influence, and, indeed, Klopstock, while inferior to the great English genius in power and discrimination, possessed many of his qualities, especially his majesty of diction, his mastery of sublime thought, and a fine poetic

inspiration. Nor was Milton the only English writer who worked on Klopstock's spirit. As *Paradise Lost* is recalled by the *Messiah*, so is the influence of Macpherson's *Ossian* clearly traceable when he gives rein to the inspiration of the primitive Teutonism of bardic days—works which he himself called "Bardiete," dealing with the earliest German traditions, the victories of the Teuton Herrmann (the *Herrmannsschlacht*) and other memories of ancient times. Like *Ossian*, those works are mystical, nebulous, and melancholy.

And the melancholy side of Klopstock was fed by the writings of another English author, by the *Night Thoughts* of Young, a poet whom we of to-day may be surprised to find exercising at one time a certain influence in Germany.

In the third quarter of the eighteenth century, two foreign currents were flowing through the fields of German literature: a French current, representing form and grace; an English current, representing freedom and strength. These currents did not destroy what was native to the soil, but they coloured its products.

Wieland's "*Deutschheit*," as we have seen, owed something to French example; Klopstock's "*Deutschheit*" absorbed influences from English sources.

The position which the *Messiah*, in my grandfather's judgment, occupied in Germany is thus described in one of his letters to Böttiger—

"It has always been the custom to measure the rank of a people on the slopes of Helicon by its epics. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, the *Henriade*, *Paradise Lost*, are named when men speak of the state of poetry amongst Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen,

and Englishmen. This has evoked the emulation of typographers to give the public these works in a beautiful form. We Germans have the *Messiah*."

Next in importance to Klopstock's *Messiah*, come, not his weird "Bardiete," cold and lifeless productions, nor his religious dramas with Old Testament subjects, such as *Adam's Death*, *Salomo*, *David and Jonathan*—writings which, if the author had not been Klopstock, would probably never have evoked a publisher's bid—but his famous *Odes*. Indeed, Scherr, in his *History of Literature*, declares these to be the most lasting of his poetic achievements, and he avers that the best of them would prove to future generations that Platen had been entitled to say that, by their bold swing, their throbbing patriotism, their fire and depth of emotion, Klopstock had carried the world away in a lofty flight of song.

On the other hand, in his erotic Odes of an earlier date, we find that at one stage of his life Klopstock had not escaped the ultra-melancholy sentimentality which "seeks expression in tears and kisses, and luxuriates in thoughts of death," but his tone is fine and manly whenever his patriotism speaks, and he is never stronger and finer than when he chants the praises of the German tongue. One fervid Ode is headed *An die Deutsche Sprache* (To the German Language), another *Unsere Sprache an uns* (Our Language to us). In this latter Ode the German language is presented as a person, who addresses a violent appeal to the nation for protection against the hated foreigner. She wishes to be left to herself. "Because I am the most plastic of all languages, every daring dabbler dreams that he can safely mould me as he lists. Whosoever Englishifies me, I hate;

whoever Gallicises me, I hate." Neither "Quiriten" (*i.e.* Roman) "nor Achæan" does she wish to become.

This Ode was composed in 1798. Before this time the great poet had shaken off all external, all foreign influences. He was himself—he was Klopstock, the father of a new German style, the author of a new departure in German literature. It was his now to command, not to follow; to inspire others, not to be influenced himself. But the scornful violence of *The German Language* was scarcely justifiable in Klopstock's mouth; for, beyond all other writers, he had pressed Greek and Latin forms in an unexampled manner into German verse. Homer taught him the hexameter; Horace lent him metrical strophes. And to teach his unpractised readers how his lines ought to be scanned, he arranged with my grandfather that, where desirable, the metre should be indicated by a formula at the top of the verse. I have before me a volume of the *Odes*, where the following is presented for guidance:—

- ∨ (oo) - oo - oo
- ∨ (oo) - oo -

Many Odes in the first volume contain similar directions. Thus was the German public to be taught to attune its ears to classical rhythm.

The story of Goschen's personal relations with Klopstock opens with the year 1795, when the latter was seventy-one years old; but Goschen, in the year 1787, had, as was stated in an earlier chapter, bought from his friend Bode the copyright of the collection of all the Odes which had been published up to that date. Eight years afterwards, Klopstock

contemplated a revised collection, including such as he had written since, and several of Goschen's friends called his attention to the poet's floating idea. Gerning, a Jena man of letters, learning what was in the air, wrote, "You ought to be the Classicus of all, and, indeed, you are so now, and will be so even more and more when you have finished 'Wielanding' (*ab-ge-Wielandet haben*)."

Archenholtz, a neighbour of Klopstock's in Hamburg, was startled, as we have seen, at the idea of Goschen's contemplating this additional "colossal enterprise," and warned him that the poet had high notions in his head. He, Archenholtz, had, at Klopstock's request, written to Unger (the Berlin publisher), but the latter had referred to the stock of the *Odes* which Goschen still had on his hands, and would only undertake to publish his collection if he had to pay no honorarium. Archenholtz had never seen the poet so hurt. Thus Klopstock had closed with the publisher Nicolovius for the *Odes*, but he was now seized by the idea of collecting all his writings, following the example of Wieland.

It does not appear that Goschen at the moment (April, 1795) took any decisive steps, but when Böttiger, in the following summer, after visiting Klopstock at Hamburg, returned to Weimar, and reported that he had found the author busily engaged on the work of revision, Goschen immediately opened a vigorous campaign, in order to retain the name of Klopstock on his list. From the mercantile point of view, as he wrote to Wieland, not much profit was to be looked for; the halo of veneration was round the poet still, but not the popularity which leads to widespread sales.

Goschen, however, fired by his typographical successes, heedless of his many commitments and of his own warnings as to the black outlook in the political world, must needs proceed to adorn another hero of literature in the most splendid dress which his unrivalled skill in *éditions de luxe* enabled him to produce. He had bought the *Odes* from another firm, but Klopstock himself must be added to the distinguished roll of his personal clients, on which had already been written the names of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder. Klopstock was meditating a collection of his *Odes*; that was but a small undertaking; Unger had refused an honorarium for it; Goschen would out-trump all the trade on vaster lines! There must be a collection, not simply of the *Odes*, but of all Klopstock's writings of whatever kind. Had he not published Goethe's Collected Works? Had he not succeeded in gathering together all Wieland's works, to issue them as one great whole? The same service and honour must be rendered to Klopstock, cost what it might. And so the offer was made for a complete collection of all the author's writings, and not in any common shape, but in a quarto and in an octavo edition, analogous to the treatment bestowed on Wieland's works. And this was in the dark year 1796!

Klopstock was overjoyed by the idea of so grand a Collection so royally got up. But, as Nicolovius had a contract for the *Odes*, equity required that he should be informed of Goschen's proposal, and Klopstock intimated to him that he, Nicolovius, had the first claim to negotiate for the larger scheme. But this publisher lacked the courage for so large an enterprise; he retired from the field, and Goschen,

master of the situation, thanks to the audacity of his plan, obtained from the poet the contract for the whole. Klopstock ceded all his writings absolutely to Goschen for all the editions he might wish to issue, for a lump sum of 3000 thalers. The quarto and octavo editions were to be issued simultaneously, and the author set to work at once to settle type and all other arrangements with his new publisher. Some difficulties were, as usual, experienced, owing to the conflict of rights over works which, in the course of years, had been in the hands of other publishers, but in this case the author undertook himself to fight any hostile action which might be taken.

As in the Wieland undertaking, so in this, no sooner had a certain amount of preparation been made than the author discovered the necessity of an immediate payment on account. He was pinched through the effect of the war, which had penetrated as far as Hamburg. The prices of the necessities of life had doubled, and, even before, Hamburg was not a cheap place. It is the same story as we have met in Goschen's own letters to Wieland, when he wrote how the French had sent up all prices in Switzerland. The war was making life in Germany very burdensome.

I have a considerable number of letters from Klopstock to Goschen in my possession; they are very cordial in tone, but contain few allusions to personal or general topics, being mainly filled with directions as to titles to odes, misprints, spelling, indications of the "quantities" of syllables and words. But some disquisitions about engravings, into the minutiae of which the poet entered with extraordinary

detail, are interesting. Two volumes of *Odes* were to commence the series, and of these one was to have a picture of "Siona," the other of "Teutona." Klopstock's ideas were as follows:—

"The drawing of 'Siona,' dearest Herr Goschen, has surpassed my expectation. Features full of meaning, a beautiful noble face, a good position, and the harp-playing just as it should be. Only one or two remarks: The large group of plants on the left, though it is excellently drawn, I should wish left out. Are the fingers of the right hand not a little, just a very little, too long? and is the thumb on the left hand not a little too short? The larger rose has some resemblance to a face. The right foot, towards the little toe, seems to me a little too fleshy."

Then as to "Teutona"—

"The presentment is in the verses—

" 'I beheld the spirits around her ;'

" 'Their brows are wreathed.'

Teutona floats down (this is the moment), she only just touches the ground with one foot. Her face must be as serious—as impressive—as can possibly be given to a woman. She turns it towards the Genii, wreathed with oaken foliage, who stand on the right side, and somewhat more to the front than those on the left. The latter have daggers in their bosoms. I suppose I need not say that the Genii must not be little cupids (*Liebes-Götterchen*). The draughtsman must have in his mind happy and unhappy Elysian shades of children. We must not introduce a rushing stream, because we have one already in the first engraving. The background—a grove of oaks. We will not give the Goddess a wreath. Her hair, gathered into a coil, should droop toward the forehead. Her garment must scarcely reach to the knee, and her arms must be bare to the shoulders. Beneath, this inscription—



TEUTONA.

[To face p. 136, Vol. II.

[Designed for Klopstock's Odes by Schnorr vor Carolsfeld.



SIONA.

[To face p. 136, Vol. II.

Designed for Klopstock's Odes by Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

“ ‘ Ich sah die Geister um sie her,
Die den Liedern entlockt
Täuschen, ihr Gebild.’

(‘ I saw the spirits around her, who, enticed from the song, deceive, her image.’)”

I am bound to admit that these lines, which, on comparing them with the ode to which they belong, I find to be textually correct, punctuation included, are nebulous to my imperfect sight. Indeed, the greater part of the ode, though the diction is beautiful, and the rhythm stately and musical, is distinctly obscure. And I am the less ashamed of my deficient powers of interpretation, as my grandfather and Böttiger corresponded together about the difficulties of divining the meaning of some of Klopstock's lines. When Goschen had received the manuscript of the first volume of the *Odes*, and had “reverently read them all through,” he wrote to Böttiger, “The passages which I have found obscure are very few, but I doubt whether all readers of Klopstock will have the same understanding of them as his publisher, because all readers will not take the trouble.” He then related a current anecdote, to the effect that the poet Bürger had asked Klopstock what was the meaning of an entire passage, to which question the author replied, “I know very well that I meant something when I wrote it, but what that something was I myself don't know now.” Goschen, however, defended his lofty client. “This anecdote,” he writes, “is told by many who wish to gloss over their laziness by declaring that it is impossible to understand the poet.”

Still, my grandfather and Böttiger, who was throughout drawn into consultation, had increasing

misgivings as to the intelligibility of some of the Odes, and conspired for the purpose of inducing the poet to accept "annotations" from the pen of Böttiger. Many annotations were actually written and sent to Klopstock. But he would not have them—he would only consent that Böttiger should point out to what expressions notes would be desirable. The Weimar scholar's labour had been in vain.

The year 1796 had been full of interminable discussions between the publisher and the poet, but at its close the printing was actually in progress, and when Klopstock received the first proofs in January, 1797, he was greatly delighted with their appearance. "It is really a beautiful edition," he wrote. "I show the proofs to all who have eyes, and go about boasting of them in your name." But after some further compliments, he denounced some minute faults in very strong language as "vile deeds," and this denunciation was but a prelude to endless complaints of the most technical character, which drove the proof-reader Seume to distraction. After a few days, however, Klopstock sent a further pleasant message to Goschen—

"The Russian Ambassador, Alopeus, called on me yesterday, and told me that, on account of the dust, you had cells erected for each workman. Though I require no proof that you are fond of your art, still I was glad to hear this."

The poet also let Goschen know that Gluck and Bach had set some of his verses to music. He mentioned this in case the publisher would like to print the scores, but on no account must any delay be incurred on that account.

Early in the year 1797, Klopstock, who in a

portentous word called himself an "arch-non-letter-writer" (*Erz-un-brief-schreiber*), "a new monstrous word for a very monstrous thing," felt the irksomeness of a continuous correspondence about details, and was anxious that the publisher should pay him a visit at Hamburg. Frau Klopstock invited him in the following letter (January, 1797):—

"I have to thank you most heartily, dear Herr Goschen, for the present of your *Travels* (*Johann's Reise*), with which you have so agreeably surprised me. I have read them with the deepest pleasure, and several passages, which quite appealed to my heart, caused me much delight. The book has increased my affection for the author. It has evoked a lively wish on my part to make his personal acquaintance. Are your business matters so pressing that you could not spare a fortnight for a little journey to Hamburg? I am certain that the acquaintance of my dear Klopstock would please you very much, for certainly he is as great, if judged by his heart, as he is in the art of poetry; and at the same time he is as lively and cheerful as if he were twenty years younger. And do I speak thus of Klopstock? Yes, why not I? Who can possibly know him better than I do? Am I not more and more convinced every day of the truth of what I have been saying?"

An engraving for a portrait of the poet was at the time under discussion. Frau Klopstock proceeds—

"The bust of Ohnmacht is like him, and worked out extremely well, but it has nothing of his happy, cheerful expression. The artist has just got the idea that he ought to give him not a smiling but a tranquil expression. That was the way in which he thought the poet of the *Messiah* ought to be represented. He has allowed himself to be carried away to such a degree by this thought, that he has ended by creating an expression of suffering; but even if it were not so, I must admit that an engraving from sculpture is a sad sight, because the chief thing in a picture—the

eyes—are wanting, and indeed, Klopstock is extremely difficult to take.”

But soon afterwards, Frau Klopstock announced that she was very happy ; she possessed a good likeness of Klopstock by a fair, if not a great, painter.

An interesting letter from F. L. W. Meyer* to Goschen, written from Klopstock’s house in Hamburg (December 7, 1797), presents a different view about a portrait based on the bust of Ohnmacht—

“You surpass yourself. I have seen here, in the house of our Klopstock, the proofs of your edition of his poems. It leaves no beauty to be wished for ; the form of the type is perfect ; the blackness is like that of Bodoni ; the arrangement of the lines is as pleasant to the eye as it is majestic.

“Certainly, you are satisfying all the claims of the public in giving them a portrait of Klopstock in Klopstock’s Works. There are two prototypes for it : the portrait painted by Just, and a bust of Ohnmacht. The portrait is so perfect that I took it to be one of Graff’s works. The bust is so fine that it can well show itself by the side of the works which have brought Homer’s ideal to posterity. Which of the two will you choose for your edition ?”

Meyer concludes by recommending Goschen to take both. One was to represent the man, the other the inspired poet.

“Goschen !” he cries out, “preserve your readers, your buyers, and admirers from the torments of Tantalus ! Give us Klopstock the man, and Klopstock the poet. Let the artists who are working under your direction give us two plates, of which one should be the best portrait of the more modern art, and the other should remind us of the finest heads of antiquity.”

Klopstock followed up his wife’s letter of invitation

* A member of a Berlin group of authors and critics, part editor of a Berlin literary review, *The Archive of the Times*, a very intimate friend of the notorious Caroline Schlegel.

with much urgency. He wanted to know Goschen, "for whoever knows you, loves you;" and he was to come to the poet's house * outside the town (*Gartenhaus*), "for it is customary here to invite good friends to one's garden, and that at least for a day and a night."

But the visit did not come off. The publisher's work was too heavy; so fresh letters had perforce to be written. Klopstock had been horrified to hear from Jacobi that he had found misprints in Wieland's *Oberon*. He made suggestion after suggestion to

* S. T. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, gives an interesting account of his visit to Klopstock in the year 1798. The German poet was living in the "garden-house" to which Goschen was invited in the previous year. It was "one of a row of little commonplace summer-houses, with four or five rows of young meagre elm-trees before the window." Coleridge was much disappointed with Klopstock's countenance, and recognized no likeness in it to the bust: "There was no comprehension in the forehead, no weight over the eyebrows, no expression of peculiarity, moral or intellectual, in the eyes, no massiveness in the general countenance." The conversation turned on literary and political subjects. To the Englishman's inquiries about the elder German poets, Klopstock replied that he knew very little of the subject, which had not particularly excited his curiosity. He then talked of Milton and Glover, and startled Coleridge by his opinion that Glover's blank verse was superior to Milton's, but after a discussion he admitted that his criticisms applied to lines taken singly. Coleridge received the impression that he knew very little of Milton or of English poets in general. Klopstock was very indignant with an English prose translation of his *Messiah*, and expressed the wish that Coleridge would render into English some select passages from that poem, and "*revenge* me of your countryman." "This was the liveliest thing he produced in the conversation." He told Coleridge that his first ode was fifty years older than his last. Coleridge felt the spell of the veteran, the man of high ideals, and of Christian faith. He tells us, "I looked at him with much emotion. I considered him as the venerable father of German poetry, as a good man, as a Christian." In respect of politics, Klopstock's words, tones, and looks implied the most violent Anti-Gallicanism. (Like Schiller, he first acclaimed the French Revolution, and, like Schiller, expressed the deepest abhorrence of French proceedings when the struggle for freedom degenerated into the frenzy of the Terror.)

the publisher as to supervising the proofs—could not Professor Clodius (a very eminent Leipzig scholar) be made head falconer for swooping down on mistakes—four eyes would be better than two—what could Goschen propose?—he ought really to have some pity on the author. One specimen of misprints Klopstock sends, which is certainly astounding.

“The following words are printed thus in the text : In the ode *Nantes*, Avignons, Loare ; Cordai appears more than once, and is printed Korda ; not Toulons but Tulongs. In the ode *Das Neue*, Mirabo, Roshefuko, La Fajet.”

The question of reprinting some sheets seems to have arisen, and a note of errata to have been suggested instead. Klopstock wrote—

“A notice of the misprints is absolutely necessary. You shudder at such a notion. I shudder when I think of the finest edition which has hitherto been issued in Germany of any book.”

Ultimately the publisher's vanity prevailed over economy, and induced him to reprint on a large scale.

Goschen had in the previous year secured the services of Seume as proof-reader. Some account of this singular man, and of his strange adventures, will be given presently. Endowed with a lively wit and a large amount of pride, though not well qualified to be a proof-reader, he had much to write in reply to the reproaches he incurred. Though some mistakes might be “*meâ incuriâ* or the *incuria* of the compositor,” he had discovered others in the manuscript. He was sorry that pages had to be reprinted, but Klopstock was so very particular. People who could not read the verses properly would not learn to read them by his elaborate system of marking

single syllables or words; but "every one makes laws in his own domain." Many of Klopstock's points Seume disputed with argument; "but *chacun à son goût*" was his final comment.

Still Klopstock returned again and again to the charge; further precautions should be taken; on which Goschen suggested that the young scholars of the Grimma High School (a very famous establishment) should give a final look at the proofs. Klopstock expressed his warm approval, but recommended the publisher reverently to read Didot's preface to his Virgil about Bodoni's misprints.

And in the end Klopstock's letters become quieter, and only a stray misprint is noted here and there; otherwise the edition was faultless and magnificent. Of all the compliments paid, so Klopstock wrote, that of the Princess of Thurn und Taxis was most eloquent and enthusiastic. He transcribed it for my grandfather's benefit, but it is couched in such high-flown, metaphorical, spiritual language, that I am unable to translate it into readable or intelligible English. It is itself Klopstockian.*

The Quarto edition was a splendid piece of typography. Experts in printing can judge for themselves of its merits by examining the copy which is in the British Museum. But to descend to some mercantile

* The German is as follows:—

"Im Lichtgewande erschien mir eine Verklärte, und ist mir seitdem immer zur Seite. Ich kannte sie längst, und Wonne war sie mir, wenn sie in *irdischer* Hülle vor mich trat. Umflossen von der *himmlischen* entzückt sie mich noch mehr. Diess kann doch schwerlich auf die Rechnung meiner Sinnlichkeit geschrieben werden. Oden eines Dichterlings in der Pracht erscheinen zu sehen, in welcher K. nun vor mir liegen, würde mir ein unerträglicher Anblick seyn."

details. What were the financial results of this great undertaking? The first and principal instalment of the Collection consisted of six volumes—two of the *Odes*, completed in 1798, four of the *Messiah*, completed in 1799. As in the case of Wieland, so in this, there were four editions: the great Quarto edition, costing £7 1s.; Large Octavo, Velin Papier, £1 9s. 6d.; Schreib Papier, £1 1s. 9d.; Druck Papier, 16s.

The high price of the two finer editions naturally confined their sale within narrow limits, and on this occasion no list of subscribers covered the publisher's risk, and the gloom of the times had deepened. Early in 1798 Goschen had applied to his friend, F. G. Müller, in Vienna, to promote a subscription list for the *Odes*. In reply, Müller regretted that he was not in the least acquainted with the grandees and the distinguished society of the town. Nor was it any use to approach them.

"Our great and distinguished Epicureans are no Medicis. Not even a vain desire to have their names honourably mentioned as patrons of Art and Science seems to animate them. As to Klopstock's works, there are special difficulties. Wieland's pleasing, smiling, sometimes frisky children of wit and caprice, suit the disposition of these Sybarites, and before or after a copious meal, or a *rendezvous*, they may be read and understood comfortably on a sofa; but the earnest, solemn, lofty Klopstock, the divine singer of celestial things, the terse, vigorous, often enigmatical poet of the *Odes*, must be read and studied in a mood, in a situation, and with an attention of which most of the *small great-men*, as Alxinger calls them, have no idea."

Müller further explained that editions of Klopstock's works had been published by pirates, and were in the hands of most of the people who would or could read such a poet.

But it was not only in Vienna that circumstances were against a satisfactory sale of Klopstock's works ; Goschen found the expensive edition almost unsaleable. The poet's friends had high expectations, but the following incident throws some light on the contrast between them and the actual result.

A Frenchman of the name of Basset ("a civil and cultivated gentleman," my grandfather called him), a friend of Klopstock, came from Hamburg to Leipzig with an introduction from the poet, and mooted the question whether Goschen could not do rather more for Klopstock in the way of remuneration than he was bound to give according to the contract. The honorarium, it will be remembered, was 3000 thalers. He was convinced that the works of Klopstock would have the same circulation in Germany as the works of Rousseau in France, of which six thousand copies had been sold at once in Paris on publication. The Leipzig publisher replied that the circumstances in Germany were quite different, and he proved by his books that of the Quarto edition he had not sold more than thirty copies ! Neither the sale of the books nor Goschen's own position warranted him in varying the terms of the contract.

Up to this date only the *Odes* and the *Messiah* had been published, and 2000 thalers paid to the author. Klopstock, who, at one time, had kept Goschen waiting, as the latter had complained to Böttiger, by his microscopical revision and emendations, was anxious, in the year 1800, to press on with his tragedies, his "Bardiete," and with his prose writings, but the political and commercial situation was so disheartening that the publisher on his side now put off the

publication. Before the remaining volumes were issued, Klopstock died (1803). His widow and friends then took up the question of the continuation of the Collection, claimed interest on the last instalment of 1000 thalers—the sum due as soon as the remaining writings should be dealt with—and also some additional remuneration on the singular plea that Goschen must have profited largely by the undertaking up to that point.

Professor Ebeling, who wrote on behalf of Frau Klopstock, suggested that a new edition should be taken in hand, for which Goschen would, of course, be willing to pay a suitable sum. The latter replied with considerable indignation that it was a mistake to think that his gain was large. Though unwilling to boast, he pointed out that he had undertaken the work to render a great service to German literature rather than for personal profit. The Quarto edition had cost 10,000 thalers. He repeated what he had told the Frenchman about his sales of this edition in the first year, since which, on an average, only six a year had been sold, while in the last year he had only disposed of one; therefore it was nonsense to think of a new issue. Moreover, he had bought the right to publish all future editions, and therefore did not feel himself called upon to concede a fresh honorarium. Ultimately, a compromise was effected. Goschen paid an additional 500 thalers for some work written since the contract had been made in 1795, and it must have been a satisfaction and relief to him when, after his unpleasant correspondence with her representatives, the widow entrusted a very pleasant message for him to a friend: "He is now doing more than I had expected. I am glad to

find myself again in the hands of such a right-thinking man."

Goschen, on his side, did not think he had secured a good bargain. He had simply acted for the sake of peace. Böttiger hoped that the tragedies to appear in the continuation of the Collection would advance the sale, but Goschen knew better. Of *Adam's Death*, which he had bought from Bode, he had not sold a single copy!

The publication of the six volumes remaining to be printed, commenced in 1804. Of the Octavo edition five were issued in 1806. Then war broke up this enterprise, as it ruined others. The twelfth and last volume did not appear till 1817. Of the Quarto *édition de luxe*, only one volume beyond the original six appeared in 1809, containing the new Odes; the circulation of this costly book did not justify any further issue.

But it will be seen by-and-by that Goschen's desire for the propagation of Klopstock's works was not extinguished by comparative mercantile failure, and that his dormant enthusiasm for his former distinguished client revived in the closing years of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A REMARKABLE PROOF-READER.

1796-1802.

SELDOM has a publisher commanded the services, as his proof-reader, of so remarkable a man as Goschen had secured in the person of I. G. Seume. Poet and humourist, scholar and philosopher, a rolling stone yet of patient industry, sceptical and cynical, yet of high ideals, and living up to a lofty standard of truth and honour, the hero of the strangest adventures and experiences in divers lands,—he deeply impressed his contemporaries by a character and bearing which were as original as they were fine.

Seume wrote the first part of his own biography, but death overtook him before its completion: it was finished and edited by Doctor Clodius at his death, but my grandfather contributed largely to it. Seume whimsically explained why he undertook the task when urged to it by Schiller, Herder, and Gleim, who were all among his intimates. His friends had threatened that in any case he would not escape a biographer, and so he feared he might fall into the hands of some scribbler or a hyper-critic, or, worse than all, a shallow and tactless panegyrist. No man could so well know what was in him as the man himself, if he were only honest and courageous enough

to show himself as he was. This is precisely what Seume always did. No more honest or courageous man ever lived.

Seume was born of peasant parents in 1763, at a village not very far from Leipzig. He tells us that his father suffered from the disease of never being able to look on at an injustice without denouncing it with anger and bitterness. This disease was congenital in his son.

The boy's education began in village schools, but eventually, by the kindness of a friend in high places, Count Hohenthal, he was sent to the Nicolai School in Leipzig, and afterwards to the University in that town. Towards all school authorities he evinced a kind of respectful defiance, and at that early age exhibited much of the eccentricity which was highly developed in after-life. The classics fascinated him even in his boyhood, not as regards language or form ;—what he worshipped was the spirit of the ancients. His classical tastes, it will be seen, stood him in excellent stead in the course of his adventurous life.

At the University he soon acquired the reputation of a heretic and sceptic, though he affirms that he was truly religious in spirit. As a matter of fact, he detested spiritual despotism and the paraphernalia of religion. Rumours of his unorthodox opinions reached the ears of the authorities, and in the category of charges recorded against him, that of river-bathing sounds strange enough to English ears. Disturbed in his mind by these mental conflicts, and by the difficulty of reconciling his private opinions with an attitude which would satisfy the patron to whom he owed his means of existence, he secretly left the University, with the intention of proceeding to Paris on foot, and of looking round as to what Fate might

have in store for him. He had nine thalers in his pocket, a rapier at his side, a few shirts on his body, and a few classical books in his pocket.

On the third evening, Seume relates that the Landgrave of Cassel—at that time the great broker in human flesh, busy in selling soldiers to the British for service in America—took charge of him through his crimps, had him carried to Cassel, and thence to the New World. Seume's protests were utterly useless; the press-gang had no ears, and seized every stranger whom they found on the road. In Seume's case they tore up his University certificate as the only evidence by which he could be identified. A man of the name of Fawcet was the British agent.

Seume gives a most humorous account of his adventures and companions: a son of the Muses from Jena, a bankrupt merchant from Vienna, a dismissed Post-Office clerk from Gotha, a monk from Würzburg, an official from Meiningen, a Prussian deserter from the Hussars, and so forth, were in his band, the monk being the worst fellow of all the motley company.

Sundry attempts at escape broke down, and after many strange experiences the recruits, numbering 1500, under the command of Colonel Hatzfeld, reached Bremen, where English ships awaited them. There they were inspected, and a book which Seume always carried under his waistcoat was discovered. The captain laughed at the youngster with a coarse joke, but was greatly surprised to find that the hidden volume was *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

In the English transport the luckless recruits had a horrible time. They slept in layers of trays, which were so close one over the other that the men could not sit upright. In each tray six men were put

together, so tightly packed that they could only turn round all together. What their sufferings were under such conditions in rough weather, I will not follow Seume in describing. He is very graphic in his picture of the arrangements on a British transport a hundred and twenty years ago, and of the rations, —the biscuit was said to have been taken by the English from the French in the Seven Years' War. They had kept it in Portsmouth since that time, and were now feeding Germans with it, that they might kill the French under Lafayette. The water smelt like the Styx and Phlegethon together.

The whole story of this kidnapped regiment conveyed to America in a British transport, wonderfully told by a poet-philosopher who was himself a victim, might almost tempt me to give it currency in greater detail in some other form. Seume treats it in a very humorous spirit, and indeed, he fared better than most. The Muses, as he expresses it, took care of their pupil. He was sitting on the deck and reading Horace, when a fat quartermaster was about to turn him off roughly from his seat, but at that moment the captain came up, looked into the book, and told him to remain. Some talk followed. Seume reports part of it in English: "You read Latin, my boy?" "Yes, sir." "And you understand it?" "I believe I do." "Very well; it is a very good diversion in the situation you are in." "So I find, sir—indeed, a great consolation." The captain, a humane and sympathetic man, then took Seume into his cabin, showed him his library, consisting of good English books and a few classics, and promised the poor lad to lend them to him. Thus the tedium and the sufferings of the voyage were sensibly lightened to the scholarly recruit.

The transport proceeded to Halifax by the north of Scotland, to avoid the risks of French men-of-war in the Channel. It sailed in company with a large fleet — men-of-war and merchantmen — numbering about seventy ships. Seume worked with the sailors part of the time, but in fine weather read his Virgil in the tops. The voyage was extremely long—twenty-two weeks from Bremen to Halifax! When Seume landed, the captain bade him a cordial farewell. “It is a pity, my boy,” he said, “that you do not stay on with us; you would soon become a very good sailor.” “Heartily I would,” said Seume; “but you see it is impossible.” “So it is,” replied the captain. “God speed you well.”

The Hessian soldiers were placed in a camp near Halifax, where, almost perishing with cold in the hard winter, fed with difficulty, and without the excitement of even a brush with the enemy, they led a terribly depressing life. Seume, who had been made a corporal, was again fortunate in securing the friendship of officers. A clever copy of verses had attracted the attention of one of them, who became Seume’s devoted friend. But his military duties were hard and most uncongenial, and when Colonel Hatzfeld made him his clerk and overworked him at his writing-table, his innate mutinous spirit brought him into serious trouble. He ended by conceiving a project of escape and joining the Republicans,—they were more classical! The sympathies of a man such as he, were rather with Plutarch than with Hobbes—such was his curious conceit! But the news of the conclusion of peace rendered flight unnecessary.

The return voyage to Germany was uneventful

but short—twenty-three days instead of twenty-two weeks. This time the troopship was in company with two hundred sail, including ships of all nationalities, “among them,” writes Seume, “two American frigates with the new independent flag of the States, probably the most painful sight to Old England since British fleets floated on the sea.”

The kidnapped soldiers, as they approached the shores of the Fatherland, were confronted with a new anxiety. Still under martial law, still the property of those who had hired them out, they feared they might now be sold to the Prussians. Terrified at the prospect of such a fate, Seume attempted to escape; but he fell into the very calamity he wished to avoid. He was seized by the Prussians as a Hessian deserter, taken to Emden as a prisoner, and compelled to serve as a private soldier.

A second attempt to desert might have brought him into desperate straits, but the Muses saved him again! It is a pretty story. He was retaken and carried to the guard-room. Here he wrote a Latin verse on the door. The officer asked who had written the verse. “Probably the little black deserter,” was the answer (Seume was extremely dark). The inquiry into his case began by a discussion of the hexameter, which the captain declared to be wrong. The prisoner with great energy defended the verse. In the heat of the discussion he ultimately drew his Virgil from his pocket, and showed that the verse in question had been written by Virgil himself. The incident interested the officers, and much notice was taken of Seume; but again he tried to escape, and on this occasion, when captured, the Virgilian scholar was ignominiously condemned to be flogged.

Fortunately, his popularity with the officers, and especially with their children—he had, in fact, become a kind of personage—saved him from such a cruel disgrace. The colonel, in view of Seume's talents and good conduct, and looking at the way in which he had got into the service, changed the sentence into a six weeks' imprisonment on bread and water.

Seume got free at last, but in a different fashion. An Emden citizen asked him why he did not ask for leave. Seume replied that he would not get it; on which his friend observed, "You will obtain it if you give bail."

"But how can I give bail without money?"

"That I will arrange. Offer eighty thalers, and speak to-morrow with the general."

"I shall not come back," said Seume.

"I do not mind," was the reply. "Do what you like. Eighty thalers are at your service."

Thus Seume came back to Saxony again—needless to say, filled with the fixed resolution to repay the eighty thalers. This he was able to accomplish by the proceeds of a translation of the English novel *Honoraria Warren*, executed for my grandfather, who published it in 1788. It was on the introduction of the poet Weisse that Goschen was brought into relations with this singular man.

After the long interruption to his studies, Seume now devoted himself entirely to literature and science, took a degree as Master of Arts, gave lessons in modern languages, and after a time obtained a position as a tutor to the son of a Count Igelströhm. When he had finished with his pupil, he became secretary to Count Igelströhm's brother, a general and diplomat in the Russian service. With

him he went to Warsaw in 1793, was made an officer in the St. Petersburg Grenadiers in order to be able to wear military uniform, and, with that something in his rough yet fascinating character which had endeared him to British, Hessian, and Prussian officers, soon acquired the general's unlimited confidence. They were a strangely assorted pair, the old Sybarite courtier and ambassador, and the absolutely unconventional Spartan secretary ; but Seume's French and German acquirements made him invaluable among the ignorant Russian *entourage*. All important diplomatic papers in that critical period which followed on the partition of Poland, had to be worked up by him for the Empress Catherine ; and he conducted the correspondence with Pototzki, Möllendorf, and other Russian and Prussian generals.

But Seume, born under an unhappy star, was to undergo another series of sensational experiences. Before long, the revolution which had been brewing in Poland broke out, Warsaw was seething with an insurrectionary movement, and when the Russians had been defeated by the Poles, General Igelströhm took measures for the defence of the town, but in vain. Four thousand Polish soldiers revolted, the whole population rose, and Igelströhm had the greatest difficulty in fighting his way out with some four hundred men. Seume, characteristically returning to attend to a wounded friend, was left behind, and for two days and two nights was compelled to hide, almost without food. He was a witness of terrible scenes. The infuriated populace of the town raged like mad men. An awful slaughter took place, and the Polish officers in vain attempted to control the insurgents. Seume wandered from place to place,

but no one would take him in; parts of his Russian uniform, which he had been unable to cast aside, endangered his life; but at last he managed to reach a group of officers, to whom he surrendered, and his French standing him in good stead, he was kindly treated. Ultimately the Russian general Suwaroff appeared, entered the town, and set the Russian prisoners, Seume among them, free.

Seume's friends in Leipzig were very pleasantly surprised when he once more appeared before them, for they had believed him killed. And he came in an honourable position, despatched to Saxony, by command of the Russian Empress, as the companion of a wounded young Russian officer, who was sent to Leipzig to be cured by a great physician of that city. But very shortly afterwards, on the death of the Empress (1796), Seume lost his position in the Russian service, and was again thrown, penniless, on his own resources.

Compelled to look for other employment, Seume returned to the thankless work of instructing pupils in English and French, but before long my grandfather, who was engaged at this time in the gigantic Wieland and Klopstock enterprises, besides contemplating editions of the classics, for all of which he considered that the services of a clever and scholarly man would be very useful, invited the eccentric hero of so many adventures to become his proof-reader. Seume accepted the offer, and a very intimate connection was established between the two men. As a business experiment, it was rather a failure, but they always remained the most affectionate friends.

The technical and minute labour of correcting for the press, not unnaturally proved most difficult and

uncongenial to a temperament such as Seume's. He was too good for the work. He was disqualified by his poetic musing and disputatious tendencies. He varied the weary drudgery of proof-reading by criticizing the authors themselves in turn; he argued about literary flaws, while the most obvious misprints stared him in the face. And misprints were not his only tormentors. Proof-readers in that period were confronted with specially formidable difficulties. The grammar of the German language was still in a rather fluid state, and the spelling of words and the shape of letters were still open to much dispute. Schiller, Klopstock, Stolberg,—all had special notions of their own. Poor Seume declared that writers insisted on changes which, in the opinion of Adelung, the great authority of the day on orthography, would themselves be misprints. I have myself met with many variations in spelling in letters of my grandfather's correspondents which have raised doubts in my mind in correcting my own proofs. Seume, surrounded with all these difficulties, and lacking a proof-reader's eye, wrought such havoc in the texts of some of the publisher's illustrious clients (as, indeed, we have seen in Klopstock's case), that a crisis ensued at last. Goschen himself became so irritated by the sharp and continuous reproaches of authors, and by the expense and worry of reprinting sheets, that he sent a strong letter of censure from Leipzig to the manager of his printing establishment at Grimma, and the latter gave it to Seume to read. The proof-reader's reply to his friend and chief (March 3, 1798) was full of pathetic dignity, restraint, and modesty. He had given all the attention of which he was *capable* to his work, but he had credited himself with a talent for such an

occupation which Nature had not given him. Reminders to him would be of little use, as he knew his duty well enough without them. He could not bear the idea of causing Goschen damage or risk, and from no feeling of sensitiveness, but knowing what was best for himself and his employer, it would be wise to think of choosing a successor to him endowed with more accuracy. He analyzed his want of such accuracy thus—

“I sometimes sit from seven in the morning to five in the afternoon, poring over the papers. My own thoughts often hinder me, as they seize and hold the authors otherwise than they ought to do. It is quite possible that niggling about words and syllables may often go to the wall when my soul cannot tear itself loose from some thought or some picture. You lose over such work, and I profit nothing. We have both made an unfortunate experiment. Let some other man work at correctness in typography: I despair. Errors have been found in sheets which I thought I had worked backwards and forwards with the greatest particularity. Forgive this rhapsody, which, after all, says no more than that the work is not for me, nor I for the work, which, *quoad rem*, is really the same thing.”

Goschen's reply is not extant, but reconciliation followed. Seume wrote back to his chief in English—the humour to write in English was often upon him—assuring him that what he (Goschen) had said as to their connection and business was as just and as liberal as it could be, but he questioned whether he was able to fulfil what was demanded of him.

“I have made the trial, much to my mortification, and every day convinces me more that I do overlook such trifles, which in this case are no trifles. It was but yesterday when I had an old sheet in my hand where the compositor had made a red stroke at one word.

I read over the passage three times, not being able to see anything amiss, till, at last, Mr. Höhm [the manager] told me, smiling, that a letter was missing. In any other case I should laugh at such a blunder, but in this case there is no fooling. For me there is no printing fault when I read for myself, for I read always as it should be."

After citing cases of authors who were themselves to blame, he continued—

"But let all that be. Every man does his possible, and so shall I. I should be sorry to separate, for I love you, and you may be persuaded that whatever I do, I never do it from selfish interest. I don't lack patience and assiduity, but it grieves me that with all that I can't speed. It is a great undertaking to promise correctness, it is more than beauty. It has vexed me that you were compelled to reprint more sheets in Klopstock, though the author was often in default himself, and now perhaps it may be said it is clear and correct, though I would not swear upon it."

After demurring to a suggestion from the publisher as to being paid by sheets instead of salary, as he "could not meddle with reckonings," though he would be satisfied with half the pay Goschen gave him now, he concludes, "But, sir, I am rather babbling. Do as you find good in everything. A man of the character you know me, and who is truly your friend, will be satisfied at every rate."

The two men now worked on harmoniously together; by degrees the patience and conscientiousness of the proof-reader got the better of the inaccuracy of his eye, and the inevitable complaints of authors flowed in a much-diminished stream.

And Seume sought some relaxation in stray leisure hours by playing the author himself—a part for which he was far more suited. Poetry and prose both came easy to him. A work founded on his personal knowledge, *The Latest Changes in Russia*, was published for him by Goschen. Another subject for his treatment was suggested to him by my grandfather, quite in his old vein, while walking with him from Hohenstädt to Leipzig, a distance of fifteen miles. He encouraged Seume to write a little book “of morals and religion” for country-folk. The letter, written in English, in which Seume told Goschen that he had taken his hint opens up characteristic glimpses of his eccentric, philanthropic mind.

“DEAR SIR,

“There is nothing in the world gives so much pleasure as railing at the same world in his own mood, and fooling at the same time in one’s own way. Though the world changes not for the better, and we ourselves not for the wiser, there is a mighty comfort in this way of spending one’s life. And so I do. At every step I find and rail at a folly and become the more a fool myself. I hope you will vouchsave to forgive me this same perverseness, which seems to be a piece of original sin with me. ‘You have a great stock of original sin,’ you will say; ‘as being a heretic in church and state, rambling through the world without end and aim, scribbling bad verses and writing bad letters.’ In all this you are in the right, and I am in the right too. It is only to trouble you and to make myself easy I write you this same letter now. . . .

“I have thought upon two things: t. w. [? to wit] as to make myself a clergyman, that won’t do. I am too honest to dissemble in the least; I should not be easy. You know that money and a good table is none of the things I need. It won’t do. The second is to

write a little book of morality for the country people. I have taken your hint, have made a sketch already, and intend to think of the little piece in my leisure hours.

"My respects to all that have some good will towards me!

"SEUME."

Seume completed the sketch of the little work, and sent it to Goschen with a very modest letter (in English). He could not say much of it; if it were good for nothing, it had at all events given him some pleasure, and so he was content. It might be burnt.

"The chief thing was to give something which the good people might understand. You know I am neither proud nor subtle nor vain. I care not for money nor glory, but I love that everything I do or say should breathe a public spirit, and so I lay me down and sleep."

What has been written of Rabelais may truly be said of Seume, "He was a passionate humourist, a lover of the classics, and a hater of monks."

The book was not published at the time. Goschen, in a letter written after Seume's death (in 1810), explains why.

"I begged for a little more detail, and in some few passages for a little more popular treatment. For this Seume had neither time nor inclination. He made a present of the book to a country parson. I had forgotten about it till the honest clergyman offered me the manuscript. I bought it of him at once, and in a week eighteen sheets were ready. The book is a delicious morsel in present conditions, but at the time it was unsuitable. How astonished folks will be! 'What!' they will say, 'Seume a man of such piety and deep feeling, and—if we do not

play with words, or take our stand on hasty words in his writings here and there—so stout a Christian!”

The *Book of Duty and Morality for Country Folk* is indeed very beautiful, strong, simple, dealing admirably and reverently with questions of morality and religion in the highest sense. In case any of my readers should care to see a production of Seume's in strong contrast to this decorous volume, I reprint verbatim, at the end of this chapter, an English poem from his Collected Works, entitled “Jack Rostbeef,” which smacks of the troopship and the rough soldiering in America, and conveys in quaint language some of the impressions he had gained in his wanderings, of the world in general and of the British in particular.

Seume loved rhyming in any language that came handy to him, and indicted humorous epistles to Goschen in English, Latin, and German doggerel. He had met with a most affectionate welcome at Hohenstädt, and found some compensation there for his irksome work at Grimma. Old and young loved the “sombre pilgrim,” the chivalrous vagrant, who, sad and gloomy in many ways, yet was very tender-hearted, and possessed the special gift of winning the hearts of boys and training them to courage and manliness. Himself an athlete, he instructed the Goschen boys in swimming and riding and every kind of gymnastic exercise, and, as for older lads, sons of his Grimma acquaintances, he would hunt them up in the middle of rough nights, and take them for long rounds across hill and dale to harden them. And if his Spartan creed and Spartan practices gave the Goschen boys a manly example, the fragrance, the happiness, which pervaded the Hohenstädt home was most soothing to the storm-tossed man. My

grandmother petted him with housewifely care. He never left Hohenstädt for his Grimma lodgings without carrying with him some parting gift of provisions or little delicacies, for which he returned thanks in the quaintest fashion. Here is a sample: it follows on some German doggerel—

“I have teased you enough with my gibble gabble, and you'll be glad to get rid of the jade of my muse together with her hell driver. But this shall not be. I have finished with the german nonsense, which I am vain enough to think very good sense; and now I am beginning with the english; indeed not in the same high stile but in plain and hearty prose. First of the first of all, you'll have the goodness to give my thanks to Madam Goeschen for the excellent victuals she had the kindness to provide me with for the way at my leaving your hospitable house in the depth of night. I have been studying philophy (*sic*) with the butter slices and the roasted goose all along the way very comfortably; where I found out, indeed, that there is no better travelling in the world than with good store of victuals in your wallet together with some money in your pocket.

“To turn out whims there's, I may say,
No better way,
Than walk a round to purge your skull,
And keep it light with belly full.

“Kick at the world and let it go,
Be't so or so,
We'll take a glass and have a song;
For grieving never mends a wrong.

“If we be fools, 'tis not amiss.
Much better bliss
To have some folly, and be well,
Than to be wise, our joys to sell.

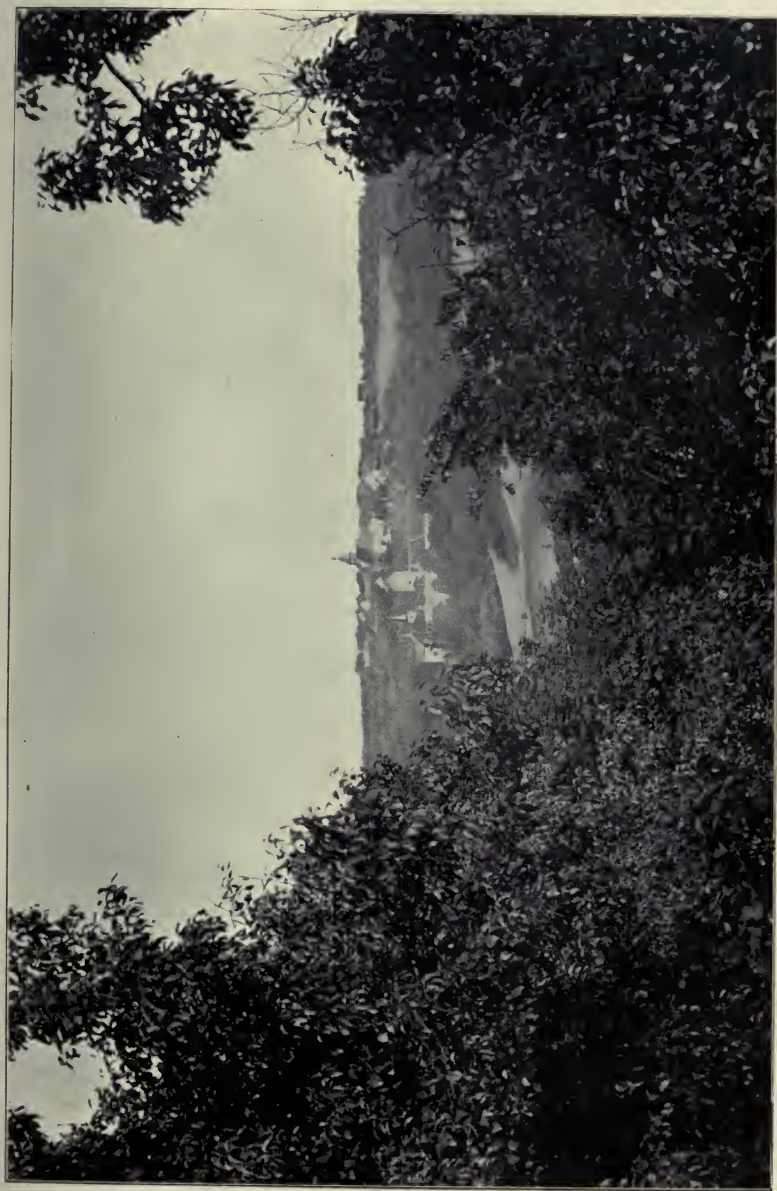
“'Tis true indeed, all should be right,
Clown, lord and knight,
And rightly well; but who the devil
Can mend all, where so much is ill?

"Nay the dewce, there I am again in a fit of rhiming. I hope, you'll forgive me all these trespasses, seeing that it is an original sin of ours to be gall'd at every step with a knack of rhiming. But fare well at that! That I am arrived very happily, and very merrily too, here at my temporary home, you see already by this medly of writing."

It was a great wrench to the Hohenstädt circle when, at the close of 1801, carrying out a fixed purpose, from which the remonstrances of friends could not move him an inch, Seume packed his knapsack, and with some money from Goschen in his pocket, started on a strange pedestrian tour, a "walk" (*Spaziergang*) from Grimma to Syracuse—an expedition which, narrated by himself with infinite humour, made him famous from the Rhine to the Neva.* But Seume was a rolling stone, a restless spirit, with the craving for movement upon him. So he was off!

A touching farewell letter expressed his deep gratitude to Goschen for the happy days he had spent with him and his. "Accept all I feel as my thanks, your praise and your payment. *Le bon Dieu vous garde, tous et toutes.*" A large company of friends saw him across the hills of the Mulde valley, and as once more, so he tells in his story, he looked back on the fair landscape, where lay Hohenstädt with its groups of trees and Goschen's charming settlement, "where we so often have dug, and planted, and

* The fame of the book reached England. I find the following passage in a letter from Hüttner, Goschen's agent in London: "If you should see Seume, pray be good enough to give him my most friendly remembrances, and tell him that we here have read his glorious *Walk to Syracuse* with the greatest interest. The publisher Phillips, who had himself heard of the book, is urgent with me to let him have my copy; thus it might appear either in part, or as a whole, in English."



VIEW FROM GOSCHEN'S HOUSE IN HOHENSTÄDT.

[To face p. 164, Vol. II.

gossipped, and eaten potatoes and peaches," he passed beyond the woods and glens of which the fanatical pedestrian had left no yard unexplored.

Schnorr von Carolsfeld, a Dresden painter of eminence, a very intimate friend of the Goschens and of Seume, was to have accompanied the adventurous traveller on his distant tramp; but when the pair reached Vienna, friends in that city were so urgent in their warnings about dangers on the frontiers, especially in such unsettled times, that Schnorr turned back. A rough soldiery everywhere, a suspicious and reckless police ready to pounce on every traveller who entered a town, snow-capped mountain chains to be crossed alone on foot in the depth of winter, were enough to alarm a family man. But to the adventurous Seume, with no tie of any kind, and inured to hardships and fatigue, and most experienced in the ways of devil-may-care men, nothing was formidable. He journeyed on in the gayest and most philosophical mood. Dragged as a questionable character before officers in a guard-room, he tackled them with such comic impertinence that they cursed and laughed in turn. Sometimes finding no food even of the coarsest kind after a walk of five and twenty miles, mobbed on suspicion of being a Frenchman by a threatening crowd of anti-Gallic Sicilians in a doubtful inn; stopped on the road by groups of horsemen armed with guns and knives, of whom he could not be certain whether they were brigands or police; pestered as a curiosity by men and girls whom he could not understand,—his audacity and humour carried him safely through all, till on his return journey he was relieved of his purse by foot-pads in a wood under the Alban Hills, the very scene,

so he professed to believe, of the mad exploit and noble deaths of Euryalus and Nisus to which Virgil has given undying fame.

Seume revelled in the magnificent sights of Italy as a classic, not as an antiquarian. Every river, every landscape, every spot round which traditions gathered, spoke to him the beloved language of the ancients and filled him with indescribable enthusiasm. But withal his account of his famous tramp is full of shrewd and often wise reflections on the ways and characters of all the nationalities amongst whom he was thrown on his strange tour, and many passages contain allusions, interesting from their local colouring, to Napoleonic doings and great historical events.

Nor was he entirely thrown on chance acquaintances of the road or of the tavern. From Italian princes, reduced to absolute penury by the war, down to the poorest specimens of humanity—for Seume believed in the brotherhood of man—his letters of introduction from leading men in Germany secured him a hospitable reception in many Italian cities. Men of letters in Rome and Naples and Florence delighted to show attention to the whimsical scholar who was travelling half through Europe with no impedimenta except a knapsack on his back. Gossipy and picturesque letters to my grandfather touch lightly on many of his experiences, but a fuller story he reserved for cosy chats on his return home. Messages to the merry flock at Hohenstädt fill much of the space. And gifts for his little friends found room in his knapsack. They would value, he thought, what he had carried "on his hump." He was bringing home "some highly consecrated relics for the

girls—a rosary for whoever amongst them should be the greatest sinner,” and a lava pipe for the father of the family. The perusal of these letters makes it easy to understand why this misanthrope was so beloved.

But on one incident of his stay in Italy the letters which have been preserved are silent—a very serious love affair into which he drifted at Rome, and at the close of which the lady suddenly jilted the proud and sensitive man. Writing to Böttiger after Seume's death, and discussing the intended continuation of the autobiography of his friend, Goschen explained that it was Schnorr who had cognizance of the “tender relations” in which Seume had been entangled in Rome. The latter had not made any confidences to him, because he had blamed so much of them as had come to his notice—justly, but perhaps without sufficient delicacy.

“In this case, as in similar cases, the man was a child, but a noble child. If he had gained what he desired, he would have been an unhappy man. Alas! I have known him in love with another woman, behaving like an unmanageable child, without knowing it himself. Another philosopher loved the same person, and Seume mistook the jealousy and rage which shook him, for the necessary results of his own stricter morality. He was platonically head over ears in love; but he was in honourable hands, which treated him delicately and admirably. One ought not to tell such stories, for the world does not understand them. This woman was a real Aspasia, and in this case I could not blame Seume; for she bewitched everybody who came near her.”

From Italy Seume travelled to Switzerland and Paris, and, after an absence of nine months, arrived in Leipzig exactly on the day which from the first he

had fixed for his return; on which Goschen observes that there was more method in his vagaries generally than one would expect. He at once obtained some literary work from the publisher, but he did not repeat the proof-reading experiment. He settled in Leipzig, and devoted himself to authorship, especially to his elaborate but racy work, his *Walk to Syracuse*. But in the summer-time he paid long and most welcome visits to Hohenstädt, teaching the boys French and English, rhyming on every possible occasion, and sharing in the merriment of many family festivals.

Amongst his literary efforts was a translation of Perceval's *Description of the Cape of Good Hope*, in a preface to which Seume took the opportunity of denouncing the treatment by England of her Colonies and girding at her world-policy. "Perceval," he writes, "declares, without any reserve, 'If we have the Cape, we command the commerce of India; consequently the commerce of the world; consequently——' The consequences are all quite clear. That is truly British. Britannia mistress of the sea! Tax the world through the waves!" Seume admired British energy and British love of freedom *at home*; "but that they can claim distinction beyond other nations in humanity, justice, or pure benevolence, they will get no one to believe." Are there traces in such passages of judgments which unhappily have outlasted a hundred years?

In 1805 Seume was once more on the move, and journeyed to Russia, where he revisited old friends and companions in arms from Warsaw. His travels through Russia, Finland, and Sweden he described

in another book, *My Summer*. He collaborated with Schiller and Wieland for three years as one of the editors of my grandfather's celebrated magazine, the *Frauen-Journal*, to be described by-and-by, and he completed so much work that on his death his collected writings filled twelve small volumes; but in 1808 a terrible malady, the seeds of which had been sown as far back as his American campaign, tortured him with the most excruciating pains. With some few intervals of partial convalescence, he lingered on till 1810. Faithful friends gathered round him with brotherly solicitude, and ministered to the wants of the almost penniless invalid. In 1810, notwithstanding his weakness, he ventured on a journey to Weimar to see his revered friend Wieland. The old author, shocked at the frail appearance of the sick man, once of such iron strength, and anxious as to his helpless future, went to his friend and patroness, the Crown Princess of Weimar, sister of the Russian Emperor Alexander, a princess of the sweetest disposition, told her Seume's story, and introduced him to her. Acting on her advice, given with the kindest sympathy, he wrote to her brother the Emperor, in his own peculiar style—truthfully and with dignity. Wieland feared the tone of the letter might strike the Emperor as odd, but the Grand-Duchess took the missive as it stood, and sent it to her imperial brother. Alexander, touched by the story and Seume's sufferings, assigned a pension to him; but it was too late—Seume had died!

At the wish of his sorrowing friends, my grandfather wrote and inserted in a magazine a tribute to his memory, under the title, "Some Traits in Seume's Life."

"Seume by his own strength has subdued fate. General esteem, the love and friendship of good men in all classes, from the prince down to the artisan, have been his compensation for the suffering of his earlier years. And he also subdued himself so that his ill humour and suspicion towards his contemporaries were not transferred to individuals. Who has sought his aid whom he has not gently counselled and willingly helped? He possessed little, but would part with his last possession where need was. Who was a more sympathetic friend in good or evil fortune than he? When I, who am dedicating these lines to him, was ill, he who himself could scarcely creep along, came to my bed, and would not leave me till he had cheered my spirits. Whose feelings were deeper or tenderer than those of this apparently hard man? His disgust with men and his fierceness at all that was corrupt arose from his love and reverence for human nature as it floated before his lofty soul in the great men of antiquity.

"His body has vanished, but his strength remains. The young clung to him in indescribable fashion; his influence on them was irresistible. Young men have made his self-denial, his firm will, his veneration for truth and justice, his love for every virtue, their own; and he will live on in them, as his spirit lives and works in his writings.

"Whoever blames him as an eccentric man, blames him on account of his audacity, his rough exterior, and his sarcasm. Let him suffer what Seume suffered, and then instruct me. Few men will bring forth their souls in such freshness and freedom from the pressure and strain of circumstances as he: perhaps not one."

"JACK ROSTBEEF'S RETURN.

"Welcome, dear Jack, from foreign ground
Back to old England, safe and sound :
Is yet your carriage staunch and stout ?
What devil come you home about ?

"'Tis but some years you curs'd and swore
You would our island see no more,
Where all your soul's high blazing fire ?
Expired in pit-coals, fogs, and mire !

"'Let me alone,' old Jack replied,
Quick turning to another side,
And when they prest, and prest him close,
The surly fellow blew his nose.

"And, listless of the envious crowd,
Which, very thick and very loud,
Besieg'd their dear, strange countryman,
The following rhapsody began :

"'Well, what before I feared, I found
By rambling all the globe around,
From Thrones and Sees to chamber-stools,
That mankind are but knaves or fools.

"'Broad folly reigns all o'er the map,
And only wears a different cap,
The cowl but changes with the climes,
And nonsense flows in smoother rhimes.

"'The German prince and English peer,
The self-same haughty jargon sneer,
And everywhere with heavy Hem
The people's fleec'd and cries 'God dam.'

"'The thin-legged Frenchman skims away
From comedy to bloody fray,
And for a thing he freedom calls,
Walks round his dance through cannon balls.'"

I omit some stanzas here.

"'Now look you here, o'er Holy Rome,
Broad dulness hangs with midnight gloom,
And in the lap of pious Spain
He's damned whoever is sound in brain.

“ ‘ And all the rest of human race
Runs down to Slavery apace,
God bless the block-heads on their way,
For folly ever plays foolish play.

“ ‘ Here I am back in British air,
Our country is as good and fair
As ever a handy-work of God
By other two-legged creatures trod.

“ ‘ Go take the round, East, North, and West,
To look for fools ; at home is best.
Our excellent pudding is as sweet
As Pumpnick or Polish meat.

“ ‘ Our pippins have as fine a taste
As berries from the dreary waste,
And who shall small beer thin and stale
Compare with our high flavouring ale?

“ ‘ What though our Lords, for jockies fit,
Be sometimes something out of wit,
They do the nations little evil,
We damn, and give them to the devil.

“ ‘ God save the king ! and go to hell
Who in his name do buy and sell,
Peace to the brave, and knock them down
The rascals of the Church and gown.

“ ‘ Let them be fools who choose to be,
I shall be one myself for me,
Jack Rostbeef I, not lord nor knight,
But all along an honest wight.

“ ‘ Well, let me live with merriment
And homely feed, what Heaven has lent,
Till goes my whimsy soul to rest,
For even our Bedlam is the best.’ ”

CHAPTER XXV.

A. W. SCHLEGEL—*DIE HOREN*—A LITERARY PANDEMONIUM.

1792-1797.

AMONGST the men with whom Goschen established relations of friendship, both personal and literary, in the course of the period 1792 to 1797, was the well-known A. W. Schlegel, translator of Shakespeare, poet, critic, philosopher, and one of the founders of the Romantic school. He has already been mentioned in these pages as the mediator, in the year 1797, between Schiller and Goschen after their long estrangement. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the two men were first drawn together by a most strange incident—an incident which it seems well to record, as an illustration of the general upheaval of society and of the bearings of the conflict between revolutionary licence and reactionary sternness on the fortunes of individuals in the last decade of the eighteenth century, while at the same time the part which my grandfather bore in it, is of biographical interest. The incident is an episode in the adventurous and stormy life of a very notorious woman, sometimes described in history as Caroline Boehmer, sometimes as Caroline Schlegel. The daughter of a Göttingen professor, Michaelis, she first married a young country doctor from Clausthal, in the Hartz Mountains, of the name of Boehmer; next, some time after his death,

Wilhelm Schlegel; and thirdly, on being divorced from the latter, the philosopher Schelling. She was, in short, one of those fascinating, brilliant, and emancipated women, who were not unnatural products of an age throbbing with the ferment of an ardent and often violent intellectual movement, rebelling against the restrictions, political and social, which the laws and systems till then in force had imposed, revolutionary in every direction, and ready for the slackening of religious and moral ties.

After the death of her first husband, the young widow went to Göttingen, where she found a home in her parents' house, but after a time (in the year 1792), seeking a more congenial atmosphere, she transferred herself to Mainz, where she became an intimate associate of the Therese who, leaving her husband, Georg Forster, the clubbist, stole the fickle Huber from Dora Stock. Caroline at once threw herself into the ranks of the French party and the Jacobin Club, which, under Forster's leadership, had been established on the French model. It was Rulffs' alleged association with this club which had been his ruin.

But her stormy nature was not content even with the violent emotions of revolutionary politics. Torn by various personal disappointments, with no moral moorings, she drifted early in 1793 into a disreputable *liaison* with a French officer. When the French, in the summer of that year, evacuated Mainz, and the Germans re-entered the city, full of fury at the betrayal to the enemy of this the most important fortress of the Rhine, Caroline, like Rulffs, but with more reason, was hunted down by the German authorities. Nor can this cause surprise, seeing that

she had been the most intimate friend of Forster, who had gone himself to Paris as a delegate of the Mainz democrats, and whose associates had not only betrayed the fortress, but had formed themselves into a kind of provisional government, and proclaimed the inhabitants of all the Rhine regions between Landau and Bingen to be freed from allegiance to their German rulers. The deeply implicated woman was thrown into prison near Frankfurt, and subjected to much rigour. No influence seemed powerful enough to secure her release. Governments dealt relentlessly with revolutionists. At last her brother, Philip Michaelis, a volunteer army surgeon, obtained her pardon from the King of Prussia. Still she remained a disgraced woman, branded with political shame, and about, before long, to bear a child to the French officer.

The family with whom she had maintained the closest relations from her Göttingen days were the Gotters, living in Gotha. Gotter was a man of letters, some of whose writings were published by my grandfather; the wife, Louise, had been Caroline's most attached friend since her girlhood. The Gotters decided that she must go into hiding. But at this stage a faithful and enthusiastic man, Wilhelm Schlegel, flew to her side. When a student at Göttingen, he had fallen in love with her, and, though she had not accepted his suit, a romantic friendship had been established between them, mainly, it is true, on his side. He hurried from Amsterdam, where he held an appointment as tutor in a Dutch family, and escorted her to Leipzig. I fancy she told him all. In her eyes he was nobly unselfish. "For from the nature of my confidence," she wrote to a friend, "I could offer him no reward."

It is said that Wilhelm Schlegel took Caroline to Leipzig to place her under the guardianship of his brother Friedrich—a singular choice, if true, for Friedrich, a student at Leipzig, was quite a young man at this time, and though endowed with some brilliant qualities, of an undisciplined character and fantastic mind. But Wilhelm found more efficient protection for the unhappy woman in another quarter—in my grandfather's house. How it came about that Goschen's house was selected for a refuge under such extraordinary circumstances, I do not know. Possibly Gotter, his client, had thought of him; possibly one of the two Schlegels had some acquaintance with him, and had heard of his unflinching readiness to help those in distress; or his rescue of Rulffs, like Caroline a refugee from Mainz, had suggested the idea. Wilhelm could not have known him well, as six months afterwards he spoke of their *short* acquaintance. However that may be, the tradition in my family is that Caroline presented herself alone at my grandfather's house; that my grandmother was startled when her womanly eye noticed the condition of her visitor, but gave her an asylum in her own home, without regard to any possible complications. Once more we have a proof of the courage and humanity which reigned in that home. To take in such a fugitive involved no ordinary risk, and few cared to run it. The Rhenish dukes would not suffer this intimate of Forster's to settle in their territories, and we know the extreme sensitiveness of the Saxon police. This woman compromised all who approached her. One of her oldest and closest friends, F. L. Meyer, once Librarian in the Göttingen University, now settled in Berlin, to

whom she had written from my grandfather's house that Berlin would afford a discreet asylum, answered her with disappointing coldness. If Goschen's friends were right in warning him in the case of Rulffs, how much greater was the risk in harbouring this notorious agitator! As to the Saxon authorities themselves, and their severity in dealing with persons tainted with revolutionary antecedents, Caroline herself related, in her letter to Meyer, that the regulations were so strict that they would not permit the presence of Mauvillon, because he had been a friend of Mirabeau, though he was actually an officer in the service of the Duke of Brunswick. But nevertheless my grandfather did not flinch.

How long she remained in Goschen's house, I do not know, nor whether her child was born there; for difficulties, as expected by Caroline, were raised by the authorities. She was obliged to move to a little village of the name of Luppa (or Lucca), not far from Leipzig, but beyond the Saxon border, and other troubles and scandals arose. But Schlegel and his friend were ineffably grateful to the Goschens for their timely and humane assistance, all the more so, perhaps, as, when the period of her hiding came to an end, Caroline still found herself a proscribed person, a kind of outlaw, shunned for a time by all except her very oldest friends. At Göttingen, where she went on a visit to her mother, the authorities bade her leave, as a woman who had disgraced a respectable family.

Schlegel wrote to my grandfather from Amsterdam, in February, 1794, when his friend was about to leave the village where she had been hidden—

“May I ask you to despatch the enclosed letter to my friend? Should she have already left Luppa,

you are sure to know her address. That the generous zeal with which you interested yourself in her, and thus also in me, remained unchanged to the end, makes me deeply grateful. The memory of our acquaintance, short as it is, is very dear to me, and I am sure it will never fade in my heart. Please let me preserve your affection also, and give my most special messages to your wife and the whole of your family. Good-bye, and don't try your health too much in the many troubles the Wieland undertaking must be causing you."

In a later letter he wrote—

"I am sorry that your kindnesses to my friend have occasioned rumours which must have been disagreeable to you. However, I should think that such gossip would be much too improbable to be of any consequence, and would soon be forgotten. It is to be hoped that Caroline's circumstances will soon make it possible to take her son away from Luppä, and then everything will be forgotten very quickly there, as well as in Leipzig."

But the child did not leave Luppä; it died before Caroline removed it. In 1795 she migrated from Gotha to Brunswick, and there made a home with her mother, her sister, and the only child (her daughter Augusta) which had survived of the three which she had borne to Boehmer. And Schlegel had left his tutorship at Amsterdam, and joined her at Brunswick, so that they might live "side by side." Friedrich reported Wilhelm's happiness to Goschen—

"My brother has now for some time been safely in port, and enjoys the happiness of friendship which he has missed for so long. May his happiness, and that of his and our friend, be as lasting as, in its outward aspect at least, it seems to be favourable. For in Berlin there is the most liberal tolerance, and there is not the remotest recollection of the former political ostracism."

Soon after Schlegel's arrival in Berlin, Caroline added the following postscript to a letter from her friend to my grandfather. I think it clearly refers to the death of her child:—

“Schlegel has handed me this letter for posting, but I cannot seal it up before doing what I should like to have done long ago but for my constant fear of interrupting your business; for I have not yet acknowledged the receipt of the sad little packet which you sent me, nor thanked you for your sympathy. Time will not heal the sense that through *this* death I have lost the possibility of my happiness, even of my inner peace; and if what I thus feel in me is at all less acute, it is only because it has been blunted by my becoming used to sorrow and loss. To have Schlegel here till his further fortunes are decided is really a consolation to me, till this joy also passes away.”

A remarkable intimacy seems to have grown up between this most emancipated woman and the very Godfearing, highly domestic circle in the publisher's house. It is a curious illustration of the strange topsy-turvydom of my grandfather's times. With all his knowledge of her past life and character, the respectable pater-familias seems, from the following letter to him from Caroline, to have sounded her with respect to the acceptance of some post where she would have had charge of children. At the time it was written Caroline was apparently living as Schlegel's mistress:—

“Braunschweig, January, 1796.

“DEAREST AND KINDEST OF FRIENDS,

“I press your hand in hearty gratitude for your care of me, and your thought of me. This last proof of them has been among the most precious to me, for now I have seen with more certainty and comfort that you do not wish to forget me, and that you have confidence in me.

"Now, as to the subject of your letter, I must confess that it does not fall in with the plans which I have formed for my life. Even if the obstacle that it is impossible for me to separate myself from my child could be got over; if it should possibly be considered not disadvantageous that I should bring a play-fellow with me for the child in question, I must confess to you, my dear friend, that something else holds me back. I cannot separate myself from the friend of whose fidelity and love no one can be more convinced than you; that is as much as to say that it would be equally impossible for him again to live quite at a distance from me, and if, sooner or later, the moment should come when his career should summon him away from me, I expect we shall have to make up our minds to change our present alliance (*Bündniss*) into another one, so that I can follow him decently. Then, too, I shall see you again, and your wife, and the whole of your family. Though I have not yet heard direct how you have been faring, I have heard through Gotter all the evil and the good that have happened. The evil is forgotten, for the good remains. You are 'foolish for your friends,' to use your own expression, and that reacts upon me. . . . Good-bye, dearest friend. There is no day on which I do not think of your house. A thousand greetings to your wife.

"CAROLINE B."

Six months afterwards, Schlegel and his friend regularized their relations by marriage, and made Jena their home. For a few years Caroline's stimulating presence, brilliant talents and literary powers, were doubtless of much use to Schlegel; but she had no stability. Thrown into the companionship of Schelling—a very ardent lover, though a profound philosopher—she fell in love with him as she had never been in love with Schlegel, and a little more than four years after her marriage, stories connecting her name with Schelling took such a shape that they

reached the reluctant ears of her old friend Goschen. In October, 1800, he wrote to Böttiger—

“I hear such strange things about Caroline Schlegel, that I no longer think it worth while to make myself unhappy about it. It is said that she is divorced, and has become Schelling’s cosmic soul. I won’t believe it till I must no longer doubt it.”

But that time soon came, and Caroline Schlegel passed out of my grandfather’s life.

The domestic history of the two Schlegels presents a curious picture of the looseness of matrimonial ties in those days. Schelling took Wilhelm’s wife very peaceably, and Friedrich obtained his by the divorce of Dorothea, daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, from her husband, the banker Veit. Like Caroline, Dorothea was brilliant and highly cultivated, and, like Caroline, she was content to live with her second choice for a considerable period without legitimatizing their relations.

A number of letters from Schlegel to my grandfather have been preserved, and I find, about six months after Caroline’s arrival in Leipzig, the two men engaged in correspondence on literary matters. But, strangely enough, the letters contain no allusion to what must have been the most important incident in their relations, Schlegel’s offer of his famous translation of Shakespeare to Goschen, and its refusal by the latter. On this occasion, as on others, the policy of my grandfather must seem extraordinary in the eyes of those who judge by the event, as the translation then refused is now, by universal consent, the classical German version. Two motives have been suggested for Goschen’s course: the first, and probably

the real one, that it formed part of his policy of restricted activity at that period; the second, that he feared the susceptibility of Wieland, his favourite client, who had himself translated some plays of Shakespeare's in earlier days. But whatever influences may have affected Goschen, it is clear that Schlegel was not offended, for he invoked Goschen's services in his negotiations with other publishers.

Public competition for this remarkable translation does not seem to have been keen. The Gessner firm was approached, but with no result. A preliminary contract had been signed between Schlegel and the publisher Michaelis of Strelitz, but on the latter being dilatory with the honorarium, and sending a "paltry letter," "full of poor excuses," but containing no money, Schlegel finally directed my grandfather to post the manuscripts of *Romeo* and of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, which were in his custody, to Unger of Berlin without further delay, adding that he had sent back to Michaelis his copy of his contract with him. Strange proceedings! The sanctity of contracts does not seem to have been treated with absolute reverence.

Unger published the translation at the next Fair (1795).

Other plans had been discussed between Goschen and Schlegel. Correspondence took place with reference to Goschen's scheme for editions of the Roman classics, and Schlegel was ready to undertake Propertius. But the whole plan was postponed, and when, in December, 1796, Böttiger urged Schlegel to make progress with Propertius, as Goschen's announcement of the projected edition of the Latin

poets was ready, nothing had been done. The poet protested the greatest interest in the enterprise, and promised his best efforts and every care, but his professions led to no result.

A work on Dante, sketched by Schlegel in several letters, and part of which had appeared in the magazine *Die Horen*, was not accepted by my grandfather. On the other hand, mention is made in the correspondence of a work by Schlegel, *Walpole*, for the first volume of which the author acknowledged the receipt of an honorarium, with the promise that the second volume should be ready in good time. "He hoped that this beginning might lead to further business between them." But no work bearing the title *Walpole* is to be found among Goschen's recorded publications.

Schlegel made further proposals to my grandfather in respect of some critical writings, but Goschen demurred to publish them, except under conditions.

He was prepared to accept *critical* writings from Schlegel, but nothing *polemical*. This, Schlegel retorted, was a "*contradictio in adjecto*." There could be no criticism without the frankest judgment and blame. He admitted that Goschen had had some disagreeable experiences—

"You have had to endure attacks on account of your publishing the *Meta-critique*. This is an incredible injustice. Though I do not at all consider that the polemics in the *Meta-critique* are sound, nevertheless I have rejoiced in the fine example of liberality which you have given in publishing a book, which was entirely directed against some of the chief works on your list. To make war against you on that account, I consider to be in the very worst taste,

even if old Kant himself had done so, whom, however, I could not imagine taking such a course."

Schlegel then argued forcibly that Goschen would find it impossible to exclude polemics if he admitted critical essays at all, but I can conceive what was in my grandfather's mind.

No one had been more fiercely engaged in the great polemical battles which followed the publication of *Die Horen*, and afterwards had raged with unparalleled fury round the *Xenia*, than the brothers Schlegel. They had joined in conflicts which had convulsed the whole world of German literature and created the most violent personal animosities. It was not unnatural that the publisher should fight shy of critical essays from such a quarter, unless he could count on some moderation, and on a different temper from that exhibited in those explosive ebullitions.

The great conflicts in question fell within the period with which we are now more specifically concerned. *Die Horen* was published in January, 1795, the *Xenia* in Schiller's *Musen-Almanach* for 1797.

How *Die Horen*, a monthly magazine, was founded by Schiller and Cotta has been told in a former chapter. It was the first outcome of the alliance between them which acted so fatefully on Goschen's fortunes, and it became the poet's chief occupation during 1794. He presented a marvellous spectacle of untiring energy when he plunged into this new enterprise. Often racked by illness, sometimes reduced by the exigencies of diet or want of appetite to a simple meal of pancakes or potatoes, yet working with his whole soul; writing and thinking on the profoundest

problems of metaphysics, inditing long letters on various forms of mental culture, on the fundamental laws of beauty or learning, contending with the mysticism of Fichte's philosophy, and, in the latter part of the year, conducting an elaborate correspondence with Goethe with exquisite enjoyment,—he threw himself with extraordinary ability and zest into the many-sided labours which the launching of *Die Horen* involved. To my mind he displayed very fine business capacity in this work. It was he who drew up the programme, corresponded with the publisher on every detail, and recruited contributors with charming letters; negotiated with the reviewers of the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung*, not without ominous hints at retaliation if the critiques should run counter to his views; and by his ardour and confidence infused life and spirit into the execution of a most complicated scheme. For there was not only to be collaboration; a formal literary association was established with fixed regulations, and with a small committee to which all contributions were to be submitted before publication. All that was greatest and best in German literature was to be pressed into the service, and the most celebrated authors were approached. And Schiller started with an incalculable success. He secured Goethe's most cordial co-operation for the scheme.

Strengthened by this invaluable alliance, Schiller did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. By September, Herder, Fichte (Reinhold's successor in the chair of philosophy at Jena), Friedrich Jacobi, Matthison the poet, Woltman the historian, and several other eminent men of letters had joined. A little later, A. and W. von Humboldt, Schlegel, and

Körner had been secured. The list grew apace, and when, in January, 1797, the magazine appeared * with the names of twenty-three associates, all of high repute in the world of letters, and with such men as Goethe and Schiller, Herder, Fichte, and Humboldt in the forefront, printed on the first page, it was apparent that no such strong literary combination had ever before been seen in Germany. The preliminary announcement had been composed by Schiller himself. It rang like a challenge, a manifesto, heralding an entirely new departure, in splendid declamatory language. Schütz, the head of the great Jena organ, had been skilfully handled, and a striking review heralded the new periodical. The announcement, the critique, and the articles themselves combined to create an immense sensation; indeed, so much so, that the veteran Wieland, contemplating the situation from without, felt a shiver of apprehension. To his consternation the review appeared just at the moment when the great editions of his own works, the final triumph over so many obstacles, the crown of his fame, were to pass into the hands of the public, and he trembled lest attention should be diverted from himself. He wrote to Goschen, most urgently pressing him to issue *his* announcement—

“If it were only to prevent our being lost sight of through the appearance of the new *Horen* which

* The title of the periodical was—

Die Horen,

A Monthly Magazine, Written (*verfasst*) by a Society and Edited
by
Schiller.

In the first number no names were appended to the articles. It was left to the public to judge what authors upon the list of associates had written the various essays.

has been advertised in the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung* with such pomp, and reviewed with such hyperbole of pomp. *Apropos* of *Die Horen*, what do you say to the price of sixteen groschen for six sheets printed without much taste? Taking these *Horen* as a standard, "your Quarto edition of my works is a very cheap book."

But, notwithstanding this alleged "hyperbole of pomp," the magazine did not take the public by storm. *Die Horen* offered a new critical and æsthetic gospel, and many readers scarcely knew what to make of it. The contributors were men of the highest talent, some of them of genius; but as number after number appeared, no triumph was in sight.

The magazine did not pay its expenses. Cotta wrote encouragingly at first. He was able to report that he had secured eighteen hundred subscribers. But, on the other hand, the contributors were very highly paid—about five louis d'or per sheet on an average, in place of the three which had been the usual tariff for authors of repute. But the writers in *Die Horen* were not all paid the same price per sheet. Goethe received eight louis d'or, Schlegel four.

When six numbers had appeared, Schiller himself became discouraged, and weary of his editorial labours. His affections and interest were being rapidly transferred to another project, his *Musen-Almanach*, to be published at the end of the year. And in the mean time, from the first moment of the publication of *Die Horen*, a perfect tempest had arisen. The general public might wonder at the new phenomenon, but outside of the group of contributors, its new doctrines, promulgated with dogmatic authority, evoked the most violent opposition. The very panegyric of the *Litteratur-Zeitung* fed the flame.

The orthodox scented a revolution, and all discerned the beginnings of a period of combat. The attacks were not without consequences to *Die Horen*. Book-sellers began to cry off from their previous orders. Amongst other opponents, Zacharias Becker, in the *Reichs-Anzeiger* in Gotha, led off with a criticism of the puffing article in the *Litteratur-Zeitung*; and Dyck, in the *Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften*, sounded the charge from Leipzig. Schiller suspected Goschen of having inspired the latter, but, as will be seen presently from the tone of my grandfather's letters, the suspicion was quite unjust. Goschen never swerved from his loyalty to his old friend.

The hail of abuse stirred the two giants to wrath, but still more to the infliction of punishment. Schiller was specially sensitive, and soon wrote: "I feel much disposed to organize a little *battue* in our literature, and specially to favour a few of our good friends, such as Nicolai and his fellows." They summoned each other to action, and mutual encouragement excited them to extend their campaign. Warming to their work, they resolved not only to chastise all critics of *Die Horen*, but to carry punitive measures into every corner of literary mediocrity, dulness, and conceit.

For the purpose of this campaign, the two "Titanic brothers," making up their minds to leave the high pedestal of their acknowledged majesty, and to descend, as rough athletes, into the arena—inaugurated that literary pandemonium, known as the *Xenien-Kampf* (the battle of the *Xenia*), in which these lofty geniuses cudgelled foes—and friends as well—in a very orgy of mischief and devilry, drawing on themselves the sobriquet of "Götter-Buben," which might

be politely translated "Olympian madcaps," but perhaps more correctly "Olympian scapegraces."

The vehicle to convey their epigrams to the public was at hand. In the midst of his æsthetic and editorial labours, Schiller, fortunately for the world, found himself once more inspired to resume his poet's pen. In the course of 1795 he composed some of his most beautiful verse, and for its publication he resolved to found and edit a *Musen-Almanach*, much on the same lines as the Annual bearing that name, edited by the poet Voss. The *Almanach* for 1796 was to contain various productions besides his own; but the most notable contents of that for 1797 were to be the *Xenia*, on which Schiller and Goethe set to work in December, 1795.

It was Goethe who, while reading the *Xenia* of Martial, had hit upon the idea of carrying out the projected literary carnage by launching epigrams against all and sundry, and gathering them into one collection, to be christened by that name. He propounded the scheme to Schiller, and sent some specimen distichs. The latter hailed the plan with enthusiasm; it was "splendid." The specimens were admirable, and he suggested materials in return. I am sorry to say that my grandfather was amongst his first inspirations as a victim. Schiller wrote to Goethe—

"If we are to get up to a hundred* in number, we shall have to swoop down on single works; and what rich materials we have there at hand! If only we don't spare ourselves, we may attack all, sacred or profane. What materials are supplied us by the Stolberg lot (*Sippschaft*), Racknitz, Ramdohr, the metaphysical world with its *I's* and *Not-I's*, friend

* Ultimately the *Xenia* grew to nearly a thousand.

Nicolai—our sworn enemy—the Leipzig Tavern of Taste, Thümmel, Goschen as his stud-groom, etc., etc.”

Racknitz had, as we know, written on *Taste*. Ramdohr is frequently mentioned in Schiller's letters, as the author of *Charis, or On the Beautiful*, a book which had interested though not satisfied the poet. Commentators on the *Xenia* have differed as to why Goschen was to be presented as Thümmel's "Stud-groom" (*Stall-Meister*). It seems most probable that the two were associated in Schiller's mind, not as author and publisher, but in connection with their books on travels. Goschen was to be gibbeted for his *Johann's Reise*. Goethe took up Schiller's suggestion of dealing with Goschen, but used the offending book for satirizing my grandfather, not in connection with Thümmel, but with *Charis*. "How splendidly," he wrote back, "Charis and Johann will appear in juxtaposition!" Neither the juxtaposition nor the point of the comparison comes out clearly in the *Xenia*, but Goethe sent Schiller the following biting epigram on Goschen:—

"Einen Helden suchtest du dir um deinen Character
Darzustellen und fuhrst in den Bedienten Johann,"

which may be roughly rendered as follows:—

"Seeking a hero in whom thy character might be depicted,
Straightway thou didst pass into the lackey Jöhan̄n."

But neither this epigram, nor one on Thümmel, which followed immediately after it in the manuscript—a juxtaposition which suggests that, after all, Schiller's idea of connecting the two together was in Goethe's mind—saw the light, till they were found, many years later, with the originals of the Goethe-Schiller correspondence. It has been conjectured that

Schiller had compunctions in associating himself with so offensive an attack upon Goschen, with whom he had been on such intimate terms of mutual friendship, notwithstanding their temporary estrangement. But it was also in so far without point, inasmuch as the obvious representation of Goschen's self and opinions in the book is not Johann the lackey, but his master. Still, lest Goschen should go scot-free in respect of the obnoxious book, the following Xenion was concocted, probably by Schiller himself:—

“Sachen die man sucht.

“Einen Bedienten wünscht man zu haben der leserlich schreibet,
Und orthographisch, jedoch nichts in Belles-lettres gethan.”*

Anglicé—

“Wanted.

“Wanted, a valet who knows how to write in a legible manner,
And who can spell, but has left dabbling in letters alone.”

A second Xenion directed at Goschen was very innocent; it simply satirized his absorption in Wieland's works.

“Goschen an die Deutschen Dichter:

“Ist erst der Wieland heraus so kommt's an euch Übrigen Allen
Und nach der Location, Habt nur einstweilen Geduld.”

Anglicé—

“Goschen to the German poets.

“If but my Wieland is out, then will come the turn of you others,
Each in the order of school; only have patience the while.”

Considering the violence of the personalities, the intentional violence, which, as a rule, marked the

* One commentator sees no allusion to Goschen in this Xenion, but the reflex of what he, Schiller, had written to a friend, “In my days every servant occupies himself in reading (*mit Lectüre*), and may very probably end by writing himself” (Frau von Wolzogen, *Schiller's Letters*).

Xenia devilry, and considering that, as Schiller gleefully remarked, nothing either sacred or profane was to be spared, Goschen had little reason to complain. Nor did he bear the slightest malice. Had he known of Goethe's first offensive epigram, he might certainly have fired up; for he was not slow, when he thought himself personally insulted, to take offence. As it was, he showed no sensitiveness, and, indeed, was one of the very few who discussed the *Xenia* very kindly and impartially.

But needless to say, when the *Musen-Almanach* appeared with its shower of epigrams, a furious outcry from the smitten authors, critics, and scholars resounded throughout Germany. The wrath against the Duumvirate was intense, and angry victims wrote and published numerous *Anti-Xenia*, always virulent and violent, and often very poor stuff. Mud was thrown in handfuls at the twin authors of this extraordinary literary escapade.

Wieland personally had been treated with fair respect, and his vanity did not suffer much. At any rate, he suppressed any show of personal pique, but in a published dialogue, called *He and I*, he managed, amid much banter and irony, to treat the outbreak of the "Götter-Buben" severely enough. He exhibited them as a pair of "poetic Titans" who, in the consciousness of their higher natures and overwhelming strength ("not without a dash of contempt for us little people"), allowed themselves at times a wild fit of bacchanalian intellectual drunkenness, because they respected nothing, and stood at nothing. He describes their "duumviral mien," their high and mighty and aristocratic ways, while they swoop down on all flesh with a frivolity and arrogance to which it is doubtful

whether any language could find a parallel. Was there no reason for being vexed at the reckless wantonness with which whole towns and provinces in Germany were held up to public ridicule for some single reproach, and were delivered over to public scorn?

"Who can remain indifferent if two noble brothers*—who, even where they deserve blame, or seem to deserve it, might well claim to be treated with some regard—are made ridiculous *only because they are Christians*? But, after all, these great men can console themselves by the knowledge that if the sluggish German public should unexpectedly turn obstreperous—if they have ever gone beyond bounds—it only depends upon themselves graciously to offer us some fair golden cup of Nepenthe, and to charm us once more by the irresistible magic of their genius, of their all-daring and all-powerful spirit (*Dämon*), and, behold, we shall be brought triumphantly to the point of looking on their naughtiness as graceful play, and of excusing indecencies, which we would never forgive in other men, as the genial outpourings of a moment of whimsical gaiety, which even afford ourselves some delight."

However, Wieland's private letters to Goschen show that he was really pained.

The latter had sent him, confidentially, for his own perusal, some *Leipziger Xenien*, attacking the great Duumvirs. Wieland replied—

"I thank you for the *Leipziger Xenien* which you have let me have. They are for the most part rude and ribald enough. For my own part, I am so little pleased if men like G. and S. treat the world to such a farce—laying themselves open by their wanton recklessness, which is scarcely pardonable in men of their years, to such vulgar reprisals—that I am more inclined to weep than to laugh. I shall take good care

* The Stolbergs.

not to communicate these 'Echoes,' which have come to us from the banks of the Pleiss,* to anybody *here*, but I fear that they may become known irrespective of me."

Goschen, on his part, was in receipt of many confidences. He was able to gauge both the violence and the extent of the raging storm. About the *Sudel-Küche*—a collection of anti-*Xenia*, so called as being "scullery garbage"—he told Wieland that they had met with no applause at Leipzig. Manso, one of the most violent of the Duumvirate's opponents, had made up nearly all the stuff. Garve was very angry about it. In Vienna, Goschen had heard the impression had been that Goethe was too sensible to have played such school-boy pranks (*Burschen-streiche*). As to the reply of Nicolai to the terrible castigation which the *Xenia* had inflicted upon him, Goschen thought it weak. He wrote to Böttiger—

"Nicolai has now also come out with sixteen sheets against the *Xenia*. This effort is like a potato-pudding, in which there is nourishment for some healthy persons, but, as it is cooked with nothing but water, a little more salt, pepper, and butter would be required to give it any taste. His Lessing plays his part as usual, and French, English, Greek, and Latin quotations and allusions are to rescue him from empty-headedness. Poor Schiller has to pay for his friendship for Goethe, since the shot always strikes him when it is meant for Goethe."

The general feeling of my grandfather himself as to the scurrilous attacks on his great clients of earlier days appears in the following letter, written to Böttiger on the 2nd June, 1797:—

"Herewith a poem by Asmus, which contains a

* One of the rivers which flow past Leipzig.

couple of pretty things about the 'Götter-Buben.' Reichardt has snorted for revenge in the journal *Deutschland*. He doesn't quite venture to attack Goethe, but he handles Schiller all the more contemptuously. My heart bleeds when, in this affair, I see the fair dream of the culture of our nation vanishing. These apparitions throw a spirit (*einen Geist*) into the pulse of our decade—not the spirit of a careful physician, but of an executioner.* Still it gripped the public. And what is the result? In the first place, the nation is not yet ripe enough to despise what is despicable; and in the next, it is not yet ripe enough to escape chucking out the good with the bad.†

"In all the letters which I receive, in all periodicals, in all pamphlets which have so far appeared, this single sin on the part of these two men, is made to rob them of all title to honour—at least Schiller. And has not Schiller written the *Geister-seher*, a book which, in respect of power of presenting its subject and its arrangement, can certainly hold its own against many of Goethe's? Has not Schiller reviewed Bürger and Matthison? and what nation can boast of so fine a piece of criticism? For ten years Schiller's reputation in Germany is lost on account of a piece of wanton extravagance which deserved to be chastised, but not with such terrible violence.

"And after all, what great harm have the *Xenia* done? What is truly good and beautiful cannot be besmirched by such a piece of extravagance. The verdict on Nicolai will not be changed because he is called Nikkel in the *Musen-Almanach*, and because he writes *Travels* and commits many sins."

Such was Goschen's state of mind when the majority of those who had felt the lash were screaming at the top of their voices! Thus did he protest

* My grandfather is responsible for the mixture of metaphors in this and the following sentence.

† "Um nicht das Kind mit dem Bade auszuschütten."

a German idiom—

"Not to throw the child out with the bath."

against the injustice of running down the genius of Schiller on account of a piece of poetical devilry. It is the effect on Schiller and his fortunes which he has most on his mind. Notwithstanding the breach between them, only just being bridged over by Schlegel's intervention, the power of Schiller's genius and personality had not lost its charm over his old friend, and no touch of ill humour or rancour tinged his impartial review of those biting epigrams among which his former clients had given him a place. Was there just a little irony in suggesting the "writing of travels" amongst Nicolai's sins? Well, perhaps there was.

Goschen's judgment was greatly at fault when he feared that ten years might elapse before Schiller would stand again on his old pedestal. Before the end of 1796 Goethe called a halt to these offensive hostilities. His great idyll, *Hermann und Dorothea*, was growing under his hand, and *Wallenstein* under Schiller's.

"The pleasantest news which you can send me," so Goethe wrote to his ally, "is your pertinacious work on *Wallenstein* and your belief in the possibility of its completion; for, after our mad piece of daring in the *Xenia*, we must only engage on great and worthy works of art, and must change our Protean nature, to the confusion of all our adversaries, into what is noble and good."

Wallenstein redeemed the *Xenia*.

But the return to literary sanity and worthier ways, on which Goethe and Schiller had resolved, did not commend itself to some of the combatants. A fierce conflict, of which one of the strangest features was the coarseness to which philosophers descended,

continued to rage. Philosophical periodicals tried to outbid each other in this respect, and the æsthetic journals were smitten with the same disease. Foremost in the fray on one side were the brothers Schlegel. Bitten with the reckless spirit of the *Xenia*, they founded a new magazine, the *Athenæum*, in which they proceeded to attack whatever the *Xenia* had spared. The comparative respect with which Goethe and Schiller had treated the veteran Wieland was cast to the winds, and he was pilloried like other inferior men.

The old author had given personal offence to the elder brother. My grandfather wrote to Böttiger that Wilhelm Schlegel had been "deeply hurt" at having received no word of acknowledgment from Wieland for a fine copy of his translation of Shakespeare which he had sent him as a present. And he had another grievance—he had written a drama *Ion*, which was acted on the Weimar stage. Wieland had translated the tragedy of Euripides of the same name, and in a preface had seemed to depreciate the treatment of the subject by the German author as compared with that by the Greek. But the editors of the *Athenæum* were stirred by more than personal motives. Wieland's common sense was the antitype of the new *Romantik*, with its mysticism, its transcendentalism, its obscurantism. At this period Wieland was in the camp of the anti-Kantists, not so much from hostility to Kant himself, it was the development of Kantism into Fichte's system, with its uncompromising metaphysical dogmatism, which converted Wieland into an opponent. And the Schlegels, carrying out Fichte's suggestions, introduced a similar spirit of fanaticism into æsthetics and poetry. They

acted and wrote as if they had found a high *a priori* inspiration which dispensed with the teaching of experience. Thus they were the natural opponents of all to whom, as to Wieland, sobriety of judgment and calm common sense remained dear. As to the general tone of the *Athenæum*, it was summed up in an epigram: "The French Revolution, Fichte's science, and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* are the greatest tendencies of the age!"

Wieland himself was reluctant to be drawn into a conflict with the young editors of the *Athenæum*—indeed, he wished to give up the *Mercury*, which was still edited by him, lest, under pressure from his friends or possible temptation to himself, it should run the risk of becoming an anti-Schlegel organ. He wished Böttiger to take it over. The latter consulted Goschen, but the letter he received from him in reply was not encouraging.

Ultimately, Wieland's friends, who were anxious to keep up the *Mercury* for their own purposes, persuaded him to continue it till 1800, and Böttiger joined him as co-editor.

If Wieland was anxious for peace and disinclined for an exchange of blows, in which his sensitive nature felt acutely the pain of those which fell to his own share, the vigorous Herder had no such scruples. Prompt to take up the challenge which the Schlegels had thrown down, he fulminated against the whole school in a *Meta-critique*, and, in the end, managed to persuade Wieland to support it by a Philippic. Nor was there an absence of support—some of it, it is true, of the lowest kind—in other quarters. Personalities were rampant on every side. A perfect fury seems to have possessed the world of letters. Nicolai and

Merkel did their best to avenge Wieland, and Kotzebue, the dramatist, plied a coarse pen on the same side. His play, the *Hyperborean Donkey*, was one of the weapons forged. Wieland, however, a true man of letters, could not sympathize with attacks on his opponents which sinned against literary taste and efficiency. He asked my grandfather—

“Is it true, dear Goschen, that Kotzebue's *Hyperborean Donkey* has made as great a sensation in Leipzig as people say? This piece of farcical foolery has this great defect, that in such a style, and by separating prominent passages from their context, every author could be made equally ridiculous. The Messrs. Schlegel have deserved a good Aristophanic drubbing, but Herr von Kotzebue takes too little time for his work, and his ‘salt,’ between ourselves, has not much savour.”

Notwithstanding his Philippic, the old author remained fairly steady. He declined to follow it up with a second, and while he condemned the madcap vagaries of the Schlegels with much indignation—greatly in consequence of his deep-rooted respect for the dignity of literature,—he neither despaired of their reform, nor did he countenance the continued violence of the counter-attacks upon his antagonists. As he wrote to a friend, he hoped that, with the help of God and of time, excellent men might still be made of these Goethe and Schiller squires, who were still careering about with their first lance.

The *Xenia* had sown seeds of distrust which could not be at once uprooted. Depreciators of Wieland were apt, in the public eye, to be identified with the cause of Goethe and Schiller, and Wieland himself had some painful impressions in consequence; while, on the other hand, Wieland's champions had

some difficulty in keeping their hands off the two "matadors," especially off Schiller.

How deeply Wieland felt what seemed to him the degradation of literature, through the coarse violence which had become the fashion, appears from the following letter to Goschen:—

"The Jacobin sansculottism which, since the never-to-be-forgotten *Xenia*, has seized our young geniuses, students, verse-makers, and literary pretenders of all sorts, soils the history of our literature and culture with a disgraceful stain, which time, it is true, will cauterize soon enough, but which for the moment may do considerable harm, firstly, by infecting the character of our nation with a suspicious indifference to all that is true, beautiful, and good; secondly, by degrading the whole class of learned men and authors, which might be so honoured and powerful, robbing them of their most important influence, and surrendering the game to those among the great and the aristocrats, who despise them and persecute them; thirdly, by confusing the taste, head, and heart of young fellows, partly for a season, partly for their whole lives. But all things must have their time, and this period of the most disgraceful anarchy in the republic of letters will pass away, and the most certain means to hasten its end is to do as I do, and to appear as if there were no Schlegels, Fichtes, Bernhardis, Clemens Brentanos, or whatever all these fellows may be called—in the world."

In reading this passage it must be remembered that Wieland seemed to perceive in the new literary development the destruction of what he had laboured to build up during his fifty years of activity, the dearest and fairest work of his life. He had fought for the cause of common sense and enlightenment, and now he heard it blasphemed. That cause was charged with wilful blindness to higher things, with seeking no

knowledge beyond miserable logical demonstrations, and thus preventing any soaring flights into the light of divine contemplation. The sensible use of the understanding was to be deposed in favour of romantic fantasy and *Schwärmerei*, under the auspices of which the whole troop of goblins of the night, whom he believed he had routed long ago with his light, were to reappear. This light, indeed, was now considered a mere will-o'-the-wisp, and enlightenment was treated as a dangerous experiment to snare men in earthly bonds. Only from the holy night of mysterious mysticism—so went the teaching of the day—was the star to emerge which should guide us to true life; superstition must enter into poetry; and poetry and philosophy were identical.

In such a condition of thought poor Wieland saw a return to literary barbarism and intellectual reaction. The ghosts of the night returned to plague the world. In the sequel it will be seen how great a part fantastic subjects from the spirit-world, spectres and hobgoblins, gloomy tragedies of doom,—played in the literature of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century.

This violence of the Schlegel school, the prostitution of periodicals for the circulation of the grossest personalities, and the conditions of literary polemics in those days, may be held to account sufficiently for my grandfather's prudent reluctance to become the publisher of critical essays by Wilhelm Schlegel without a previous understanding as to the respective limits of polemics and legitimate criticism. But his attitude was consistent. He was equally reluctant to publish violent articles from the other

side. On Böttiger's sending him a fierce essay for publication against the editors of the *Athenæum*, he refused in the following terms :—

“Your essay is a model of irritant curatives ; it is pure caustic. That these gentlemen require such a cure and deserve the pain, cannot be questioned, but I can't promote its publicity ; I am weak in such cases. If a man has shown me friendship I cannot help towards circulating anything against him among the public. You know my former relations with Wilhelm Schlegel. I cannot possibly contribute towards his being thus scourged publicly.

“*You* are not bound to be considerate. You have been quizzed and provoked. There is nothing they have not allowed themselves to do against you. No one can blame you, if you return blow for blow ; but, if you will allow me to say so, I would wish that these gentlemen should be treated with deadly silence, and that no one should take any notice of them. Let them make grimaces and cut capers for a time ; as soon as they notice that the public only laughs, and doesn't fill their purses, they will soon be all right again. Perhaps something will yet be made of them. Truly one is sad, when one thinks of the many talents which these men undoubtedly have.

“Do not be vexed with me if you think me too soft, but this softness is so intertwined with my whole being that I cannot expel it.”

Thus did my grandfather keep his head and guard his honour in that period of fierce personalities and internecine literary war.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SPLENDID TYPOGRAPHY.

1797-1806.

IF, in the spring of 1797, the fact of France and Northern Germany being at peace under the Treaty of Basle, and of Austria and France having arranged terms at Lœben, filled men of business with any sanguine hopes for a period of comparative tranquillity and a revival of trade, such hopes were doomed to disappointment. It is true that from April, 1797, till January, 1799, when Austria once more declared war, no military operations took place on the Rhine, except the fresh capture by the French of that unfortunate fortress, Mainz, from the troops of the Holy Roman Empire; but the Congress of Rastadt, charged with the hopeless mission of arranging a general peace, and of reconciling the complicated and conflicting interests of the numerous principalities involved, dragged on without result, while England stood outside of the whole business, and used her diplomacy to prevent success. It was natural, therefore, that, though the suspension of military movements relieved Germany of immediate danger and loss of territory, no real revival of confidence or trade could take place.

Men's minds were prophetically unsettled. And indeed, outside Germany, Europe was still palpitating

with all the passions of strife, distracted by war on land and on sea, by adventurous expeditions, by the shocks of blows and counter-blows, victories and defeats. Holland was coerced by the Directory to send out its ships to meet the English fleet. England's reply was the battle of Camperdown. Bonaparte started for Egypt in the middle of 1798. England scattered his plans to the winds by the battle of the Nile. Italy was being rent by continued convulsions, reorganizations and redistributions of territory, until, by the end of 1798, entirely under French occupation, she found the very names of her component parts lost under the imposed appellations of the Cis-Alpine and Parthenopean Republics. Switzerland also passed under the control of the French, and became the Helvetian Republic, to the profound resentment of Austria and Germany.

Under such far-reaching and stupendous events, the ultimate outcome of which it was impossible to grasp, German men of business, to use my grandfather's expression, thought it an absolute duty to "balance and to pause." But Goschen, if he balanced, nevertheless did not shrink from new commitments; and being a printer as well as a publisher, and limited by the terms of his licence to printing what he published himself, he had, to a large extent, to shape his policy in accepting books on typographical considerations. And not only had he to avoid the disastrous loss of keeping his hungry presses idle. Having by immense labour produced many improved processes in his craft, he was always on the watch for opportunities of giving them practical effect, and, with plant specially adapted for fine editions, he naturally prosecuted a constant search for literature which would

lend itself to such treatment. If we bear in mind, in addition to this, that his ambition as a typographer knew no bounds, we have some clue to the fact that not infrequently he persuaded his clients to allow him to clothe their works in a handsomer dress than they themselves desired.

Such considerations probably induced Goschen to accept a poem, *Die Gesunds-Brunnen* ("The Waters of Health"), by an author of the name of Neubeck, introduced to him by Wilhelm Schlegel in September, 1797. The publisher took the opportunity of making it a magnificent folio volume—a splendid specimen of typography. This was, however, only an isolated work. Goschen was engaged on much larger plans for keeping his presses employed.

In his meditations directed to this end, he hit upon the idea of publishing a series of fine editions of the Latin Classics. He began to work out a plan in 1796, aware that the perils of the time did not admit of any real progress being attempted for the moment, but looking ahead in order to secure the necessary scholars and allies.

The closeness of his relations with Böttiger will already have been noticed. This industrious man of letters lived at this period in the midst of the Weimar circle, and in close touch with the scholars of the Jena University. He explored all branches of art, especially archæology, in close intimacy with Heinrich Meyer, Goethe's artist friend. Numberless periodicals owed articles to his ever-active and learned pen. Gifted with a marvellous though not always accurate memory, a master of foreign languages, thoroughly acquainted with British and French institutions, with opinions ready on every subject, it was in the main

to archæology that, as time went on, he devoted his many-sided abilities. He has been described as a busybody, and probably deserved that name. Indeed, his activity was so universal that he was nicknamed "Ubique." Indiscretions of conduct and language in his relations with Goethe and Schiller, brought him into much obloquy, but to my grandfather he certainly proved a most useful friend and ally.

It was to Böttiger, himself a classical scholar, and engaged at that time on editing *Terence*, that Goschen first put forward his plan in the spring of 1796, on the ground that he was anxious to give a practical display of his improvements in typography. For two years and more he had been at work to secure greater straightness in the lines, and he had at last perfected a mechanism by which all unevenness would be removed. This victory over difficulties was to be exhibited in a *Library of the Latin Classics* for the man of taste. "I should add, for the wealthy man of taste, who likes elegance in his furniture, in his house, and accordingly in his library."

"If you have a publisher for your *Terence*, I am silent; if not, will you give it for this library? . . . Perhaps, besides *Terence*, you would undertake some other poets and historians. . . . Perhaps you would undertake the editing of the whole? . . . We ought to begin with the poets, then the historians, but in all branches only the 'matadors.' You must see in imagination among the buyers the friends of the arts and sciences in all ranks, who, in their youth, have learned so much as to enable them in their manhood to consider the classics as the source of their intellectual pleasures."

Then comes a touch of personal sentiment.

"Oh, what a delicious feeling steals over me when, in the evenings, after my work, seated in an arbour,

I stumble through my *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!* Only it pains me that my old master was not able to cram more Latin into me in a whole year."

On receiving an encouraging reply from Böttiger, he expounded his plan more fully to him, with diffuse yet often picturesque elaboration, but the reader need only be troubled with an extract, which pays a very high compliment to an English book:—

"Bodoni and Didot have obtained immense results in typography, but they are too dear. Bodoni's *Horace* now costs 70 ducats (£31 10s.). I intend, therefore, not to issue an *édition de luxe*, but to supply elegant editions, which, without luxury, but in the spirit of the ancients, will be simple, beautiful, and correct. Not editions in which each sheet will cost a thaler, as in that most excellent work, Hume's *History of England*, in folio, which leaves all typographical undertakings since the creation of the world far behind, but editions which the thrifty German who has the means, may be disposed to buy. German patience and German industry must be noticeable, but no splendour. Simple, neat, fine colour, good lettering, printed strong and sharp on beautiful paper, that is what I intend to achieve."

As to the size of the edition, he intended to print 200 to 250 copies of the fine editions, "because only a certain quantity of beautiful paper could be obtained each year, for which reason Didot and Bodoni never made issues exceeding 250 copies." But after the fine editions were exhausted, impressions on cheap paper should be issued for less wealthy persons, for which the former should help to pay. "The rich must help the poor." The idea of the series had come to him when Kinderwater offered him *Lucretius*, and "the poets Schlegel," *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*. "Did he think that these men could be utilized?"

Goschen desired nothing to be said of the plan

till Michaelmas, 1797. In the mean time came the dark summer of 1796, the period of despair, in which nothing could be done, and it was not till the following year that the matter was resumed.

Böttiger was not prepared to undertake the editing of the whole series. A general editor had to be found, and Goschen's choice was Professor Eichstädt. In his quest of scholars for contributing, Goschen bethought him of the historian Heeren, the friend of his boyhood, but Heeren's name is not on the list of writers subsequently employed. The great Hermann, however, was persuaded to undertake *Plautus*, but stipulated that some one should search the treasures at Leyden for him.

No real progress beyond the recruiting of contributors, was made in 1797. Endless troubles connected with this great scheme worried my grandfather during 1798; but not one of the scholars charged with the Poets had any results to show, and invaluable time had been lost.

Early in 1799, on the resumption of hostilities on the part of Austria against France, the Congress of Rastadt was broken up, and all prospects of a revival in trade were annihilated. Goschen was staggered. His Classical series was intended for the well-to-do, who wished for "elegant libraries;" but who would buy costly books in such a period of crisis? Reluctantly he made up his mind to a change of front, and decided so to shape his plans as to appeal to the more prosaic, but more hopeful custom of schools.

But no sooner had the Treaty of Lunéville (1801) opened out the prospect of a temporary if precarious peace, than the indefatigable man decided to widen the range of his series of the Classics, by including

other authors besides the poets. *Ciceronis Opera Rhetorica* were assigned to Schütz of Jena; *Ciceronis Epistolæ* to a distinguished scholar, Hofrath Martyni-Laguna; *Ciceronis Philosophia* to Professor Morgenstern; *Eutropius* to Professor Zschucke. But it was one thing to obtain the promises of eminent scholars, another to secure their work. Heart-rending delays ensued, time wore on, more and more capital was put into the enterprise, as paper had to be bought in anticipation, and advances had to be made to some of the commentators, presses and workmen had often to be kept ruinously idle in expectation of manuscript promised but not sent. Thus the years 1801 and 1802 slipped by, and only fragments of work reached Goschen's hands.

At the end of the latter year Goschen thought he saw light. He wrote to Böttiger (December 4, 1802)—

“Don't be frightened if you see six volumes of our series appearing at the Easter Fair: *Ciceronis Opera Rhetorica* and *Epistolæ*, *Tibullus*, *Plinius*, the first volume of a splendid New Testament, and of a Greek author not less gorgeously equipped.”

And the London market ought to be exploited. Goschen asked Böttiger for an introduction to his friend Hüttner, resident in London, so that through him he might make the acquaintance of Messrs. Paine and MacKinley, or some other firm with whom he could enter into relations for the sale of the Classics in England. I have found no trace of the result.

The publisher's hopeful expectations for the Easter Fair, 1803, were doomed to bitter disappointment. Of all the books mentioned, Griesbach's 'Greek New Testament, a work to be presently described, was the only book of those mentioned to keep time. All

the learned professors were in arrear, and when Hofrath Eichstädt—for, like most of the great scholars mentioned, he enjoyed the title of *Hofrath* as well as that of a professor—who had undertaken the general supervision or editorship of the whole for an annual fee of 200 thalers, came to the publisher, not with *Tibullus*, his special task, but with a request for a continuance of his annual payment, Goschen's patience completely gave way. "No one is more responsible than the editor for the breakdown! What has he done for his money? Written a few letters! Why, it is he who ought to have stepped into the breach when others failed." All that Eichstädt had done, had been amply paid for with the 400 thalers which Goschen had paid him, and he really did not know whether he himself would earn 200 thalers for all his work, his capital, and his anxieties in this business. If, then, the Herr Hofrath continued to demand the fee without any delivery of manuscript, he would say, "Very well: then I shall end the series with the authors on whom a beginning has been made, and look upon the venture as closed before it turns me out of house and home." The result was that Eichstädt retired from the editorship.

But Goschen's outbreak of temper and hopelessness did not prevent him coming to terms with Professor Schneider for an edition of *Vitruvius*,* and with Schütz for additional Ciceronian literature.

And yet another most vexatious incident beset the publisher in this unfortunate enterprise, undertaken with such enthusiasm! Martyni-Laguna, who had *Cicero's Letters* in hand, one of the few scholars who had delivered any manuscript at all, pressed

* Published ultimately in 1808.

Goschen to double his honorarium! Goschen told Böttiger—

“I am asked to pay him 1000 thalers for the text, and 200 thalers for each of the two volumes of notes. I consent to this just as one buys a show-horse (*Parade-Pferd*), for I can gain nothing by it. Now, when the first volume is completed, Laguna writes that he was a fool to make such a contract—he was being ruined by it; he had to buy so much in the course of his researches that he had to sell his draft oxen. He must have 2000 thalers for the text, or Cicero would destroy him.”

A pretty dilemma! Goschen could not pay 2400 thalers for *Cicero's Letters*; Martyni-Laguna could not work on Cicero for less. Consequently, the work must be suspended, Goschen paying the expenses incurred. I do not know the sequel.

It was in the midst of such endless annoyances and breaches of faith, and an ever-growing absorption of capital, that two more years passed—1803 and 1804—and it was two years to a day after Goschen's hopeful report that six volumes of the Classics would appear in 1803, before Goschen was able to write to his friend (December 4, 1804)—

“The first regiment of my campaign into the reading world is equipped and about to march. You will be very much surprised at my smart soldiers, at their accoutrements and their general. I won't say more till I am at the gates. If this army should not have an immediate success, you will find me busily occupied next Easter Fair in giving up my trade: these Classics have nearly throttled me. If things had gone on as they were going, these damned Classics would have dragged me down to the very bottom in a short time.”

The regiment consisted of the *Opera Rhetorica* by Schütz, the first volume of the *Epistolæ*; of Zschucke's

Eutropius, vol. i. ; and Wolf's *Iliad*, vols. i. and ii.—all in octavo editions, richly got up. Of the *Epistolæ* he had also prepared an *édition de luxe*.

This list ought to have been only a beginning, an instalment of the great series, but little more was accomplished. In 1806, *Pliny*, a second volume of Cicero's *Rhetorica*, and *Empedocles*, edited by another scholar, appeared ; and this was practically the end. Through the procrastination of authors, nothing more was ready by 1806. The battle of Jena did the rest. Goschen pithily summed up the situation in the words, "Who can buy books when there is scarcely enough money to buy bread?"

Looking back to the original intentions of the publisher, not a single contributor charged with the Latin poets kept his troth. In vain had he been promised *Tibullus*, *Catullus*, *Lucian*, *Terence*, and *Horace*. He would have to read his *Beatus ille* on the still summer evenings in its old dress.

A bold project to issue several simultaneous editions of the New Testament in Greek was taken up by Goschen with much enthusiasm in 1797. It was brought to him by the well-known Greek scholar and theologian Griesbach, the brother-in-law of Schütz, and, like him, resident in Jena. Griesbach's double design to bring out a great theological work and at the same time to introduce a thorough reform in Greek typography, appealed powerfully to my grandfather's imagination.

To qualify himself adequately for a discussion of the plan, Goschen rushed off to Dresden in October for purposes of research. His thoroughness was extraordinary. He reported thus to Böttiger—

"I have just returned from Dresden, where I have busied myself with all the old and new masters of Greek printing, with Bodoni and Didot and all the Englishmen, not less than with the manuscripts for a thousand years back, in order not to sin against fidelity (*Treue*), while aiming at the sharpest æsthetic forms. We are going to hold a Greek diet at Jena, to consist of Schütz, Griesbach, and Eichstädt, to which I should also wish to beguile you. I shall submit designs of large and small Greek type which will certainly surpass your expectation."

Before the conference took place, Griesbach wrote many pages to Goschen about the designs for various Greek letters and the like, and the latter had much to say as to the value of the suggested changes and as to the exact casting of the type. The publisher's old friend, Prillnitz the type-founder, who had been charged with part of the Wieland type, was also to advise. Scholars might be interested in the proposals as to the designs for the letters, but I must spare the general reader the details. Besides innumerable criticisms on imperfections in the then existing Greek print, Griesbach complained generally that, however elegant single letters might be if looked at separately, the appearance of the whole was not sufficiently fine. Their general object must be by their united effort to provide a Greek type which, in the elegance of its shapes, evenness, distribution of light and shade in the separate letters as well as in the whole, should surpass everything achieved hitherto, and scarcely admit of improvement.

Three editions were planned—one an *édition de luxe*, in two volumes; a second fine edition, less costly, also in two volumes; and a cheaper edition, in one.

The conference was held early in December, 1797.

No further correspondence on the subject is extant till we reach May, 1801. From a letter written in that month it appears that Griesbach had made some progress, but though nearly three years and a half had elapsed since the conference, technical points were still being discussed. However, specimen sheets had been printed off, and the delighted scholar, struck by their beauty, hoped that the publisher and author "might now win honour from their long, tedious, and laborious labours. But improvements must yet be made."

At last, after a weary delay of more than a year and a half (in December, 1802), the stage was reached when it became necessary to draw up the public announcement of the *édition de luxe*, and to fix the price. Griesbach discussed this price in pounds sterling as well as in thalers—a curious feature. He had travelled in England, and evidently entertained some hopes of the English market.

"I consider the price of 40 thalers for the whole (viz. £7 sterling)* very reasonable, almost too low for England, where men are accustomed to much higher prices. Still, let this pass for subscribers. But afterwards it must be put at 70 thalers (£12)."

Griesbach further debated the number of volumes into which the work should be divided, and wished for a change in the distribution which should give him as much elbow-room as possible. Thus he proposed that there should be four parts, and that the price of each should be fixed at £2, or 2 louis d'or. The first was to appear at Easter, 1803, the last at Michaelmas, 1804. The 1804 became 1807.

* 40 thalers, at 3s. a thaler, is £6. The difference must have been in the exchange.

Time was kept with the first volume, and Griesbach wrote enthusiastically—

“When I beheld the now complete first part of the *édition de luxe*, I felt an inexpressible joy. It is not till one has the *ensemble* before one, that the beauty and harmony of the whole appears; in its contemplation I willingly forget all the troublesome work of the difficult construction of the letters (*Buchstabenbildung*). I congratulate you most heartily on this enjoyment. We will now continue our labours with renewed zeal, so that we may rejoice even more when we see the fourth part lying complete before us. I am only lamenting that this cursed war is interrupting communications for some time; but they must be reopened one way or another before long.”

The first volume contained an engraving, “The Virgin and the Child,” after Carlo Dolce. The second, with an engraving of “St. John,” after Guido Reni, followed soon; the third, with an engraving of “St. Peter,” after Sereda, was not issued till 1806; the fourth and final volume, with a “Christ,” after Hannibal Caracci, not till 1807.

And on this great occasion, which saw the work complete, Goschen bethought himself of presenting a copy to his sovereign, Friedrich August, on whose brow by this time Napoleon had placed a royal crown. But who should present it on his behalf? He foresaw difficulties of etiquette, worries raised by courtiers. He was doubtful whether he could despatch it without inquiring previously whether it would be received, or who would present it personally to “our *pater patriæ* with dignity and without cringing shyness.” He told Böttiger that he did not know whether a book could be forwarded through the post to “our sovereign,” though it might be so sent to the King of Prussia or the Emperor Alexander. Perhaps the

president, Count von Hohenthal, would undertake the presentation. Körner was too timid.

"I want nothing beyond the honour of having dedicated the book to the king. The praise which he deserves is forcibly expressed in twelve lines without flattery or sycophancy. As the king is praised, I could not request permission for the king to allow himself to be praised. The praise was to be spontaneous and to come from the heart, and the king was to know nothing of it."

Goschen's friends, however, hesitated to help him. In such ticklish times no one cared to put himself forward. Thus he wrote—

"I have had the dedication printed, and shall send the book into the world with it, without presenting a copy. Thus we are all out of the difficulty, and no one is embarrassed by having to do something disagreeable."

So the book was dedicated to—

"Frederico Augusto
Regi Saxonæ
Patri patriæ
S."

The text of the dedication was written by Schäfer in Latin,* but the composition is unmistakably

* "Sacrum hunc Codicem venerabundus offero REGI cujus vita et virtutum verâ Christianarum luce exsplendescit, et beatitatis inde oriundæ præmiis perfruitur. Amor et delicia civium suorum, carusque et dilectus omnibus equalibus, apud posteros laude et gloriâ magis magisque crescet, futurisque populorum rectoribus in exemplum regiæ virtutis proponetur. Sic de genere humano præclarissime merebitur etiam tunc, cum cœlo redditus liquidissimis gaudiis triumphabit, sed diu, precor, diu—

"FRIDERICUS AUGUSTUS, Saxones regat.

TANTO REGI
deditissimus

GEORGIUS JOACHIM GOESCHEN."

Goschen's own. "Full of reverence, I offer this sacred book to the King, whose life shines out brilliantly with the true light of Christian virtues, and enjoys to the full the rewards of the happiness thence derived. The idol of his own people, beloved of all his contemporaries, he will increase more and more in praise and glory in the eyes of posterity, and be held up as an example of kingly virtue to the future rulers of nations. Thus he will most gloriously earn the gratitude of the whole human race, even then, when, restored to Heaven, he will rest in triumph among the purest joys; but long, I pray, long may Friedrich August rule over the Saxons. To so good a King his most devoted Georgius Joachim Goeschen dedicates this book."

Griesbach, on his part, in a quaint Latin preface, introduced a high panegyric on the publisher, especially dilating on Goschen's noble efforts in typographical art. When "*Goeschenius, typographus et bibliopola Lipsiensis, artifex in suo genere nobilis et magnorum artis typographicæ monumentorum auctor probatissimus*," applied to him for permission to make use of his services as editor, and for his advice in guiding him to the highest ideals of beauty and elegance in the design of Greek letters, though distracted by many other duties and tasks, he could not deny his request, especially as Goschen was inspired by the desire to increase the fame of the typographical art as cultivated by the Germans, and to erect a monument to the authors of the New Testament, worthy of their authority and dignity.*

* In a preface to the second edition, Griesbach once more complimented his publisher. "*Goeschenius, vir honestissimus, qui magnis sumptibus ac indefessâ industriâ novos typos parari curavit, et insigni*

But not only the learned editor complimented my grandfather. The fame of this typographical triumph was spread far and wide, and the ambitious *printer* reaped a great harvest of satisfaction, even if the *publisher's* purse was not filled by its success.

Of the merits of Goschen's Greek types, elaborated with so much care in council with learned men of his day, I must leave scholars to judge. A small *facsimile* page of the New Testament is here reproduced, but, as Griesbach said, it is the *ensemble* which creates the beautiful effect.*

Another celebrated venture of my grandfather in Greek typography can be recorded appropriately as a sequel to the story of Griesbach's New Testament. In the year 1801, the famous Wolf, the first classical scholar and Homeric critic of his day in Germany, then a professor in the University of Halle, made overtures to Goschen to the effect that he was inclined to carry out one of his oldest schemes by a double, or even triple, edition of the *Opera Omnia Homeri*. He was anxious to know whether Goschen, whose taste and care in such undertakings were not unknown to him, would be disposed to be the publisher. Sketching his ideas in broad lines, and pointing out that the different editions would vary as to the amount of notes and commentaries, he laid down as an indispensable condition, that 6000 to 7000 copies of a school edition must be struck off, as he could not and would not on any account undertake the thankless business of revision every seven years.

cum voluptate animi intellexit, homines elegantiores plerosque benevole, imo honorifice, de conatibus ipsius judicasse."

* There is a copy in the British Museum.

To Goschen these overtures from Wolf were most welcome. He had decided to extend his series of the Latin Classics to the Greek, and here was a splendid opportunity to commence with Homer, edited by the first Greek scholar of the day. He sent a reply to Wolf, which, if it did not meet the latter's views in all points, still led to business. Wolf was quite prepared to yield some of his own notions "to the opinions of a man so experienced in the book-trade," and now submitted details.

He undertook to give Goschen the first claim on everything which he might write henceforward in Greek or Latin about Homer, and as regards immediate action the following scheme was adopted:—

1. A school edition of Homer, in four volumes, size of edition 6000 copies : honorarium 30 thalers per sheet.

2. An edition in large 8vo or small 4to, with a commentary : honorarium 25 thalers per sheet. The number of copies to be settled by the publisher.

3. An *édition de luxe* in large 8vo or small folio : honorarium a round sum of 80 friederichs d'or.

The amount of the honorarium for the school edition, 30 thalers, or 6 louis d'or, is considerably higher than I have found Goschen giving for other work hitherto. Again, these three simultaneous editions, and the large number of copies to be printed, made the venture a very serious one for troublous times. But Goschen nevertheless pressed Wolf to send him as much from his pen as possible—summaries of the cantos, notes as many as he liked. He would pay extra for volumes of notes, to be sold separately from the school edition. As Wolf was paid per sheet, the invitation to him to be prolific

was courageous. Negotiations were also carried on for work on *Hesiod* and the *Gnomikoi*, as a continuation of the Greek series.

Wolf set to work industriously on the *Iliad*, but, as in the case of Griesbach's New Testament, long and tedious discussions took place about many details, and especially about the designs for various letters. Late in 1802 capital letters were still under consideration, and other questions unsettled, but untroubled by the extent of the undertaking, Goschen put forward the idea of yet another edition, a pocket edition, to which Wolf humorously replied, "A pocket Homer is indeed a good idea. Then the Werthers can shoot themselves with a more elegant Homer in their hands than that which appears in Goethe."

Another year passed, and the controversies about Greek letters were still in progress, besides discussions about engravings. Wolf continued uneasy about some of the letters, but as he wrote (September, 1803), he would leave the æsthetic risk to Goschen. He mentioned, however, that in Berlin complaint was made about Griesbach's Greek D. It was clearly too much like the Latin.

In the catalogues of 1804 the first and second volumes, comprising the *Iliad* of the 8vo edition, were at last announced; the third and fourth, containing the *Odyssey*, did not appear till 1807.

As a matter of fact, three octavo editions of the first two volumes were issued, printed on different descriptions of paper. One of them contained, on a reduced scale, Flaxman's famous *Outlines*, a series of designs for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, composed by him in Rome, engraved by Piroli, and published in

- 30 *Πιδύτην δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάριξεν*
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ· Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀβληρον ἐνήρατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Νεστορίδης· ἤλατον δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ναῖε δὲ Σατνιόεντος ἐϋρρέϊταο παρ' ὄχθας,
- 35 *Πήδασον αἰπεινὴν. Φύλακον δ' ἔλε Λήϊτος ἦρως*
φεύγοντ'· Εὐρύπυλος δὲ Μελάνθιον ἐξενάριξεν.
Ἄδρηστον δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ζῶν ἔλ'· ἵππῳ γάρ οἱ ἀτυζομένῳ πεδίοιο,
ὄζῳ ἔνι βλαφθέντε μυρικίνῳ, ἀγκύλον ἄρμα
- 40 *ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ, αὐτὼ μὲν ἐβήτην*
πρὸς πόλιν, ἥπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη
πριηνὶς ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ στόμα· παρ δέ οἱ ἔστη
Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
- 45 *Ἄδρηστος δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα λαβὼν ἐλλίσσετό γούνων·*
Ζώγρει, Ἀτρείος υἱέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἀφνειοῦ πατρὸς κειμήλια κεῖται,
καλὸς τε, χρυσός τε, πολύκημητός τε σίδηρος·
τῶν κέν τοι ταρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.

FACSIMILE SPECIMEN OF THE GREEK TYPE OF OCTAVO EDITION
 OF WOLF'S *HOMER*, 1806.

· (Photographed.)

[To face p. 220, Vol. II.]

London in 1793. For Goschen they were prepared after the English originals by Schnorr von Carolsfeld. The collection, comprising thirty-four "Outlines" (*Umrisse*) for the *Iliad*, and twenty-eight for the *Odyssey*, was also published separately.

Goschen's favourite child, the folio edition, "ed. splendidissima," containing the *Iliad*, followed in 1806; but only the first volume. The second volume of this typographical *chef d'œuvre* never appeared.

The price of the folio was 36 thalers (£5 8s.).

Goschen did not deceive himself as to the probable circulation of the splendid book. He told Böttiger that only fifty copies should be issued to the public. "The remainder belong to my daughters, and will be kept under seal for them." At what time and under what circumstances the seals were broken, and this great work of art made available for the lovers of choice books, I am unable to say. The folio is extremely rare.

The year 1806, notwithstanding the triumphant appearance of the "editio splendidissima," could, as we know, bring little joy to Goschen. In March he wrote a letter in such gloomy spirits to Wolf, that the latter expressed the greatest astonishment. He could understand that the loss of a child and various family troubles had quite prostrated his friend, but the fear of war had evidently contributed to his excessive despondency. On this point Wolf proceeded to reassure him. When we remember that this was the year of the battle of Jena, fought on the 14th of October, Wolf's prognostications read strangely.

"Some spirit of divination—I don't know what—which, however, springs from knowledge of the King

[of Prussia] and his attitude of mind, has not allowed me to fear such a war, no, not for a quarter of an hour in the last four or five months; and if I win the bets which hitherto I have frequently made with those who think differently, I shall certainly be able to make a considerable journey through Germany this summer out of my gains. To such a degree have I backed my opinion, and, as you see now, with good reason. For you know now how the negotiations with Haugwitz have ended. The people will at once behave nicely, which the Representative of Fate in Paris likes to see, and they will soon rejoice in the revival of trade, and specially in the book-trade, which will certainly be exceedingly flourishing in six months, and will drive away your sombre cares. All this is founded on such a variety of considerations, and on inquiries made of friends thoroughly cognizant of what goes on in the world, that I rely upon it firmly, and only wish that you would do the same, and not look on what I say as only well-meant consolation. If we but once allow Germany to be—an empty name, as, ingloriously enough, one is obliged to do, well, I am sure we shall not have to complain of other misfortunes.”

The prospect of escape from further misfortunes by inglorious acquiescence in Germany's degradation into a mere empty name, as held out by Wolf's “spirit of divination,” was not realized. The professor must have lost heavily by his bets. His knowledge of the King's vacillating mind deceived him after all. The humiliating treaties negotiated by Haugwitz early in the year were of no avail, and on the 14th of October the battle of Jena laid Prussia and all Germany at Napoleon's feet. Ruin then stared all traders in the face.

At the close of his letter Wolf inquired whether he could have one copy of the *Homer* folio for the King of Prussia before Easter. Bodoni's *Iliad* was to appear before May, *dedicated to Napoleon*—so the editor had

declared at Munich, whither he had been sent from Metz to Napoleon as congratulator (*Gratulant*). As regards the text, he expected it to be gibberish. It was said to have been pieced together out of Heyne's work and his own (Wolf's). "It would be splendid," he exclaimed, "if by a quick announcement Bodoni could be forestalled in England." There are many cursory allusions to Heyne in this correspondence, illustrating Wolf's well-known antagonism to that scholar.

The copy of the folio *Homer* was sent to Potsdam. Wolf wrote to Goschen from Pymont where he was taking the waters—

"A very kind letter of thanks from the King has been sent here after me. He enclosed with it a gold medal of the Academy, which, owing to its great weight, my daughter kept at Halle. At the same time, he commissions me to have a copy of this glorious *édition de luxe* sent as soon as possible, through the publisher, to each of the universities at Halle, Frankfurt, Königsberg, Göttingen, and Erlangen, and 'to have the cost humbly submitted to him.' This disposal of five copies is, I suppose, to be an encouragement to the worthy publisher, whose merits I had praised up to him, while at the same time I took all possible pains, by different twists and turns, to elicit some metallic reward. But it was not to be."

As in the case of Griesbach's New Testament, and even to a greater degree, congratulations poured in on Goschen; but no compliment could be more flattering than the command of the King of Prussia that copies were to be sent to the five universities. Schütz of Jena, in a racy letter, comments on this satisfactory act. After wishing Goschen joy on his having escaped without much

damage from a Fair, in which many of his colleagues must have heard more empty noise than the ring of silver and gold, and expressing his surprise that so much was still printed in such evil days, as the publishers would have to dine on waste paper, he proceeded—

“But all praise to thee, my excellent German Bodoni-Didot. What a glorious *opus* is your *édition de luxe* of Homer! How splendid that our King has presented a copy to all the universities! Would that all kings and princes in the whole world, and all republics, if there are any left, would think as he does, and present a ditto to *their* universities! Old Heyne’s face must have been a study when he heard of the King presenting a gift to his *Georgia*,* and that his gift should just have taken the form of a Homer by Wolf.”

I will only further quote the following extract from a letter of Griesbach, because, besides its praises of my grandfather, it contains phrases illustrating the pathetic and despairing feeling which, in this epoch, so fateful to Germany, coloured the utterances of men to whom the honour of their country was dear. A truer ring of grief over that lost honour sounds in Griesbach’s lament than in Wolf’s more cynical utterances:—

“Truly nothing more beautiful or in better taste than your *Homer* has ever been seen. While through such a perfect work of art you earn high honours in the eyes of our contemporaries and of posterity, you, at the same time, do great honour to our poor nation, which stands in such need of being assisted to some honour. May this nation as much as possible, and—as at present, at least, it can do so little—may other

* The University of Göttingen, founded in 1734-7 by George II., Elector of Hanover and King of England, was called *Georgia Augusta*, and Heyne was one of its professors.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρ' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἴωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι - Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή -
ἐξ οὗ δὴ ταπρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρεΐδης τε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, καὶ διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Ἀητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός. ὁ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ κολῶθεις,

FACSIMILE SPECIMEN OF THE GREEK TYPE OF FOLIO EDITION OF WOLF'S HOMER, 1866.

(Photographed.)

[To face p. 224, Vol. II.]

nations, which have ill treated and are still ill treating us so badly, prove themselves as grateful to you as your great sacrifices for the honour of art and literature, made in such times as these, deserve. I, my worthy friend, can only *tell* you of my thanks, and must content myself with the wish that others, in countless crowds, may *bring* you the thanks so honestly earned."

My grandfather's real aspiration for perfection was never dimmed by praise;—as Wolf once wrote of him, he was always *altiora petens*. Thus amidst the shower of compliments which rained upon him when the æsthetic portion of the literary public had been treated to his splendid editions of Wieland, Klopstock, Alxinger, and Neubeck (but before he had perfected his Greek type), he wrote to Böttiger, on hearing that a copy of Neubeck's book had been sent to the great printer, Millin, of Paris—

"My merit is only printing, smoothness and blackness, and in respect of these I place myself, without a blush of shame and with full consciousness, on a par with Didot; but I am not a type-cutter nor a type-founder, and in these Didot is far more than I am, for he invents and improves daily, and I can't keep up with him."

This was written in November, 1798. By the year 1804 his unwearied efforts had placed him on a higher level, for he had then distinguished himself specially by the beauty of his Greek types, the sharpness and delicacy of which nothing could exceed.

Millin must have expressed his appreciation of the specimen work sent him, for Neubeck wrote to Goschen, "I rejoice heartily at the recognition of your services even in foreign countries, especially when such an expert as Millin acknowledges them."

The exceptional position which my grandfather occupied as a famous printer, is illustrated by some passages in the biography of Friedrich König, whom Germany claims as the inventor of the *Schnell-Press*e—the printing by machinery—probably the most far-reaching improvement ever made in the art of printing.

König, a compositor by trade, had looked to England in the first place as the most promising sphere for the adoption and execution of the machinery which he had invented for saving hand labour in many of the processes of printing. British patent laws, and the energy with which typographical experiments were being pushed in England, seemed to warrant the most probable realization of his project. But expectations raised by hopes held out to him by the Franco-Bavarian authorities, that if he would perfect his invention in Würtemberg, he would be actively supported by the Government, caused him to turn his attention to Germany. Ultimately, however, he was thrown over in Würtemberg, and, bitterly disappointed, selected Goschen as the man to whom he would confide his plans. He wrote to him in November, 1804, that he had first looked to England as the only country where the right of property in products of the brain was recognized and protected, that he had then been befooled in Würzburg to the confusion of his English plan, and was now obliged to look elsewhere in Germany for support. He then continued—

“Unfortunately, the art of printing is conducted almost universally in Germany without honour or emulation. You are the only printer who works with ambition : therefore I address myself with confidence to you, and make you acquainted with my plan.”

König then added a full description, in the form of an essay, with innumerable technical details.

Only a fragment of my grandfather's answer has been preserved, but what remains discloses an unfavourable verdict. The contemplated machinery aimed particularly at rapidity, and in Goschen's special business, rapidity in printing was not the first consideration. With him beauty was everything. Hence the following passage in his letter:—

“For a press which is to print in a beautiful style, things are required to which I see no regard paid in your essay. Therefore I maintain your machine will turn out very numerous impressions, but nothing beautiful, *i.e.* not the greatest delicacy in the fine strokes, combined with great strength in the thick strokes, and with great sharpness in all the characters (*Züge*).”

At the same time, he assured König that he wrote this, not to depreciate his merits, but to prevent his being disappointed when his machinery was tried on a great scale. The verdict was characteristic of the passionate champion of perfect typography.

König's biographer and panegyrist, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing account, adds that Goschen's judgment as to the capabilities of the machine was proved to be correct in respect to the first printing turned out by König's press; but the latter continued to work at perfecting his apparatus, with unflagging energy and ambition. A high English authority, too, has assured me that my grandfather's views, as expressed above, were very much to the point, and that to this day, where supreme beauty is desired, printing by hand is still practised.

At Vienna, where König made his next attempt, he fared no better than at Würzburg and Grimma,

and English co-operation once more appeared to him to offer the best chance. A Saxon by birth, he caused a friend to apply in his favour to the Dresden authorities for a letter of introduction to the Saxon representative in London. A letter was grudgingly prepared in the Foreign Department, but the Minister made a minute that it might be well to keep it back till Herr König had explained the meaning of a phrase used in the application to the Minister, to the effect that his demands in respect of his secret were too high for Saxony, and that recourse must therefore be had to England. Had Herr König offered his invention to Herr Goschen of Leipzig, or had he presented himself to the "Commerz Deputation"? Surely his own country was the first to be considered by a Saxon subject; then, if there was no wish to treat in that quarter, the turn of the foreigner would come.

But Goschen, singled out by the Minister as the most probable purchaser, in his mania for beauty had already rejected the invention which, improved in the process of time, and supplemented by other adaptations, contributed to one of the greatest revolutions in the art of printing. So König went to London, where, after working some time as a compositor to earn his bread, he ultimately persuaded the great printer Bensley to take him up. His machine was patented, then improved and patented in a fresh form. Mr. Walter, the then proprietor of the *Times*, came to witness the process, and gave an order for two machines, with which to print the *Times*. On the 28th November, 1814, the paper appeared for the first time printed by steam machinery. As in the case of all inventions, there are more than one

claimant, not only to the original idea, but to the method of carrying it into practical execution, and to its adaptation for particular purposes. Thus many controversies gather round König's case, with the merits of which I am imperfectly acquainted. The story belongs to my grandfather's biography only in so far as it suggests the idea as to what the effects on his fortunes might have been if he had realized the possibilities of the invention, and as it illustrates his position in the printing world. König, the inventor, died a rich man, the possessor of large establishments, with an immense trade in his machines, with dealings in many parts of Europe. Would Goschen's fortunes have been different in his later years had he taken a sanguine view of the enterprise of which, among non-official printers, he had the first call? He wanted beauty, not rapidity. On how many occasions did he not make sacrifices in the pursuit of the ideal?

But it may be questioned whether this intense zeal for a splendid get-up was always to the advantage of authors. To a certain degree this idiosyncrasy crippled him when fixing honoraria. The following is very significant: Griesbach, writing to Goschen at a later date about the translation of *Lucretius* by Major von Knebel, stated that Goethe had advised the latter to offer his work to Cotta, but that he had no inclination to do so, because the get-up of Cotta's work was "too poor—bad paper, sloppy (*unrein*) niggardly print"—and "his authors put up with it, on account of the liberal honoraria which he accords. But Knebel's creed is that an old, glorious classic should not be introduced to the public in a dirty smock, but dressed in such a manner that, if he

were to rise from the dead, he could contemplate himself with pleasure. Knebel added that he would rather leave his manuscript, on which he had bestowed such industry, to his son, or sacrifice it to Vulcan, than put it into the hands of a slutty printer (*Sudel-Drucker*). Would Goschen like an offer of the work?"*

All authors were not like Knebel; and many were attracted to Cotta by the liberality of his honoraria, to which witness is here borne. The above letter was written in 1809, a disastrous period; and Goschen, half ruined as he was, could not then embark on new business. Knebel kept his manuscript for years, but we shall find it printed by Goschen in the end, with a special compliment from Goethe on the beauty in which the book was arrayed.

In his later years, my grandfather was himself compelled to abandon his cherished system, and, crushed by many pecuniary anxieties, to sink the aspiring printer in the prudent publisher, instead of, as in the heyday of his splendid editions, subordinating profit to fame.

NOTE ON GOSCHEN'S GREEK TYPE.

I have been anxious to ascertain from experts how far, in their view, and in what respects, my grandfather's Greek print differed from earlier styles on which he intended to improve, and how far its influence might be traced in later work. I gather that its chief characteristics were as follows:—

Angularities are avoided, the letters are rounded off, sinuous and serpentine. The general style is

* Goschen had refused this translation eleven years before (*vide* Chapter XXVII., p. 233).

that of fine penmanship, apparently an *intentional* imitation, possibly carried rather too far.

Each letter has its own proper light and shade: up and down strokes differ in thickness. Also the strokes gradually broaden out or fine off, as the case may be. Nothing can exceed the sharpness and delicacy of the type.

The spaces between the lines are kept free and open. In earlier Greek typography there is often no slight confusion between upper and lower lines, owing to the elaborate flourishes and the length of the strokes that are carried above or below the line. Though the improvement is great, it may again be criticized as carried to excess.

The letters have a considerable leaning to the right. Previously, the uncials (capitals) were often perpendicular, while the minuscules (small letters) were slanting. In the Goschen type there is a uniform inclination, to the right, of all letters. Here the print departs deliberately from all precedent. Harmony there should be, but it is held that Goschen's system is extreme. Further, some of the capitals, probably owing to the principle of imitating penmanship, are not satisfactory.

Goschen avoided the old and most confusing abbreviations—a very great improvement.

The general effect of his scheme is certainly most artistic, though too much recalling the style of Latin writing.

Goschen's great and successful experiment, much admired as it justly was, does not appear to have influenced later Greek typography, which continued to develop on the old lines. It was bracketed with the Bodoni style.

The reasons for many of the experimental changes carried out by Goschen in Griesbach's New Testament are expounded and discussed at length by that learned scholar in a very full Latin preface.—G.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOSCHEN'S LATER RELATIONS WITH SCHILLER.

1798-1802.

IN the foregoing chapters the story of Goschen's relations with Iffland, Klopstock, and distinguished classical scholars, carried us from the last years of the eighteenth century into the first years of the next. We have now to follow his fortunes through some other developments during the same period, till the time when the crash of war in 1805 shook to its very foundations the fair edifice which he had built up with so much courage and skill.

The magnitude of the venture on which he was engaged during 1798 and 1799 necessarily caused a very severe strain on his resources. His capital, though considerably increased, was still entirely locked up, and his available cash at its lowest ebb. A letter written by him in August, 1798, to Major von Knebel, gives a gloomy account of his financial position.

Major von Knebel was tutor to the young princes at Weimar, an intimate of Goethe, and, though a military man, deeply imbued with the cultivated atmosphere of the place. Like so many of the leaders of Weimar society, he was seized with the desire to try his own wings in poetic flights. With Goethe's strong approval, indeed, almost under

his eye, Knebel translated *Propertius* into German verse, and Goschen, on Böttiger's introduction, was selected to be the publisher. Some trouble ensued as to the honorarium and the number of copies to be struck off, for the writer was unknown as a scholar, and the book one not likely to be popular in itself; but Knebel, after some demur, accepted his terms, and, flushed with the pleasure of composition, was prepared to try his hand on *Lucretius* as well as *Propertius*. Goschen felt able to compliment the translator on his performance, but not to encourage him as to further publications. After recording the slow sale of Klopstock's works, and stating that he had only sold 190 copies of the Quarto edition of Wieland, he continued—

“The German public is the German public. One must take it as it is. Turn these two authors into Englishmen or Frenchmen, and put me in London or Paris, and I should have to say that I had sold 6000 of Wieland, and 4000 of Klopstock, and had grown rich. Just let me for once be guided by my experience, and not print more than a few hundred copies of *Propertius*. . . .

“I am certainly not a competent judge, but I say what I feel. I consider your translation of *Propertius* masterly and incomparable in elegance, tenderness, flexibility, and fidelity, that fidelity to which only a poet can attain in the translation of a poet. . . .

“I should make so bold as to ask you for *Lucretius*, if I were not somewhat fettered by circumstances. You will have understood from my remark about the sale of Wieland and Klopstock, that it is impossible that I should have become a well-to-do man with such expensive undertakings. I earn my bread and cheese, but I am still limited in means. Being a tradesman (*Handels-mann*) situated as I have described, and suffering into the bargain under the conditions of the times and the fate of Germany from Düsseldorf to Basle, which district is too impoverished

for the sale of books, I must calculate my means very carefully, so that I may pay every one honestly at the next Easter Fair. Can I hold out till Easter? Of that I cannot be sure as yet."

The translation of *Propertius* appeared, handsomely got up in small quarto, and Goschen did not recoup the cost.

The lock-up of my grandfather's capital in this year (1798) comes out even more strongly in his correspondence with Schiller. It will be remembered that friendly relations had been resumed between the two men in that year, the publisher, at the end of the painful conflict, remaining master of *Carlos*, round which drama the battle had raged. New editions of this work and of the *Geister-seher* had become indispensable, and were discussed between the two men. *Carlos* wearily hung fire, awaiting revision at the hands of the author, but the new edition of the *Geister-seher* appeared at the Michaelmas Fair, 1798, and on this occasion Goschen was for the first time in arrear to Schiller.

It was not till April, 1799, that he sent the honorarium, with an apology for his unpunctuality.

"I confess candidly that I have been so poor since the autumn, that I could not pay you my debt for the *Geister-seher* before, for none of my money came in. Now I am able to send you the enclosed draft for 16 carolins. Pray put up with this for the moment. The Fair and an ailing wife have absorbed every thought in my head. So I only beg you still to keep a little affection for me."

The foregoing and all later letters from Goschen to Schiller begin with the term, "Verehrung-würdigster Freund" ("most worthy friend"), a more ceremonious address than Goschen had used in letters

before the rupture. Notwithstanding the re-establishment of relations of friendship, and gradually of intimacy, I trace in Goschen's tone a slightly different note from that of former days. The poet had been ascending the ladder of greatness from year to year. He was now on the highest pinnacle of fame, one of the *personages* of Germany, and an interval of some years had made a break in that spirit of comradeship in which they had lived from 1785 to 1794. However, they soon began once more to write to each other with affectionate interest in each other's domestic affairs, charming expressions of friendly good will marked all their business letters, and Schiller ultimately fulfilled Goschen's intense desire that he should visit him on his Hohenstädt hill.

In November, 1799, Goschen wrote sadly to Schiller, giving him a deplorable account of my grandmother's health. One doctor after another had been consulted—none had really helped her. Schiller could imagine how little happiness he had left. Truly my grandfather was in trouble enough in that year. His letter then refers to business—

"A pirated edition of the *Thirty Years' War* in octavo has, as I hear, appeared, and I am always being pressed for a fresh edition in that form. Can I flatter myself that you will take this in hand again some day? or will you give me permission to print it without alteration in octavo?"

And Goschen was desperately anxious that Schiller should permit him to reprint *Don Carlos** as an *édition de luxe*. Undismayed by his financial position, and little encouraged by Schiller himself, he could not divest himself of his almost passionate desire to

* His drama had been called *Carlos* in previous correspondence. In letters subsequent to 1795 it is generally called *Don Carlos*.

apply his finest style of printing to a work of his friend of the olden time, and his most distinguished client.

"As you are recasting *Don Carlos* as an acting play for Cotta," so he wrote, "I really should like to issue a pretty edition of the original version—something in the style of the *Doolin* of Alxinger in its new form. One book of yours at least I must print with typographical beauty."

Schiller was not indisposed to revise the *Thirty Years' War* and *Don Carlos* as requested; but his whole being was by this time engrossed with lofty conceptions for new dramatic works, to rank with his *chef d'œuvre*, *Wallenstein*, which had been produced in this year with triumphant success.

Full of dreams of the drama, Schiller left Jena in December, and settled definitely in Weimar in order to have the benefit of Goethe's society and of the Weimar stage. He had never thoroughly recovered from his terrible illness; but, during warm weather, he enjoyed a fair amount of good health. In the "Laplandish" winter of 1799, as Wieland called it, he had another severe attack on the chest, which incapacitated him for work for a time.

In April, 1800, Schiller wrote to Goschen a letter, which is not extant. But it appears, from the latter's reply, that Schiller had at last gratified his friend's ardent desire to have a free hand in the printing of *Don Carlos*.

"I have quite made up my mind to begin printing, as soon as you send me the *Thirty Years' War* and *Don Carlos*, and I beg you to believe that the printing will give me the greatest happiness. I thank you a thousand times for the pleasure you have given me by your kind letter, and the announcement of the fulfilment of my most anxious wish. This pleasure

has stirred so much life in me, that I am beginning once more to be fond of my calling. I was on the point of exchanging it for a less comfortable but a healthier and more cheering mode of life. My good wife, as well as I, sends greetings to you and your wife. Would that we could but see you once on our hill! We never lose hope that this wish may be fulfilled.

"With the deepest and most friendly admiration,

"Yours,

"GOSCHEN."

Had Goschen wearied at last of his constant struggle against adverse fate? or was this yearning for the peace and happiness of retirement only a passing emotion?

Some time elapsed before Schiller could keep his promise as to *Don Carlos*. *Maria Stuart*, acted for the first time on the 15th of June, had been his chief preoccupation in the early part of the year. He then set to work on *The Maid of Orleans*; but at last he made time to revise *Don Carlos*, and was able to send Goschen the beginning of the promised manuscript on the 15th of January (1801), wishing him at the same time "all happiness for the New Year and the new century."

Goschen replied immediately. He, too, had good wishes to send for the opening of the century, though "it arrived amidst the storm-clouds of war."

"Many thanks for the manuscript for the new edition of *Don Carlos*.

"While sending you the continuation of the *Thirty Years' War*, I take the liberty of presenting to your wife the continuation of my *Iffland*.* . . .

"We poor bookworms are living in hope of peace. An evil spirit will not allow my faith in it to wax

* *Vide* Chapter XXII. p. 124.

strong, although I have an *Ode on Peace* to print in hot haste for an Imperial and Royal Privy Councillor.

"The new century greeted me in the midst of my children, hand-in-hand with my excellent wife. We were all in perfect health, and thus the greeting was kindly, and the new century welcome. May health and joy speed you daily on your way, you, your wife, and your little ones. Preserve a kindly feeling towards me, and let me enjoy the pleasant consciousness, when I shall have ended my long journey in the coming years, that I have spent some days of them with you."

The Peace of Lunéville was not yet signed, but it was close at hand. The conditions of life at Grimma had also become more tolerable: Jette was well once more, and the mercury had risen in my grandfather's essentially hopeful soul. I have observed a strain of joyousness in nearly all his New Year's letters.

Schiller answered Goschen's gift of *Iffland* by a present to Jette. After expressing his own and his wife's delight to possess *Iffland*, in terms quoted in a previous chapter,* Schiller continued (January 21, 1801)—

"I would gladly have chosen a dainty copy of *Wallenstein* for your Jette, if there were but one to be had. Please put up with this one in the mean time. . . .

"May Heaven send you peace, and we shall welcome happy days!"

When Goschen next wrote (February 16), returning the interim copy of *Wallenstein* with very many thanks from Jette, peace had actually been concluded. It was signed at Lunéville, on the 9th of February. Goschen's letter proceeds—

"Don't be vexed if I disclose a wish which, if

* Chapter XXII.

unwelcome, pray regard as unborn. I should like to print a poem of about a sheet on the peace, with the greatest possible beauty, but it would have to be by a man like yourself. I don't like to dilate on this wish, so I say no more."

But no true German poet could be inspired to write an ode on a peace which set the seal on the disasters of the Vaterland. Schiller replied (February 26, 1801)—

"I would gladly comply with your wish about the poem, were it not that I have thrice refused a similar proposition from Cotta. But, apart from this, I fear that we Germans shall play such a shameful part in this peace, that the ode in the hands of the poet would turn into a satire on the German Empire.*

* * * * *

"I will send a complete *Wallenstein*. In the mean time I beg of your dear wife, to whom we send our best remembrances, to place the enclosed first volume of my poems in her library."

Goschen, in reply, sent thanks on his wife's behalf, and effusive compliments on his own (March 4, 1801)—

"How you have enriched me, my honoured friend, by your splendid present for my Jette! Since Sunday, when I received it, I have only read two pages of your poems, although I have read them every day. I kept on reading the *Stranger Maiden* (*Mädchen aus der Fremde*), and each time it gave me fresh pleasure. You see that this gift of yours will last me for a long time, and I can let other poets sing on till they are tired.

"It was kind of you to take my wish respecting a

* Schiller seems, however, to have tried his hand tentatively. Preparatory work for such a poem was found among his papers, and reveals a tone of painful resignation as regards the external political greatness and power of Germany. Evidently he found that the subject was best left alone.

poem on the Peace so seriously. I felt myself that Germans can scarcely be said to have any cause for enthusiasm about it, and suppressed my wish before it fully saw the light. The Gauls may have more reason to scream their throats hoarse; we will just keep calm. Meanwhile it is most desirable for the sake of book-peddling (for our book-trade is, after all, not much more) that at last our Vaterland should settle quietly down. Our prospects would not be consoling if the war were to be continued, therefore we bookworms must manage to be of as good cheer as possible. . . .

"Will you allow me the pleasure of reading through the English translation of *Carlos* before sending it back?"

"A thousand hearty greetings from my dear wife, and a thousand thanks from the glad recipient of your kind remembrance.

"Yours with all love and esteem,

"GOSCHEN."

All these letters of the first three months of 1801 contained references to the printing of the revised editions of the *Thirty Years' War* and *Don Carlos*. Two separate editions of the latter—one in ordinary octavo, another in small octavo, both for general consumption—were issued in 1801. The large octavo in Latin type and in luxurious garb, though not actually an *édition de luxe*, was issued in 1802. In this case Schiller, while making one or two trifling suggestions, left the matter entirely to Goschen's taste, and approved the result so highly that when corresponding with the publisher Crusius as to an *édition de luxe* of his poems, he pointed out to him that the newer edition of *Don Carlos* published by Goschen was the finest of the kind that he had seen.

At last, in September, 1801, Goschen's hope of showing Schiller his home and his children was fulfilled. The poet and his wife visited the beloved



WINDOW IN GOSCHEN'S LANDHAUS, OF THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY SCHILLER.

[To face p. 240, Vol. II.

Dresden friends, and when returning to Weimar, took Hohenstädt on their way. Their young son was with them, and fraternized with the Goschen boys. The accommodation was rural and very modest. Schiller and his wife occupied two little beds in a tiny room on the ground floor, with a small sitting-room adjoining. I have had the honour of occupying the same quarters in company with my son, as guests of my aunt Lotte, who became owner of the place. Thick foliage from sundry shrubs adorned and blocked the window—a happy base for countless gnats, whose nocturnal activity, with the aid of swarms of inferior insects, almost chased away dreams of the great poet who had reposed where I was lying.

Bright memories long lingered round the happy visit of the Schillers. Their stay at Hohenstädt was a day of exquisite enjoyment to the Goschen family; it was looked back upon by all as a never-to-be-forgotten piece of history, and all passed off with much cheery delight. My father was at the time a very young boy, but he has told me of his boyish recollections of hearing the famous man read passages from one of his plays aloud. Two letters, exchanged soon after the visit, expressed what each family had felt; but they are mainly interesting from their allusions to Schiller's great drama the *Maid of Orleans* (*Jungfrau von Orléans*), which was acted on the Leipzig stage in the author's presence on the evening of the day when he had left Hohenstädt. Unbounded enthusiasm was displayed by the audience. The author was cheered to the echo, and a *fanfare* of trumpets greeted him, amid the acclamations of the crowd, as he left the theatre at the conclusion of the piece.

"October 6, 1801.

"Once more I thank you heartily for the many fair hours which your visit gave me ; their memory is a preservative against the heavy atmosphere of the Fair in which I am now toiling and moiling, and in which I feel quite light-hearted and cheerful of an evening when I look back upon your visit.

"I have seen * the *Jungfrau von Orléans*. Permit me, as a layman, to write you my impressions. According to my feelings, it is a heavenly poem. I have never been able to meddle with classifications, so it did not occur to me whether the poem should be called *natural* or *sentimental*.† But it made me forget ordinary life—the tender womanliness and purity of the girl refreshed me—I was carried aloft to a higher creation. What the Greeks had, and what we have hitherto lacked on our native soil, co-operation of the heavenly powers with the forces of men,—this I have found here, without any disturbance of the illusion. The tree is a simple means by which you have effected this miracle. The girl is no visionary (*Schwärmerin*); her fanaticism has a solid foundation.

"The apparition of Talbot's spirit is the true tragic lever. Without this the whole poem would not have made me sad. The girl was happy, and must bear a heaven within her, even in her chains; her love for Lionel could cause her no pain. Such pain I should have blamed, for she had done no wrong; she was simply a human being, or an angel who had taken human form. But the warning casts a faint shadow over her glamour. She draws nearer to us men in that she does not heed the warning at the critical moment. One believes that she has approached the brink of a fault, one pities her, and follows with human sympathy the unhappy course of her life from that moment forward. I say nothing as to the excellent situation in Talbot's death, for that every one

* Goschen, I gather, had not *seen*, but only *read*, the theatrical version (*vide* following page).

† Probably an allusion to Schiller's own essay, *On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry*.

must admire. The Dauphin seems to me at the outset too soft and weak in comparison with the results of his actions. What magnificent diction !”

Schiller replied (October 15, 1801)—

“Accept once more my hearty thanks, dear friend, for your kind hospitality at Hohenstädt. That day was one of the merriest that I ever spent. I saw you happy in your domestic circle, in your rural tranquillity. I have now had a glimpse of your contented country life. I know the house that you live in, the country that surrounds you, and can now picture to myself, in more lively colours, everything that concerns you. My wife and I would gladly have been amongst the delighted participators in your family festival.*

“I am much pleased that the *Jungfrau von Orléans* should have awakened such noble emotion in your heart, and I may hope that the quiet perusal of the un mutilated work itself will create an even purer impression on you, for, indeed, on the stage, much, very much, has been distorted, and the whole lowered.”

Three months afterwards, when Goschen had seen the piece acted at Leipzig, he returned to the subject, and concurred with Schiller as to the distinction between reading and seeing this drama (January 13, 1802).

“You are right. The enjoyment of reading (the *Jungfrau von Orléans*) is the real pure enjoyment. The enjoyment of the representation at Leipzig was very much adulterated.

“No product of the mind has stirred or touched me more deeply. At the scene in the charcoal-burner’s cottage, when Raymond leaves the girl, my eyes streamed with tears. I must restrain myself, lest I should lay your own work before you in my enthusiasm. What heavenly diction ! It is a spiritual creation—an angel born of a man’s soul. To cool my ardour, an honest man from Dresden writes to me :

* Jette’s birthday.

'The *Jungfrau von Orléans* is to be played here shortly. One trifling alteration only has been made. For the "Mother of God" has been substituted the "Genius of France."' That's what I call a stroke of genius indeed! A simple shepherdess inspired by the 'Genius of France.' Long live common sense!"

Schiller appreciated the evident sentiment in Goschen's comments. It was no literary criticism; it was a criticism of feeling. He replied (February 10, 1802)—

"How pleasant it was to me, dear friend, to read what you said about my *Jungfrau von Orléans*! This piece flowed from *the heart*, and to the heart it should speak. But for this it is necessary that a man should have a heart, and, unfortunately, that is not always the case."

The family festival alluded to by Schiller, in his letter of October 15, was the celebration of my grandmother's birthday. Goschen had sent him, in a long postscript, for the benefit of Lotte, a gay and humorous description, welling over with patriarchal joy and tenderness, of the happy rustic *fête*. He told of many merry arrangements, and semi-sentimental scenes. The lads and lasses of the village had danced round a barrel of beer, ballad-singers had carolled beneath canopies of trees, processions wound their way through acacia groves, where Seume, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, played the hermit. Booths for wine and food welcomed guests in covered ways of illuminated shrubs. Goschen had himself turned poet, inditing verses on touching scenes from his wife's life.

"All the inhabitants of the village looked on, and my garden was a regular fair. The squire, the parson, the *honoratiors*, and the peasants, all got mixed up

together at eleven o'clock at night, compelled to a universal dance by the joyousness of the moment, as by Oberon's horn. This strange dance lasted for two hours, and not a shrub, not a flower, was found injured next morning."

Then my grandfather bursts out with that civic enthusiasm which constantly inspired the finale of his humorous or sentimental rhapsodies: "Thus, even in the lowest class in Saxony, a feeling for decent decorum and delicacy is to be found."

One is almost inclined to smile when one sees Goschen sending this long and effusive account of a rural family festival, full of little details, to Schiller, the great idealist, always soaring in high regions of æsthetic and artistic thought above the trivialities of ordinary life. But in his domestic and private relations Goschen was certainly *naïf*.

Still full of the renewed close intimacy which their visit to their friend's home had brought about, Schiller and his wife each wrote the warmest possible letters of congratulation to Goschen on my grandmother's safe confinement in December. Lotte only feared that "such a mother, who worked in such an indefatigable way for her children, might be easily tempted to rely too much on her strength."

Meanwhile the business transactions between the two men only consisted of revised editions of former works, but about this time Schiller gave Goschen a proof of his friendliness by sending him a new client, Herr von Einsiedel, another Weimar magnate, who, like Major von Knebel, desired to enlist himself among scholars and poets. He had translated *The Brothers* by Terence, and wished it to be printed with some elegance; he would gladly entrust it to

Goschen on fair terms. Schiller admitted that it was unlikely to have a brilliant sale; but it would probably interest readers outside the circle of friends of ancient literature, as it was written with much humour and a light touch. Goschen accepted the work, and issued it in 1802.

During the last months of 1801 Schiller was extremely occupied, and manuscript for the new issue of the *Thirty Years' War* was not despatched quickly. On sending a parcel in February (1802) he apologized for the delay, as he had too many other matters running through his head. The letter which conveyed the apology described a plan, for which he invoked Goschen's help.

"I have just realized an old wish—to own a house of my own. For I have now given up all thoughts of leaving Weimar, and intend here to live and die. My circumstances are pleasant and satisfactory, and have recently become still more so. For my brother-in-law,* who conducted the negotiations for the marriage of our Hereditary Prince with the Grand-Duchess of Russia, was, on his return from St. Petersburg, made a member of the Privy Council, so that now, through the three privy councillors, Goethe, Voigt, and my brother-in-law, I am in an excellent position.†

"Let me know, at your leisure, dear friend, whether, without inconvenience to you, I might receive the little honorarium for the new edition of the *Thirty Years' War* by Ascension Day, for, as I was obliged to spend everything I had and could rake together in the purchase of the house, my purse will need replenishing. But if it would be inconvenient

* Herr von Wolzogen.

† His allowance from the Duke of Weimar was increased about this time.

to you, tell me so straight out, and I will make some other arrangement.*

"When we are comfortably settled in our own nest, you must pay us a visit with your dear wife, and give us the opportunity of repaying the kind reception we had from you at Hohenstädt."

Schiller's intention to buy a house appealed strongly to Goschen's sympathies. He answered promptly—

"'Ein eigner Herd ist Goldes werth,'† says the proverb, and I have often experienced its truth. May you long enjoy the delightful independence which your purchase has obtained for you, in company with the most benign of household gods! If I do not err in my confidence in posterity, your house will be remarkable centuries hence, even though roof and walls may fall a sacrifice to time, and its quondam possessor has made it, through you, into a monument for Weimar.

"Your kind invitation enriches the storehouse of my hopes, which I do not gladly suffer to run low. The thought that I and my wife shall some day be gladdened under *your* roof is already a joy to us, and the bright promise of it will often be in our thoughts, even though it cannot immediately be carried out.

"Was it jest or earnest when you asked me, at Hohenstädt, whether I would pay you for a second treatment of the subject of the Jungfrau? I said 'Done,' and gave you my hand on it. I was in earnest. Do not think me importunate, and be sure that I honour any relation which might prevent you from doing something for me. But the honorarium alone need not be an obstacle."

* Schiller scraped together all the money he could from his various publishers for his house, the cost of which was 4200 thalers. From Goschen he got the honorarium for the *Thirty Years' War*, from Unger he asked for any balance due to him; from Cotta he asked an advance. Further, Schiller borrowed 2200 on mortgage from his house, and Goethe appears also to have given some help. (*Vide* Schiller-Cotta Correspondence, edited by Vollmar.)

† "A hearth of one's own is a thing of gold."

Goschen's prophecy was fulfilled. Schiller's house has been preserved to be lovingly revered by posterity, and thousands visit it as a sacred shrine.

As to Goschen's question about the *Maid of Orleans*, which the fresh warmth of the intercourse between Schiller and himself possibly encouraged him to put, it bears on a controversy raised on the publication of some alleged written confessions of Schiller, published by Böttiger in 1812, about this drama, in which the poet is made to say that if time and the short duration of life permitted, he intended to compose two other plays on the same subject. Palleske, in scoffing terms, declares that such a revolting idea as treating the same subject in separate dramas, could only have been suggested by Böttiger; but the above letter indicates that some notion of the kind must have passed through the poet's mind.*

Schiller answered Goschen's letter as follows:—

"Accept my best thanks, dear friend, for your kind readiness to facilitate the purchase of my house. The contract is now concluded, and by the beginning of May I shall be living within my own four walls.

"Here is the beginning of the second volume of my *Thirty Years' War*. The printing of which you sent me the proof, is very fine, and remarkable beauty is given to the paper by the smoothing.

"Should it come to this, that I write a new

* In a second edition, issued after this letter of my grandfather had been published, Palleske still refuses to believe that a separate treatment could have been contemplated; and a later writer, speaking of the idea of the triple treatment as "too preposterous," explains Schiller's promise as "only an author's playful jollying of a friendly publisher." The above letter, following as it does on Goschen's, especially if taken in connection with Böttiger's allegations, even if he was inaccurate, seems to me to throw more doubt on the subject than these writers admit.

Jungfrau von Orléans, no one but you shall publish it. If, however, this does not come off soon, I still hope to find means of proving my gratitude to an old friend, without harming newer promises.

"I embrace you cordially. Kindest remembrances from me and my wife to your dear Jette.

"Yours,
"SCHILLER."

The old friend had no opportunity offered him of publishing any further works of Schiller's. Cotta blocked the way.

And meanwhile the pending transactions between the two men were coming to a close. The first volume of the *Thirty Years' War* was out by May, 1802, and Goschen, while pressing for more manuscript for the second, sent the honorarium. Schiller, in reply, expressed much friendly gratitude (May 31)*—

"My best thanks for your remittance of sixty carolins, which completely satisfies all my expectations and claims, and, indeed, really exceeds them. I consider myself completely paid and rewarded for my work by this sum. But I well perceive, my dearest friend, that in this estimate you have also calculated on contributing a stone to my little house, and you shall——" [Here the letter is torn.]

Clearly no atom of discontent with Goschen as a liberal publisher prevented Schiller from placing any of his works in his hands. Once more, in a letter written in the following July, when the last sheets for the second volume of the *Thirty Years' War* were ready, the poet assures Goschen that the bright days which he and Lotte had spent in his rural home were still fresh in their memory, and wishes him and his a life of the greatest joy and happiness; and then the

* Only part of this letter has been preserved.

curtain descends on the intercourse of the two men for nearly two years. Letters, indeed, there may and must have been, but none have been preserved.

The printing of the large 8vo edition of *Don Carlos* occupied Goschen till nearly the end of the year. He forwarded a copy to Böttiger on the 4th of December, with the following rather agitated lines :—

“You are far too fine and generous a fellow to let the poor little brat go unsupported into the world. You will, as I already see in fancy, seize at once a resounding instrument, and trumpet abroad the command, wheresoever your rule extends, through the *Mode-Journal* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: ‘Welcome this beautiful song, buy it, pay for it, and revel in it to your heart’s content, so that its poor father may, by the Easter Fair, recover the costs of its birth and baptism.’

“Nothing like this *Don Carlos* has ever appeared in the German world of letters, for Didot and the English are far above us, and Gläsing in Weimar is far below, so it has the excellent mediocrity that is so dear to Germans. If it doesn’t go off, then—well, let it go to the deuce.”

The new edition, however, did sell well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DIDEROT'S *RAMEAU'S NEPHEW*—THE *FRAUEN-JOURNAL*
—THE LAST OF *CARLOS*—SCHILLER'S DEATH.

1804-1805.

WHEN the curtain rises again on transactions between Goschen and Schiller, we approach a somewhat remarkable story—the publication by Goschen of a German translation by Goethe of a till then unpublished masterpiece of the famous encyclopædist, Diderot, the satire, or “farce-tragedy,” as it has been called, *Rameau's Nephew*. The history of this work is very strange. Schiller told Körner, “We have come by this manuscript by a happy chance;” but the nature of this chance has not been revealed, and the adventures of this original manuscript on its way from France to Weimar are still an unsolved and perplexing mystery. That a French work by so great a personage as Diderot should first be published in a German translation was indeed a strange whim of fate, and roused much curiosity in the literary world, all the more so as it is equally doubtful whither the original disappeared and whence it came. A French editor of Diderot's works, seeking information from Goethe respecting this manuscript, suggested that it had travelled to the “Prince of Gotha or to Prince Henry of Prussia;” but Goethe

denied the possibility of its having been at Gotha without his knowledge, and surmised that it had passed into the possession of the Empress Catherine. To Russia, at all events, it went, and it first appears under the control of a Russian officer, Maximilian Klinger, an old intimate of Goethe. The following correspondence clearly shows that he placed it at the disposal of Herr von Wolzogen, Schiller's brother-in-law, who accompanied the Crown Prince of Weimar to Russia on a nuptial expedition to fetch home the Grand-Duchess Maria Paulovna. It has been said that the manuscript had been brought to the poet's notice by Goschen, but the contrary was evidently the case. Schiller called the publisher's attention to it first.

The correspondence opens with a letter from Goschen.

"April 18, 1804.

"Duvau [a mutual friend] gave me great pleasure on his return by your message and the proof of your remembrance. It refreshed me more than all the drops, etc., with which my doctor, as he thinks, has given me strength and healing. Accept in return the lively thanks of a convalescent. . . .

"You would oblige me immensely by procuring Diderot's manuscript for me. I can say nothing about it yet, and can form no mercantile plan till you tell me more and let me know the conditions. I understand from Duvau that there is some talk of the original French! Do you think the work interesting enough for a translation to be published at the same time as the original? And would you have the kindness, if I set a translation in hand, to look through it?"

Duvau had evidently brought a message from Schiller about the book, and Goschen at once took the matter up. In May the poet paid a visit to Leipzig during the Fair, when more passed between the two

men as to the manuscript. After Schiller's departure the publisher wrote—

“Only now can I find a moment to thank you for your counsel about *Rameau*. My letter will most probably be too late now.”

After apologizing for having missed Schiller in his lodgings before he left, he continued—

“In spite of all this, I enclose a letter to your brother-in-law [Wolzogen]. Do what you like with it. As my brother-in-law Heun is also dabbling in the book-trade, and is now in St. Petersburg, and has probably been introduced to Herr von Wolzogen, he may very likely have fished away the *Satyre de M. Rameau*. In that case it will still be in the family. This Heun is the partner of Rein, the publisher. . . .

“I have forgotten the most important thing in this letter. I have had to reprint *Don Carlos*. Allow me to send you for this edition the enclosed honorarium, and accept it as a token of my good will.”

Schiller forwarded the enclosure to Herr von Wolzogen on June 16, with the following explanation:—

“I enclose a letter from the publisher Goschen to you. He would be very glad if he could publish Diderot's *Rameau*. If it is possible, pray help him to it. You will find him ready for any favour in return; * and if Klinger should not let himself be persuaded to allow *Rameau* to be printed in the French original, perhaps he will allow a German translation to be made of it. *Jacques le Fataliste*, by Diderot, appeared in a German translation before the French original, and curiosity for the French was excited by it all the more.”

* Schiller's hint to Herr von Wolzogen that Goschen would gladly do him any favour in return for the service rendered did not remain without justification. The publisher lost no time in asking his friend to take a look round Herr von Wolzogen's library, in order to see if there was not a gap which he could fill up as a proof of his gratitude.

From what followed it is clear that General Klinger consented to the publication both in German and French, that Herr von Wolzogen transmitted the document to Schiller, and that the latter arranged with Goschen to publish it. But it was not till November, when my grandfather paid Schiller a visit in Weimar, that definite steps were taken, and on this occasion he put forward the bold and happy suggestion that the translator should be no less a person than Goethe himself.

Immediately on his return to Leipzig, after the visit to Weimar, which had "acted on him as a tonic and given him a fresh start," and during which Schiller, as he gratefully wrote, had given him many proofs of good will and friendship, Goschen anxiously inquired to what his friend had been able to persuade Goethe.

Schiller had approached Goethe at once, and, on receiving a report of the interview, Goschen informed Schiller (December 3) that he agreed to whatever the latter thought Goethe ought to receive,—he sent him full powers in the matter.

Armed with this authority, Schiller settled with Goethe, and reported to the publisher as follows (December 10):—

"Goethe has set to work with great zeal on the translation of *Rameau*, and he is so intent upon producing something good, that it is certain that we may expect an excellent piece of work. Acting under the powers you gave me, I have treated with him for 100 carolins. At the beginning he spoke of a somewhat higher figure, and, in case you should be fortunate with the book, I have promised him in your name something extra if a second edition should be required.

"I now hope that 1500 copies which you might sell of the German translation will pay all the cost, and that the French manuscript will remain free in your hands. In any case this German translation would render great service as a forerunner of the French original, and would raise all the more lively expectations."

By the 21st December Goethe was in full swing. He hoped, so he wrote to Schiller, to finish half the translation by the middle of January, the rest by the end. As to what might be said in relation to the subject, that was a little more distant. He was contemplating elaborate *Notes*, and he could not see how far they might lead him. A day or two later he communicated with Schiller as to certain further points which the latter explained to the publisher as follows:—

"Goethe wishes that Diderot's work should not be announced till immediately before it is issued, so that the public may be surprised by it in the full sense of the word. According to your wish, he will gladly own to the work with his name, but the relations of our Court with Herr Grimm in Gotha, and of the Grimms with the heirs of Diderot, make the above little precaution necessary, as otherwise all sorts of things might intervene."

Goschen replied (January 2, 1805)—

"Goethe's work must certainly not be announced. In fact, I no longer care for trumpeting, although formerly I puffed out my cheeks as far as they would stretch."

Goethe had, as Schiller reported to Goschen, set to work with great zeal. He had always had a great regard for Diderot, but this particular book and its subject exercised a special fascination over him. *Rameau's Nephew*, acknowledged as one of Diderot's

most powerful works, is a terrible and unflinching satire on the condition of French society about the year 1762, and on the enemies of the encyclopædists—a bomb, as Goethe said, which exploded in the middle of French literature. It is a picture, or even portrait, of a parasite who, as Schiller wrote to Körner, was the ideal of a sponger, but the hero of his class. Unspeakable depravity and shameless effrontery are coupled with remarkable wit, and a subtlety of analysis worthy of a philosopher. The despicable cynic puts his great intellectual gifts unblushingly at the service of his stomach. Diderot represents himself as startled by the extraordinary sallies of this low creature, who boasts of his grossness, his utter meanness, his diabolical intrigues, yet emits occasionally flashes of a truly intellectual intuition, and an understanding of higher things. Mr. Morley well describes him as “the squalid and tattered Satan of the eighteenth century, a Mephistopheles out of elbows, a Lucifer in low water.” Diderot, his interlocutor, draws him out with masterly Socratic skill in an inimitable dialogue. It was essentially a production in which Goethe would revel, and surprise cannot be felt that, to use his own words, he executed his translation, not only with readiness, but even with passion. And in his absorption in this medley of social history and unsparing philosophic psychology, it was natural that he should not be content with the functions of a translator. His *Notes*, which were to follow the translation, were, in themselves, deeply interesting little essays on many of the personages introduced in the book, on French taste, on actors, on music, on the public, and incidentally on Germany. Schiller congratulated him

warmly on their value. He wrote (April 24) that he had found fifteen "articles" of the highest interest; half would have justified these *Notes*. They would fill at least three printed sheets—that was a rich endowment for a translation.

The spirit in which Goethe was working appears from many little letters which passed between the two friends as the work proceeded. They discussed various points with most energetic warmth, Goethe frequently appealing to Schiller for criticism and advice. The French text is occasionally extremely indecent. When Goethe felt a little concerned about some too "cynical passages," his friend replied—"As to the question of decency, I have not much to criticize. Possibly one could rest content with only giving the first letters of improper words, and thus making a bow to Mrs. Grundy without damaging the thing itself." But Goethe was glad that the text was such that plenty of spice could be put into the *Notes*. Here was an opportunity of saying many things about French literature, which the Germans "had hitherto treated with too much ceremony, either as a pattern or as an enemy."

Yet Goethe felt some scruples. His *Notes* were "very daring." When they were concluded, and he had forwarded them to Schiller for transmission to Leipzig, he wrote—

"If everything which is done by man were not, after all, improvised, I should have hesitation about these improvised *Notes*, but my chief consolation is that I can say, '*Sine me ibis liber*;' for I should not like to be present everywhere where this book will penetrate."

While Goethe was engaged on writing the *Notes*,

Goschen was busy printing the text which Schiller sent him complete by the 25th of March. But it was not till a month later that he was able to forward the *Notes*, bidding Goschen to congratulate himself that Goethe had come to the point of composing them, as they were very weighty in themselves, and increased the value of the work.

Also—and this is important—Schiller asked Goethe for the *French original for Goschen*, and despatched it to him.

When the printing was finished, Goethe begged for the return of *his* manuscript, *i.e.* of the German translation, and also for a correct *copy* of the *French original*. Coupled with Schiller's request to Goethe for the document for Goschen, and with his remark that Goschen was to have "the manuscript free in his hands," this wish of Goethe to have a copy made for himself is clear evidence that my grandfather became the possessor of that foundling manuscript which caused so much stir in the world. What became of it? No one knows. It has never been traced.*

And what became of the copy made for Goethe? No allusion is to be found to it in the long controversy which has raged as to the authenticity of the several

* Monsieur Assézat, the editor of an edition of Diderot's works in 1875, states that a particularly fortunate set of circumstances had placed in his hands a manuscript copy of *Rameau's Nephew*, without date, but evidently of the eighteenth century. Mr. Morley, in his *Diderot*, adds to this statement that this manuscript (as he told me on the authority of Monsieur Assézat himself) was found, with other waifs and strays of the eighteenth century, in a chest that had belonged to Messrs. Würtel & Treutz, publishers, of Strasburg, and gives an argument in favour of its authenticity. It is difficult to see how the manuscript can have travelled from my grandfather's office to Strasburg, unless it was among the papers which disappeared from the stores of the firm, when its good will was sold to another firm some time after my grandfather's death.

manuscripts which have been put forward as the originals, and, as Goethe—when a copy, found in the archives of the Diderot family, was sent to him with an inquiry whether it was the one from which he had worked—relied exclusively on his memory and on his translation, it seems certain that he had no copy in his possession himself.

The book was launched at the Easter Fair, but not with any success, and the plan of publishing the original French was abandoned. Goethe* himself put the cause on record—

“It will be admitted, I hope, that I put my entire soul into the work, yet it did not properly lay hold of the German public. The fears of an impending war spread anxiety in every direction, and soon it was undesirable, nay impossible, owing to the French invasion, to publish the original. The hatred excited against the invaders and against their tongue, combined with the long duration of this sad period, prevented Herr Goschen from carrying out his project. Schiller left us,† and I could not learn whence the manuscript which I had returned to him had come.”

The friendly talks under Schiller's roof during Goschen's visit to Weimar, in November, besides their outcome in the publication of *Rameau's Nephew*, established a fresh, if somewhat loose, link between the two men in an arrangement for the founding of a monthly periodical, the *Frauen-Journal*, “a magazine for German women, written by German women,”—so ran the title, “managed (*besorgt*) by Wieland, Schiller, Rochlitz, and Seume.”

The working editor was to be Rochlitz, a man of letters, resident at that time in Leipzig. The names

* Goethe's *Works*, 1850 Edition, vol. 23, p. 271.

† Schiller died before the issue of the work.

which adorned the title-page gave sponsorship, encouragement, and advice, but not promise of contributions, or of joint editing, though ambitious authoresses might send their attempts to one or other of these great men, in the hope of thus gaining access to the pages of the magazine. The plan had long simmered in Goschen's brain, and was one of those literary undertakings into which my grandfather's keen predilection for ministering to the higher tastes of cultured women, and for educating them up to higher things, beguiled him.

"As a father and husband, I want articles with a useful and moral tendency, through which true nature should breathe, not the fantastic confectionery which leaves no flesh on the body. . . . The magazine shall foster refined culture or the devil shall take it. . . . It shall be a paper which every father can place in the hands of his daughter, every husband in those of his wife. It shall work out as much good in the stream of time as can fairly be asked of it."

Such were his ideals, the spring of his interest in the speculation. But he was simply the publisher. Rochlitz, "that elegant *galant* bachelor," was the responsible editor, and he and the spirit of the times must have a fairly free hand. The question of style was in Goschen's mind as well as "tendencies." The style of German authors was heavy, bald, and artificial. He wanted the women to come to the rescue with lightness and naturalness. Readers must be taught that that which was written was not necessarily wanting in substance, if they could read it without having to guess the meaning.

A bevy of competent authoresses was not very easy to find at the start, and Goschen's own pen was invoked for revision and "touching up." The first

number contained three articles which had received such treatment from him, and had afterwards been "washed" by Rochlitz. My grandmother was responsible for one of the three—an educational article, founded on actual experiences with her son Georg. Goschen sent the paper to Wieland, and betrayed the authorship. On returning it, the old author wrote (December, 1804)—

"Kiss the hand of my dearest Jette for the pleasure she has given me; it proves that she is a true expert in the art of education. What I chiefly applaud is the beautiful, unassuming, and yet noble simplicity of its tone—a rare merit in these days. Thus wrote of yore the Pythagorean women."

But the *flair* of the expert tracked the revising pen.

"If you, dear Goschen," he continued, "are, as I expect, the *redacteur* of this beautiful essay, to you belongs the praise of having most happily hit the true tone of womanhood which differentiates the style of the sensible and cultured woman from that of a man of the same stamp."

Schiller, more critical, much more alien from the Goschen style than Wieland, was also pleased with the article.

And yet another piece of work in the first number was Goschen's own. A veteran Leipzig poet, Weisse, to whom Goschen was very deeply attached, had passed away full of years and honour. Goschen wrote an "Idyllion" on him, a poem in prose, a very high-flown mythological allegory, but composed with great command of imagination, and poetical if rather florid diction. Goschen inserted it in the *Frauen-Journal*, with an expression of his hope that the ladies would

forgive him if, as a friend of this excellent man (Weisse), he intruded upon them with a small wreath of forget-me-nots which he had woven near his grave.*

The start of the *Frauen-Journal* was very propitious. Unknown authoresses had filled its pages, but Goschen had made a hit. The first number was greeted with great applause, and sold. "Two words only—*It goes*," cried Goschen; "and that says more than a thousand words." Favourable notices proclaimed its merits in various literary centres, and Goschen's delight was great. He did not fail to confide his exultation to Wieland, but the latter was only moderately pleased. Weimar the exquisite, Weimar the critical, stood aloof from the chorus of eulogy. But Goschen would not accept the *douche* of Wieland's cold water, and sent what the old author called a triumphant answer to his Jeremiad. And Wieland was glad, for "he was not like the Prophet Jonas, who was angry that Nineveh had not perished after he had given his prophetic word of honour that it would."

"It was true that he could not understand what was happening, but there was the fact—*outside* Weimar the Journal was winning applause, it was selling like wildfire, and its praises were being trumpeted with full cheeks by antipodes (*sic*) in the organs of the Press."

And Schiller sent a message of congratulation and encouragement to Rochlitz the editor (January 24)—

* The poem in prose is published in full in Schiller's *Business Letters*, in order to give, as the editor says, a sample of Goschen's essays in poetical prose; but as the reader has had several specimens of his style, taken from *Johann's Reise*, before him, I forbear from quoting it, especially as a translator would have much difficulty in reproducing its special atmosphere.

"I wish you joy on the commencement of the Journal, courage and good fortune for its continuation. Delicate observations on education, of which there is already a sample in this first number,* will always be welcome. As to Ninon de Lenclos, I would only hint that for the present, at all events, it would be well not to touch courtesans. The ladies are wont to be very intolerant in this respect as judges of art. In Weimar we are still very barren as regards contributions. Every one is ill, wherever I knock at the door. I am ill myself, with my whole house."

After the periodical had been successfully launched, many fair contributors offered their goods. "One pretty little face after another" buzzed round Goschen; but it was odd, he observed, that nearly everything sent in to him was serious, and that pretty trifles were less frequently brought. Two little women (*Weiberchen*), however, he had retained for the humorous parts, and he was prompting them with hints. And "God be praised! the women have spared us poetry. I was afraid of that." Meanwhile the four great names on the title-page were a shield, under which he could refuse inferior contributions; otherwise "one would be enough."

In February (1805) Schiller wrote pleasantly to my grandfather—

"I am glad to hear from Rochlitz that you are satisfied so far with the sales of your Journal. As its inner worth will increase with every step of its progress, there will be no lack of success with the public. Only you must beware of long and dragging essays. They are the death of every magazine. The demand is for variety and change.

"The exterior is elegant without ostentation. A little more ornament in the future in the way of

* This was Jette's article.

engravings, would do no harm. In the case of such a production the eyes desire to be bribed as well.

"My fever has left me, and I am hoping to revive. This has been a terrible winter, and specially devastating in the literary world. Our poor Huber, too, had to leave the world so early!"

Goethe and Schiller were both continually ill during these winter months, the former causing his friends some uneasiness; Schiller, notwithstanding occasional rallies, was rapidly drifting towards the end.

Goschen was able to confirm Schiller's impressions of success. "The Journal," he replied, "meets with applause and sells well. You are entirely in the right. Change and variety are fine attractions; but there shall be strength and substance as well."

Once more (April 24) Schiller was able to send "congratulations from his heart on the brisk progress of the Journal," while at the same time his letter enclosed a contribution from a fair authoress.

"I cannot exactly praise it, but Rochlitz will sit in judgment on it.

"Farewell, my dear friend. You will have your hands very full for the approaching Fair. May you do right good business in it!

"Entirely yours,
"SCHILLER."

The farewell was for ever. This was Schiller's last letter to Goschen. Before the Fair was over Schiller had passed away.

The *Frauen-Journal*, considering the disastrous nature of the times, prospered for four years. It held its own during the menacing year 1805; it survived the calamities of 1806; it was weighed in the balance in 1807, but obtained a reprieve; and it was not till

the approach of 1809, when the strain on publishers had become almost unbearable, that its death-warrant was signed.

We have seen the very keen and kindly interest taken by Schiller in the success of this publication of my grandfather. It lit up the last letter of the poet to his old friend. Yet apparently he had felt it necessary to ease Cotta's mind with regard to the appearance of his name on the title-page of a magazine issued from Goschen's firm, and to minimize and extenuate the favour shown, acutely conscious, I presume, of the extreme sensitiveness of the later friend on the score of the man whom he had dispossessed. Schiller explained his action to Cotta thus—

“Goschen is going to publish a magazine which is to be written for women, and which is also to be written by women. Rochlitz will edit it. I have been asked and, as I hear, Wieland also, to give advice in the matter, and, if occasion should arise, to give a vote, which, as it is a very small matter, I have not wished to refuse. With *advice* I willingly serve everybody; with *deeds* I should like only to serve you.”

Surely Schiller, in his exuberant and natural gratitude for Cotta's fine liberality and proved affection over a long period of years, went a little far in thus accentuating his wish to give him a monopoly of “service by deeds,” while to his former publisher and still most faithful friend he wished to confine his favours to the chilly and unsubstantial gift of advice. His sense of Cotta's attitude of suspicion towards Goschen must indeed have been strong. And in this connection I am reluctantly compelled to recall another incident. When Schiller was in Leipzig, in

May, 1804, on his way to Berlin, Cotta was in that city also, attending the Fair. On his return he reported Goschen to Schiller, in a plaintive letter, for "vulgar conduct," in having, as he alleged, put about in Leipzig that he, Cotta, had accompanied Schiller everywhere, in order to prevent his having an unhampered conversation with anybody else. He had also said "stupid things" about Cotta's relations with Wieland. Cotta was, in the best sense of the word, a big and broad-minded man, but this unnecessary denunciation to Schiller of his defeated rival on gossiping reports seems to me to have been somewhat wanting in dignity. Schiller replied (January, 1804)—

"Goschen's behaviour is quite incomprehensible to me, as he seemed to be on such a friendly footing with you. I must believe that low people are at work in this business, egging him on. His motives cannot be mercenary, as, from what has been said,* he cannot expect me to give him any further work of mine for publication, and indeed, he has not attempted to obtain any."

Here we have a more precise statement as to Schiller's relations with Goschen than is to be found, so far as my knowledge goes, in any other documents which have been preserved. The terms, if taken literally, indicate a more or less formal mutual understanding that, in respect of Schiller's writings, there would be neither offer nor request. I should gather, on the whole, that the poet was alluding to the general tenor of his communications with Goschen, whence there had resulted a tacit agreement that, as regards

* "*Geschehenen Aeusserungen*"—a neutral phrase, which does not indicate whether the utterances were Schiller's, or Goschen's, or of both.

the products of Schiller's own pen, notwithstanding their very friendly relations, the door was closed. But why this absolute exclusion?—an exclusion not due to unfriendliness, an attitude which Schiller's letters to Goschen contradict. Besides, Schiller sent him Einsiedel as a client, and obtained *Rameau's Nephew*, with Goethe as the translator, for him. It could not be illiberal honoraria. Schiller abounded in expressions that they had satisfied, and sometimes exceeded, his expectations. Nor is it plain that, though Schiller had *desired* to give Cotta all his writings, he was under an actual promise to do so. Probably Schiller felt that his former intimacy with Goschen, first broken on Cotta's account, but subsequently re-knit, placed him in a specially delicate position between the two men, and rendered it wise that, to prevent misunderstanding, and especially any unpleasantness to his later friend, Goschen should never expect anything at all from his pen. The latter, I take it, understood the situation and acquiesced. I may recall the tact and delicacy shown by the terms of his inquiry as to whether the poet was serious or joking when, during his stay at Hohenstädt, he asked Goschen whether he would pay him for a second treatment of the *Jungfrau von Orléans*, assuring him at the same time that he honoured every relation which might prevent Schiller from doing anything for him.

No word of vexation or pique escaped Goschen's lips, in his intercourse with Schiller, at his exclusion from his friend's favours after the breach had been healed. No syllable of reproach as to Schiller's attitude is to be found in the multitude of his letters to other intimates, which I have perused. He loyally

observed his part of the understanding, and spared Schiller the annoyance of refusals, but he could scarcely have been human if, in his heart of hearts, he had not felt resentment against his rival, and a rankling sorrow that none of the splendid later fruits of Schiller's genius were allowed to fall to his share.

My general impression is that my grandfather, when he had lost the client, never ceased to love Schiller very deeply as a man—as he had loved him in the Gohlis days, and to the last felt an unqualified reverential devotion for him; that Schiller, on his side, had a kindly feeling for his old friend; but that in the later period of his life his heart was entirely with Cotta.

The last remaining cause of difference between the rival publishers in respect of Schiller was removed shortly before the poet's death. Goschen, ten years before, fiercely resolute to cling to his rights, now allowed *Don Carlos* to be published by Cotta without protest.

It has been surmised that under Schiller's roof, during that happy November visit, when arrangements for *Rameau's Nephew* and the *Frauen-Journal* were discussed, Goschen was in a melting mood, touched by the poet's friendly welcome, and welling over with affection for his host. In such an atmosphere he may have been successfully sounded as to Schiller's anxious wish to include *Don Carlos* in a series of his dramatic works.

One precaution on Goschen's behalf he was disposed to take. He wrote to Cotta, without mentioning the obnoxious name, that he thought *Wallenstein* and *Carlos* ought not to be printed separately, since, if

they were, they would be indistinguishable from the volumes which people already possessed. But Cotta apparently felt what was meant. He replied, giving the go-by to *Wallenstein*: "I think we ought not to print *Don Carlos* separately only on Goschen's account, so that he may not be still more angry with me." Schiller then put the case (March 24) before his old friend, pleasantly paraphrasing Cotta's language.

"As a collection of my dramatic works is now appearing through Cotta, and I must begin with *Carlos*, it occurred to me, in order that it should not clash in any way with your edition of *Carlos*, that *Carlos* and the *Jungfrau von Orléans* and a little *Prelude* should make up a volume, and should not be separately sold. All such friends of my works as wish to possess *Carlos* separately, must therefore obtain it from your firm. I hope, dear friend, that I shall have met your wishes by this arrangement. Cotta, too, was glad of the expedient, so that he should not clash with your interests."

The battle was won at last. Goschen laid down his arms, though probably not blind as to the consequences. He replied simply and laconically, in the course of a letter on other subjects, "Thank you for what you have arranged with Cotta."

Contrary to the hopes held out by Schiller, the arrangement made proved very damaging to my grandfather's interests. The sale of his edition of *Don Carlos* decreased, just as in 1812, on the appearance from the same firm of Schiller's Collected Works, a similar fate befell the *Geister-seher*.

The last letter from Schiller to Goschen was dated the 24th of April, 1805. Two more letters he wrote, one to Goethe and one to Körner, on the following day, and then the flowing, brilliant, humorous, thought-compelling pen, used with unstinted abundance in the

service of friendship, dropped from his hand. The great genius, the high-souled poet, the burning champion of all that was beautiful and true, the ardent apostle of humanity, died on the 9th of May. I have no words at my command to paint the pathos of his last days, the mourning of his contemporaries, the loss to the world. One touch only of his last moments let me record. Sick unto death, he was fain to engage his sister-in-law in a conversation about the best mode in which to cultivate the loftiest powers of man! True to the end to the high mission which spiritualized his life.

The Leipzig Fair was at its height in this tragic month of May; and Cotta, bound for the Fair, had the sad and memorable privilege of visiting his dying client on his way from Tübingen to Leipzig. To the end fortune favoured Cotta. To Goschen that source of retrospective solace was denied.

The German publishers, booksellers, and printers have erected in Leipzig for their own use a splendid edifice, the "Börsen-Verein der Deutschen Buchhändler," an exchange for all engaged in the book-trade, a gathering-place for the living, a storehouse for interesting mementoes of the past. In one of its galleries the visitor will find in close proximity two busts, one of Goschen, the other of Cotta—the one, of a generous, helpful friend-in-need to Schiller in his earlier, struggling days; the other, of his bountiful Providence on his path from triumph to triumph. In their lifetime strenuous and jealous competitors for the patronage of Germany's most famous poets, they now peacefully share the regard of those who have come after them, as great and conspicuous figures in the annals of their honourable calling.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WIELAND.

1798-1805.

WE left Wieland, in a previous chapter, rejoicing in the completed purchase of his little estate, happy at the approaching end of his patient labours in polishing and revising the vast mass of his writings, and hailing Goschen, his staunch friend of the iron nerve, as his patron saint. There follows a chequered story of blissful days at Osmanstädt, of active authorship, of embarrassed finances, and of occasional discontent. As my grandfather had foreseen, the meshes of indebtedness soon entangled the old author, to whom the mere thought that a poet should write for money was extremely odious and oppressive.

Apart from financial difficulties, the first years spent in his "elysium" were very bright. His hopes of the refreshing influences of rural joys and patriarchal occupations were not disappointed, and, to use his own language, he revelled in communing with the spirits of the wise, and living among the poets of antiquity. His social wants, too, were amply met. Welcome sympathetic friends looked him up in his retreat. His *Osmantinum* being close to Weimar, the great personages of the town gladly showed that

they did not forget one of its most distinguished citizens. The reigning Duke and Duchess, and above all, his faithful benefactress, the Dowager Duchess Amalia, paid pleasant visits to him in the shady groves of which he was delightfully proud. Men of letters felt honoured by becoming his guests, and enjoying the flow and life of his rich conversation.

But the visit which gave Wieland rapturous pleasure beyond all others, was the coming to his new home, in the summer of 1799, of Frau von Laroche, his oldest friend and his first love. They had not met for thirty years, but their mutual attachment was deep and strong. Frau von Laroche brought a peculiar atmosphere of intimate sympathy, of thorough understanding, as well as brightness and brilliancy, to the house of her happy host. And with her came her granddaughter, Sophie Brentano, a most interesting girl of twenty-four, steeped in what I may call romantic intelligence, *schwärmerisch*, but withal of a clear and subtle intellect. She at once became the darling, the favourite companion, of the aged but still poetical man.

Frau von Laroche has left a very picturesque account of her stay at Osmanstädt, and the patriarchal, simple, cheerful life she found there. She revelled in the sight of Wieland and his wife surrounded by seven children and four grandchildren, basking in the unclouded sunshine of warm family love. But the red-letter day of her stay was that on which Goethe paid Wieland an impromptu visit. "He came to share our midday soup with us in a friendly way." A spectator full of enthusiasm and sensibility, she rejoiced in the sight of the two illustrious authors in lively converse together, "like two allied great spirits,

meeting thus in simple fashion, without ceremony or the fuss of expectation, and calling each other by the brotherly *Du*."

But a sad doubt hung like a cloud over this happy life in Wieland's earthly paradise. Would gross financial difficulties ultimately drive him from it? The answer evidently depended on the fertility and value of his pen, and a creeping and pathetic sense of uneasiness as to his literary position began to beset him—an uneasiness which betrayed itself in extraordinary sensitiveness in his relations with his publisher, as he was morbidly on the watch for any signs of waning confidence in the marketable estimate of what he wrote. The reception of his revised Works was not such as to indicate that his reputation had been enhanced. His extraordinary industry in recasting his writings was not sufficiently acknowledged. Goschen's typographical triumph overshadowed Wieland's tireless labours on revision, and possibly he grew a little sore at this distribution of public favour.

Early in 1798 the fifth volume of the supplements was sent to Leipzig; and now fresh, original work was taken up again. Two projects out of several which chased each other through Wieland's brain, were to the fore—*Conversations tête-à-tête* (*Gesprache unter vier Augen*) and a work to be called *Agathodæmon*. But Goschen's attitude towards them cannot have been very encouraging, for we find Wieland admitting to him that he quite appreciated the necessity of hanging back with any costly speculations in view of the disastrous political outlook, and the consequent utter stagnation of all trade. He hoped that the peaceful rural environments of Hohenstädt might

drive away the cares of a business man involved in great undertakings in most perilous days.

Possibly Goschen saw just a shade of suggestion in this letter—a hint that Wieland feared he could no longer rely on his support; for a few days afterwards he informed the anxious author that he was disposed to print two more volumes of the *Collected Works* by Easter, 1799. Wieland at once assigned the two works mentioned above to form their contents.

How far Goschen may have been pleased, it is hard to say. Cares and sorrows beset him in the autumn. He lost a child in November; Jette was ill, her father had lately died; the winter 1798–99 was unprecedentedly severe, and the snow so deep that Goschen could not get from Grimma to Leipzig. His own health was bad, and the book-trade could not be worse. He passed through a spell of great depression.

One solace my grandfather had. He admired *Agathodæmon* even to excess. He described it to Böttiger as “the finest product of German literature,” and, in spite of all disappointed hopes of profit, he was proud to publish it. The author himself declared it to be, in more senses than one, the best and most important of his works. “Thus, so my guardian angel tells me, posterity will judge of it, with whatever indifference it may be received at the moment.”

As might be expected, urgent appeals for money soon followed. In February, 1799, Wieland drew a bill on Goschen, with many apologies. He “plagued him most unwillingly, because he knew that Goschen was plagued himself.” “Only help me over this last

decade of the century, and all will be right." A month later he found he had not asked enough. He must have the honorarium for the thirty-first and thirty-second volumes within six days. He was unspeakably sorry to be such an incubus on Goschen, but what could he do? Only let his friend leave him this consolation, that it was not his (Wieland's) fault that he had fared so badly with his works, and that he could not write stories like Lafontaine, Cramer, and many others, who so "bewitch the public, that it could not enjoy anything besides the brain-excrements of these gentlemen."

In the summer (1799) Wieland's thirty-second volume, besides the fifth of the supplemental series, was published, and, on the 15th of July, when the vast undertaking was well-nigh complete after so many years of toil, anxiety, and varying hopes and fears, Wieland wrote Goschen one of the most notable letters of the whole correspondence—a letter in most striking contrast to his former jubilant utterances. He felt a certain sense of injury, and he no longer concealed his grievance. Goschen's typographical ambition and fancies had made the enterprise unprofitable to author and publisher alike.

"You ask me, dear friend, whether I am content with the fifteen thalers which you will pay me for each sheet. Why should I not be quite content with it, as my shares stand so very low with the public at present? You know that from the very beginning of this publication of my Collected Works, which you undertook with more courage and good will than with a presentiment of the result (although warned by me more than once), I left it to you to fix the amount of the honorarium. That the speculation might have been carried through more advantageously to yourself and perhaps for me, you will now, I doubt not, admit

yourself. Your lively mind and excellent heart led you to hope too much from our nation. You strove for the highest perfection in your art; you sacrificed your own interests to the sentiment and the desire to do something for a nation which is no nation, and has no national feeling. The King of Prussia, one of the wisest and worthiest Princes who ever lived, paid me a very great compliment a few days ago, meant for you, to the effect that the *édition de luxe* of my Works was such an honour to the German nation! But of twenty of his rich noblemen in Silesia, there will hardly be one who will buy a copy of this costly edition for the sake of this temporary honour."

Wieland then curses the Latin type on which Goschen had insisted. It had damaged the edition. Men and women of all classes declared they preferred the German. And the "infernally smoothness" of the paper (on which Goschen had greatly prided himself) enhanced the price and hurt the eyes.

"I write you all this, dear Goschen, not as if I were not perfectly satisfied with the noble way in which you have acquired the proprietary rights to all my works (the quiet and exclusive possession of which I could not even guarantee you, as a German author unprotected by legislation). God is my witness that I am only too convinced that you have probably been generous to me to your own detriment, but I am pained that just in the case of one of my best works, you begin to be so economical that you think it would be to your hurt if you printed a few hundred copies without marking them as parts of *Wieland's Collected Works*."

Many pages continue the exposition of this apparently well-founded grievance, but it was the significance attached by Wieland to Goschen's economical procedure which caused the pain.

"I can only deeply deplore that I have already outlived myself, and that matters have gone so far

with me that *you*—once so very enthusiastic, only too enthusiastic, an admirer of the products of my brains—you who have risked so many thousands on my writings—would not risk the cost of the changes necessary for these separate copies! I do not know how the decline of my credit and of my favour with the reading *popello* could have been brought home to me in more striking fashion, and I now see very clearly that for the present we should rest satisfied with the thirty-two volumes.* Meanwhile I will be content, like the Greek flute-player of old, to play to the Muses and to myself."

The long letter closes with the warmest declarations of affection for Goschen. Wieland could not love him more if he were a brother or a son.

"I do not accuse you, but the inconstancy of all things human, and my *Kakodæmon*, who on this occasion could not help playing *Agathodæmon*, his natural foe, a trick."

Goschen's reply to this outburst of wounded pride and disappointment has not been preserved, but all his subsequent letters, both to Wieland and to Böttiger, reveal intense sympathy with the troubled author. How far he was able to meet his wishes as to the separate issue, I am unable to say. Happily, on the very day when Wieland despatched this melancholy effusion, Frau von Laroche and her granddaughter arrived, bringing with them that happy sunshine which I have described above, and under its genial warmth the poet's spirit soon revived.

But about six months later Wieland's vanity sustained another painful shock, though there were no real grounds for his sensitiveness. Goschen must have been startled indeed by the following opening to a letter from his friend:—

* This is exclusive of the supplements.

"How times have changed! Who of us two would have thought, seven or eight years ago, that a time would come, and come so soon, when you, my friend, whose most earnest wish it was to be my publisher, would, on the announcement of a fresh product of my brain, feel, and be compelled by force of circumstance to feel, the same as a father of thirteen children, living on scanty means, feels when his dear better half announces to him the approach of a fourteenth?"

And what was the matter? Wieland explained in a colossal letter. Goschen had written a play, and sent the manuscript to him for perusal and criticism. Wieland found the phrase in it: "Old authors write for money," and at once took the remark to himself. He concluded that Goschen's heart must indeed have been very full before such a phrase could have escaped him—and how knocked down his old friend, who verily was generally not deficient in delicacy, must have been, not to have felt that these words, written as they were by a publisher, would be taken by the author to be a little *avis au lecteur* which the said publisher, exhausted and checkmated by the enormous expense of a triple edition of the thirty-two volumes in quarto, great octavo, and small octavo, wished to emit.

"God forbid that I should do you injustice! but I can find no other explanation, and, what is more, I can't be vexed with you if my fertility begins to be a burden to you. Only you will admit that it is sad for me to have lived to see such a time."

Wieland then comes out with his reason for putting so uncomfortable an interpretation on what was only an *obiter dictum* of the publisher in a play. Goschen had been informed by Böttiger that Wieland had a very fine piece of work on hand, *The Letters*

of *Aristippus*, but had received the news without comment. The clear and disagreeable inference to be drawn from this significant silence, together with the whole tone of the contents of Goschen's letters, seemed palpable to Wieland: the publisher thought his work inopportune, and it could not even be mentioned to him without frightening him. And such a work! "Even you," Wieland naïvely wrote to Goschen, "would admit that it is the crowning point of all my works, and that fifty years of my poetic life were necessary to render me capable of writing thus."

Though Wieland said that the production could not be mentioned to Goschen without frightening him, he did mention it, and he wrote many pages, setting out the conditions on which he must insist if Goschen published the book.

Wieland's impression that such a publication was not particularly welcome to Goschen at this juncture, was correct; but this was simply due to the publisher's financial straits. A few weeks before he received Wieland's plaintive letter, he had written to Böttiger—

"I am now often sorry that I cannot support Wieland with something considerable. I gladly share with him what I have. But what will you say when I assure you that I have a landed property unencumbered, a printing establishment unencumbered, no inconsiderable business, and two thousand thalers outstanding in my ledgers, and notwithstanding, am anxious as to finding the needful money for my household expenses till Easter! No bookseller has been able to pay, because all money has been locked up. All have to take the most frightful precautions on account of the bill transactions in which they have been engaged. Whence, then, can money

be got? It is a horrible time, and one must have patience. My messing about as an author [he was writing the play, a phrase in which had so troubled Wieland] has, for some weeks past, been my only draught of oblivion. It now appears as if the general feeling of apprehension was abating, as if the sky was clearing once more."

But when my grandfather had received Wieland's letter, with its mixture of pathos and business, poor as he was at the moment, he did not hesitate. On the 8th of January (1800) he wrote to Böttiger, the confidant of the author's grievance—

"Our worthy friend has done me wrong. He accuses me of coldness toward his works for reasons which I could easily have removed if he had once mentioned the misunderstanding to me. My letter must have quieted him. Even if *Aristippus* were not half so beautiful as you describe it to be, I would have printed it with pleasure.

"I think our friend would really be glad, if, instead of the little gain I have made by his works, I had become rich on them. Certainly, this would not have been to his disadvantage, but can we change the times?

"However this may be, I will publish *Aristippus*, and will gladly pay Wieland as much as I can. Only trust me."*

Goschen pacified Wieland by assenting to all his conditions, and the latter thanked him effusively for the kind and friendly way in which he had received his rather ill-humoured letter, and had met all his wishes.

But Goschen, notwithstanding the merits of the book, may have heaved a sigh. Times did not mend in the year 1800, as he had expected. War continued

* During the next two or three years the four parts of *Aristippus* appeared from my grandfather's firm as part of the Collected Works.

to rage, as Pitt had rejected overtures which Bonaparte had made after the establishment of the Triple Consulate at the end of 1799. The execration of Pitt's policy arose from the depths of disappointment into which Germany was plunged at the prolongation of hostilities. The following passage from a letter of Wieland to Goschen (18th July) shows how the war, supposed to bring wealth to England and the Indian Empire, and destruction to German trade, was viewed by the leading, and usually the most level-headed, political writer in North Germany—

“Bonaparte, and the whole French nation earnestly wish for peace. Of this there can be no doubt. The man who does not wish for it, and who finds his salvation only in an everlasting war, is Pitt, the most terrible *flagellum Dei* who has ever chastised the human race since Attila. However, God willing, peace there will be, whether he likes it or no; all signs point that way.”

The letter closes with a further gloomy picture. The seasons had been out of joint as well as politics. Never in his life had Wieland had a similar experience.

Thus, when he sat down to write!—At such moments depression overcame him. But other evidence certifies to his general cheerfulness, to his liveliness, and especially to the intellectual vigour with which he was at work on *Aristippus*, till the autumn came. Then a heavy, and for a time paralyzing, sorrow befell him. In May, 1800, Sophie Brentano had arrived at Osmanstädt on another visit, and an eye-witness has recorded how she influenced his *Aristippus* “like a Muse.” Even more than on her previous visit, her society inspired Wieland with ecstatic delight. One evening, as they sat in the

garden, she told him that she would like to stay with him till her death. "Until your death?" replied Wieland, somewhat indignantly. "That is a date too far removed for my wishes. Or do you think that I shall reach Methuselah's age? In that case you would at last die in my house from *ennui*." Sophie composed herself with an effort, and answered softly, "One says sometimes carelessly what one did not mean to say; but still there floats, one knows not whence, a little breeze into the Æolian harp of one's soul, and awakens strange notes."

Her foreboding was too soon to be fulfilled, and towards the end of September darkness fell on Wieland's ideal life. To Goschen, the most sympathetic confidant of his joys and sorrows, he sent the melancholy news on the 29th. Sophie Brentano had died of a mysterious disease of the nerves. "The most loveable and interesting girl whom this earth has ever borne." She had passed away.

"By her stay amongst us she bestowed on us a succession of days as in Paradise. What we have gone through and suffered, let your own fancy and your own heart tell. The shell which the angel who has fled from us has left behind, now rests in a quiet nook of my garden which she has hallowed."

To Frau von Laroche he wrote in still more emotional expansion, indeed, in language of passionate, transcendental melancholy. Even six months after Sophie's death, he told how by day all his walks took him to her grave under his trees, and how he saw her at night in rapturous dreams. She had become a true *vision béatifique* for him. One night she appeared to him in all her beauty, loveliness, and purity.

"With the deepest feeling I pressed her to my heart, and could say to myself, 'She lives, she whom thou didst believe to be dead, she lives!' Moved by a blissful sensation, such as I had never yet felt, I fell on my knees, and with tears of joy and outstretched arms thanked Heaven that she still lived."

But these sorrows of the soul, these overstrained agitations of Wieland's romantic spirit, were followed the next year by a sterner stroke of fate. His wife, who for thirty-six years had been "the serene happiness of his life," had long been ailing and causing him constant anxiety. During this time of suspense and trial, my grandfather's faithful sympathy and friendly support had been a tower of strength to Wieland, especially as he himself was unhappy about the state of his Jette's health. At last, in November, 1801, the end came, and Wieland wrote his friend a short, simple, human letter, such as any loving husband might write, free from all his usual fantastic hyperboles.

"When you receive this, the faithful companion of my life, who, for thirty-six years, only lived for me and my children, and whose worth I have no words to describe, will probably have been released from all her sufferings. She is dying. Oh, my friend, wish me patience and strength."

My grandfather was full of anxiety as to the effect on Wieland of his wife's death, and alarmed, not only by the effect of mental sorrow on Wieland's sensitive nature, but also by the certainty of coming financial troubles. Osmanstädt was a deplorable incubus. "Heaven grant that he may sell or let it! The cares of farming are not for him."

As soon as Wieland had sufficiently mastered the intensity of his great sorrow, he resumed work on

Aristippus with much enjoyment, though with but spasmodic industry ; and never in the hey-day of his most active authorship was he more enamoured of one of his creations than of this child of his old age. He had thought but shortly before that posterity would assign the palm to *Agathodæmon*. Now it was *Aristippus* which he thought his finest work. And his joy was great indeed when he learnt from Archenholtz that Klopstock, about whose verdict on his writings he had felt some uneasiness, as Klopstock's admirers were amongst his own detractors, had read his *Aristippus* with pleasure and interest.

Aristippus was a labour of love, but many projects simmered in Wieland's head to meet financial pressure. He had thought of writing Memoirs. He meditated the production, jointly with Böttiger and Jacobs, of a complete *Theatre of the Greeks*, in a German translation. He threw out other feelers to his publisher, for he himself had begun to realize that his beloved *Osmantimum* was crushing him, that his Muse could not save him, and that heroic measures were indispensable for his relief. He frankly told my grandfather that he could no longer bear the burden, and if he was still to live a few years for his friends, his family, and the world, he must be free from debt. The only way to bring this about was to sell part of his estate.

But buyers did not appear, and poor Wieland became very desperate. In the following December he informed Goschen that he was compelled to ask for an advance. Without an advance he could not do any successful work. His mind must be free, his spirit tranquil, especially in view of his delicate and excitable constitution. The favour of an advance must be

a necessary condition of "the engagements into which he was prepared to enter with him in respect of all the writings which had been under discussion." As it was, he was in Goschen's debt.

But, in the mean time, Wieland, urged by dire necessity, while delaying work on *Aristippus*, had been writing several smaller pieces, on the invitation of publishers who were bringing out pocket annuals. This was the origin of his *Pentameron von Rosenheim*, five little stories, afterwards increased to six,* which he distributed amongst three publishers, Cotta obtaining two, *Menander and Glycerion* and *Crates and Hipparchia*. Had not Herder, Schiller, and Goethe himself, shown him the way, by their honourable example, to contribute to pocket annuals? Iron necessity, thus he apologized to Goschen, had compelled Horace, on his own confession, to write poetry, and now compelled him to turn all the progeny which his old Muse might bear, into cash at once. Gruber relates how Wieland declared that he had been positively startled when Cotta offered him four hundred florins for the two tales, forgetting that he had written to Goschen about *Menander and Glycerion*, and been offered twice as much by him for such a contribution to a similar annual. Wieland, in his perturbation, had muddled his transactions, though aware, as his own letters amply prove, that he was not treating Goschen well.

My grandfather, needless to say, was seriously annoyed. Bombarded for advances, harried by complaints, worried by constant counter-proposals, he had given no sign of vexation, but, on the contrary, had abounded in a desire to please and help. But

* The collection was then called the "*Hexameron*."

Cotta!—Cotta now on the trail of Wieland,—Cotta with *Menander* in his hands! We can imagine that, justly or unjustly, the old passion may have been rekindled, and that sympathy with the necessitous author was, for a time, somewhat deadened in a recrudescence of violent jealousy. But on this occasion the fire did not burst into a blaze, nor did Wieland's figurative phrase, "I cannot bear the idea that misunderstandings, which a double pair of Greek men and women have occasioned between us, should be the grave of our friendship of many years," entirely pacify his irritated friend. But very shortly afterwards Wieland sent Goschen a great piece of news. A purchaser had been found willing to buy the whole estate of Osmanstädt for thirty thousand thalers, and, happily, this purchaser was a man who deeply respected Wieland, and was anxious, with delicate forethought, to meet all the wishes of the illustrious seller, knowing with what romantic longing he desired to feel assured that the hallowed spots where his dear ones had been buried, and where he hoped some day to be buried himself, would be devoutly cared for.

Wieland's farewell visit to his Osmanstädt was full of pathos; but if he left his rural elysium with a heavy heart, he was fortunate in being able to settle once more in Weimar, amongst his old friends, and he was much cheered by the warmth of his reception at his new home. Not only his old patroness, the Duchess Amalia, welcomed him back to her side, but Goethe, Herder, and Schiller yielded him the place of honour. In whatever aspect they might view the long series of his works, they saw in him the patriarch of literature, the survivor of famous

veterans. Death had been sadly busy in the ranks of such veterans during the year 1803. Gleim died on the 18th of January, Klopstock on the 14th of March, and, before the year closed, Weimar was destined to lose another of her heroes. Herder died on the 21st of December.

The sale of Osmanstädt, in the immense financial relief it brought him, was almost as happy an event in Wieland's life as its purchase. If the actual exodus was sad, he emerged a free man, clear of debts, and accordingly master of his own time. With less tact than Schiller displayed when the Danish gift emancipated him from publishers, he at once proclaimed his intention to Goschen to claim absolute freedom, even from his engagements, relating to projects which the latter had cordially taken up. With characteristic *naïveté* he wrote—

“That I should ever have committed myself to literary promises with fixed dates in my seventieth year is only another proof of the *étourderie* against which I have been obliged to struggle all my life.”

My grandfather did not like the letter, and sent a reply which Wieland thought had been written in a moment of hypochondria, and this is not unintelligible. The author had come under numerous engagements to him, had written meanwhile for other publishers, and now all that had been promised to himself was to be dropped. There was the offence. Wieland possibly expected congratulations, and received morbid reproaches instead. He endeavoured to explain and excuse himself. But his wordy apologies were really summed up in the explicit admission: Necessity knew no law. He had received advances from Goschen, and so he had offered him the

Theatre of the Greeks and other works. He had felt that he was promising more than he would probably be able to perform, but he had to help himself as best he could. Such was the situation when the sale of Osmanstädt had changed all. He was free.

"So, my dear Goschen, I must ask you to consider all the speculations and offers with which I troubled you some months ago as never made,—kindly to relieve me from all the liabilities arising from them, and to give me entire freedom as to what, as an author, I may do, or can do, in future."

He hoped, after all this explanation, that Goschen might view whatever in his proceedings had jarred on him in a milder light.

Goschen's answer cannot have been very satisfactory to Wieland, for the latter had again to fly to his armoury of semi-sportive classical forms of speech, to his *dæmons* and his Greeks, to appease his friend. He begged him to be assured once for all that nothing could be more painful to him than if such a harmless creature as the pretty flower-girl Glycerion should give the occasion to any evil *dæmon* to shake an old, proved, and hearty friendship through misunderstandings, distrust, or discontent.

Happily the cloud soon passed away, and left no trace of resentment behind. The proved friendship remained staunch.

Thus the period of Wieland's active literary career was closed. Relieved from the necessity to write, he almost ceased to write, and only one small volume of original work appeared after this date. Since the death of his wife and of Sophie Brentano, he was

much occupied with thoughts on death and immortality, on what lay beyond the grave, on alleged appearances of the dead to the living, and on the best attitude of mind for death, and he embodied some of his speculations in an interesting little volume—interesting as opening out Wieland's views on questions removed from the usual scope of his previous writings, though the ancients inevitably played some part in it. He described the book thus to my grandfather: "For some months past I have been busy with a little work entitled *Euthanasia; or, Conversations after Death*, suggested through a publication headed, *The real apparition of my wife after her death.*" Ruminating on the deep problems as to the most fitting mood in which the passage into the Beyond should be made, and convinced that the best way to die was for the soul to drop on to the bosom of the Infinite—just as the child drops on to his mother's bosom with fullest trust—and then to slumber away imperceptibly out of a life into which it will never awake again,—

"Why," he asks, "should we trouble ourselves in vain to draw aside the impenetrable curtain which conceals from us the life after death? It is true I do not see why in our weaker moments we should not be entitled to yield ourselves to the sweet dreams of the heart and the imagination, with the amiable Eliza Rowe,* or to listen, with Edward Young, to the loftiest anticipations of a spirit which climbs aloft above the world of the senses; but, of all that is *certain* to good

* Elizabeth Singer (1674-1737) married, in 1710, Thomas Rowe. Her *Friendship in Death, in Twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living* (1728), which was probably the work to which Wieland refers, passed through numerous English editions, and was translated into German in 1745. Klopstock frequently refers to her as "die göttliche Rowe" and "die himmlische und fromme Singer." (See *Die göttliche Rowe*, von Theodor Vetter, Zurich, 1894.)

men, what will always be *most certain* is, that they will not have deceived themselves if, in peaceful resignation, and as it were with closed eyes, they hope for the best till their last breath."

In a short preface to *Euthanasia*, the author propounds a fine creed as to the future of the human race, the sure progress of humanity, and the victory which *true* religion will achieve over the forces of darkness and superstition.

"The human race, however slow its ascending movement may be, will raise itself with ever-increasing swiftness from every stage to the next above, and in each it will divest itself of some hurtful prejudice, error, and abuse. Religion is the palladium of humanity, or rather religion itself is the purest, highest humanity, which stands upright of itself, and needs no supporting staff. Every period of darkness through which the human race has passed, has drawn round her heavenly form a gloomy mist which veiled her warmth and light. In the darkness, Superstition, *Schwärmerei*, Magic, Dæmonism, Monkery, and whatever be the name of the spirits which are the foes of humanity, put themselves in the place of religion, and worked in accordance with the laws of their nature. But as humanity again approached the source of light, Religion stepped forth again from the mist, and rose in company with the light, and will continue so to rise from one stage to another, till some day, in all her glorious beauty, she will shower down the whole fulness of her beautiful influences on our happy posterity."

So much that I have quoted in the course of my narrative from Wieland's letters and sayings, has savoured of allegorical and mythological extravagance, or of personal sentimentalism, that I gladly place before the reader this specimen of a broader and loftier view, especially as it is also in strong contrast with the general tone of the writings of that day.

Euthanasia was published by Goschen in 1804.

Towards the close of the same year Goschen paid a visit to Weimar. Böttiger rallied him on having "run after the Princess," the Grand-Duchess Maria Paulovna,* who had lately arrived. But Goschen replied—

"No, my good friend, that was not the case, though I have been in Weimar, and have spoken to Wieland about the forty-third volume of his writings,† which is to come out at Easter. I was delighted to find the old patriarch so well. He was the same as ever, cheerful and hearty.

"If you would like to know anything about the angel who has appeared in Weimar, ask Schiller, Wieland, and old Griesbach. All are enchanted. A fine education has spoilt neither her lofty dignity nor her naturalness, or rather her womanliness. She is as pure and strong as gold."

Great *fêtes* were arranged in her honour at Weimar. One of Schiller's last productions was written for the great occasion.

Notwithstanding Wieland's general abstention from active authorship, he frequently wrote to my grandfather on various topics. Of course the *Frauen-Journal*, to which he had given his name, furnished the occasion for sundry letters, for he felt that the public must hold him responsible for its conduct to a certain extent, and when articles appeared which sinned against his cherished canons of common sense, or were deformed by a supernatural element, he

* *Vide* Chapter XXVIII. p. 252.

† Goschen speaks here of a forty-third volume of Wieland's writings. The original edition of thirty volumes, six supplemental volumes, *Agathodæmon*, *Conversations tête-à-tête*, four volumes of the *Letters of Aristippus*, and one of *Euthanasia*, appear to make up this total. Besides these he had written thirty volumes of translations.

earnestly remonstrated both with Rochlitz, the editor, and with Goschen. The tendencies of the Schlegels continued to excite his violent condemnation. He scented Romanizing æsthetics, Romanticism, sporting with ghosts and apparitions, and an infectious leaning to tragedies of doom. He hoped the *Frauen-Journal* would escape all such contamination. But it did not, and after a violent outburst to Goschen, as to the sins of an article by a fair young authoress in the very first number, he denounced with yet greater force an article in the second series for which he held Rochlitz himself responsible. He saw in the story papistical tendencies, and even an attack on Luther. He was so outraged at this inroad of the spirit of superstition into a publication which bore his name, that he requested Goschen to omit it in the future from the title-page. Ultimately, however, feeling that this course would be very prejudicial to Goschen, and very painful to Rochlitz, he withdrew his resignation in a good-humoured letter; but to his last days, though only an ex-minister, as it were, in the republic of letters, he continued to defend it with such authority as he could still command, against the insidious or open foes of the sacred cause of enlightenment.

Only one further piece of literary work was taken up by Wieland between 1805 and 1813 (the year of his death). During the darkest days of Germany's fortunes he solaced himself by translating *Cicero's Letters*. A certain parallelism between the period when the Roman orator carried on his own vain struggle against Cæsarism, and the portentous subjugation of Europe to an Imperial master, attracted him to a task which diverted his mind to events outside of the tragic development of Germany's

humiliation, while at the same time it derived additional interest from the suggestive analogies which it continually presented.

The last letters in my possession which passed between Wieland and Goschen, close the long story of their relations in a pathetic vein. Part of the *Hexameron*, the "double pair of Greek men and women," which had troubled their friendship in 1803, had been reprinted by Goschen, and he owed an honorarium for the reprint. In 1811, when payment was due, my grandfather, in common with other publishers and traders, was at the last gasp of financial life—his resources completely locked up. Thus he fell in arrear to his old friend, and the latter, not less pressed for money, felt obliged to urge for payment. A question arose as to when the last fifty thalers of the honorarium could be sent. On this Wieland moralized—

"What times have passed over us! Who of us could have imagined fifteen years ago that a time would come when fifty thalers would be a serious object to either of us?"

But it had come to that—a sample case of private ruin in the days of Germany's tribulation—a famous author of seventy volumes, and a publisher of high renown, wondering who of the two would most conveniently be able to spare the equivalent of a ten-pound note! But this is to forestall the history of those terrible years.

CHAPTER XXX.

POLITICS AND WAR.

1804-1808.

THE main features of my grandfather's activity during the last three years of the eighteenth century, and the first five of the nineteenth, have now been described. The majority of his famous publications, of which I have told the story, and which raised the reputation of his firm to the highest point between 1801 and 1805, belonged to collections or series devised and commenced before or during the year 1797. The respite allowed for the revival of commercial prosperity after the Peace of Campo Formio, concluded in that year, had been too brief, too disturbed by apprehensions, to encourage Goschen to seek openings for further enterprise. Then followed the fresh declaration of war by Austria against France, and campaigns lasting two years, which once more ended disastrously for the Austrian arms. The reader will recall that it was in this stage of the great wars that Marengo was fought in Italy and Hohenlinden in Germany. Hard pressed in 1799 in various quarters, the French were invincible in 1800, and the Peace of Lunéville—that peace which Schiller refused to celebrate in song—put the seal on their victories.

Plentiful offers of manuscript were made to

Goschen during the war, but, though they were in the main refused, the declaration of peace nevertheless found his presses and his capital as fully occupied as he thought wise. So much work initiated before still remained to be completed. And indeed the peace, for which he had so ardently prayed, did not betray him into any extensive or over-sanguine speculations. Having reached the height up which he had climbed with eager and rapid strides, he felt that he could move with greater caution. His contract with Wolf in 1802 for the whole of his Homeric writings, to be issued in many separate editions, was the one instance in this period which recalls the daring policy of his earlier years. But the interval between 1801 and the renewed outbreak of hostilities in 1805 may be regarded as the period of his greatest prosperity, notwithstanding inevitable disappointments and anxieties. In these years, it may be said, he had reached the summit of his fortunes. If his capital remained small and inadequate for any considerable expansion of his business, his ambition had been satisfied, his name stood high as a publisher, and especially high as a printer; and, happy in his home, happy in his friendships, he seemed to have reached a stage when he might look forward to a prolonged period of success and content. But any hopes for a durable peace were doomed to disappointment. Times of deeper gloom than had yet been experienced were at hand. The unparalleled disasters which fell on Germany between 1805 and 1813—the incubus of French supremacy with its ruthless system of exactions, ubiquitous espionage, irresponsible tyranny, and endless levies—destroyed every source

of commercial activity, and carried ruin into almost every home.

Many events in the years 1803 and 1804 were full of grave significance for Germany. War had once more broken out between England and France. The unprovoked attack by Napoleon on Switzerland, the continued occupation of Holland by French troops in defiance of treaty stipulations, the annexation of Piedmont, the new Government imposed on the Cisalpine Republic, the erection of the kingdom of Etruria—were so many signals to statesmen who could read their meaning, that the independence of no continental state was secure, and that Napoleon had not abandoned his dreams of conquest and universal dominion. But to Germany, in particular, a special warning had been given. The Electorate of Hanover, subject to the King of England, but yet a German state, indeed an integral part of the Germanic empire—a country, too, of great strategic importance—was invaded, conquered, and kept by the French. Napoleon's prolonged coquetting with Prussia, whom, as previously mentioned, he attempted to seduce by the bait of the cession of that very Electorate which he had thus seized, was not of a character to reassure the smaller principalities, or to leave Austria indifferent. What could be thought of his closing German rivers, the Elbe and the Weser, to British ships?—of his levying contributions on the Hanse towns, and occupying Hamburg with French troops? Was not the neutrality of Germany being ostentatiously violated in every direction? Nor could Napoleon's arrogant contempt for German susceptibilities be more cynically exhibited than by the

seizure, at his order, of Sir George Rumbold, the English Minister at Hamburg, within the territory of that Free City, just as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien showed to what degree his reckless disregard of the forms and requirements of justice and of the dictates of humanity, would assert themselves wherever his power reached.

More menacing than all to the independence of Germany was the scheme of the Confederation of the Rhine, of which Napoleon laid the foundations when in Mainz in the autumn of 1804. The smaller German states were, to all intents and purposes, to become vassals of France. Well might the trading classes in Germany begin to contract their obligations and prepare for the inevitable catastrophe!

Under such circumstances the Leipzig Michaelmas Fair of 1804 was gloomy in the extreme. Goschen, with his whole capital engaged, was bound to shorten sail. Especially he felt that all Greek and Latin productions were "shod with lead." What chance had such literature amidst the roar of cannon? The outlook seemed blacker even than in the terrible summer of 1796. He complained to Böttiger—

"What scholar has money now? With famine prices, and with the present position of Lower Saxony—now our only refuge, since the Rhine regions are lost to us,—learned works are worth nothing.

"The Fair for us publishers is worse than it has ever been before. All intellectual works have to pass the Censorship in Austria over again, and are generally prohibited. Besides, the rate of exchange of their paper-money prevents all trade in foreign books throughout the Imperial states. A book which costs twelve thalers in Leipzig, has to be sold in Vienna at eighteen; so of course it is pirated. It is

difficult work indeed to be a man of business now, and to have to hand over all the profits to one's work-people so that they may buy bread which is now so dear."

Other traders were suffering besides booksellers and publishers, and foreign competition was denounced then, as now. Goschen continued—

"Merchants, too, complain loudly of the Fair, and yet I have never seen so many Russian and Hebrew waggons unloading. It is the English and French who have done well. In my own street house after house had labels of French watches. In one house there were three labels of three different makers. Saxon manufacturers are totally ruined by Frenchmen and Englishmen, as they cannot compete with their prices. At the next meeting of the Diet pray recommend B——'s * book on currency and exchange."

It is noticeable that English goods should have been able to compete with Saxon manufacture at this time, seeing that the Elbe and the Weser were closed to English ships. Other routes, however, though possibly expensive, were still open. Austria, notwithstanding some years of peace, was still suffering desperately as to its currency as compared with Saxony, which, thus far, had not been overrun by a conquering force.

A complete failure of the grain crop, followed by famine prices, filled the cup of Germany's distress this year. Goschen reported—

"As a farmer, I can tell you that in our neighbourhood a bushel of seed has only yielded two bushels of crop. This has made produce extremely dear, especially as Thuringia and Prussia are in the same state."

With the winter of 1804-5 the political horizon became darker and darker. Napoleon, now crowned

* B—— in the original. The author's name was Büsch.

Emperor, showed his hand more clearly from week to week. His triumphal progress through Italy, his entry into Milan amid splendid *fêtes*, his assumption of the iron crown of Lombardy, the incorporation of Genoa with France,—deepened the conviction that war would be the only alternative if the French yoke was not to be imposed on all Europe. England had at last persuaded Russia of the common danger. Austria, crushed beneath her financial difficulties, hung back as long as possible, but England finally succeeded in forming another coalition in 1805. The die was cast, and Austria and Russia prepared for war. Germany, torn by various cupidities and rivalries, was in part neutral—but with a neutrality which the arrogance of Napoleon entirely failed to respect when its violation furthered his strategic movements—and in part was actually found on the side of the French. The Elector of Bavaria, after long hesitation, had finally thrown in his lot with the foreign invader. Prussia, still tempted by the bait of Hanover, was negotiating conventions with Napoleon, while the armies which he had concentrated on the shores of the Channel for the invasion of England, were hastened to the Rhine to meet and forestall the Austrian attack. Such were the conditions as regards her principal German-speaking neighbours under which Austria embarked on that struggle. The end came with disastrous rapidity. On the 18th of October, 1805, the capitulation of Ulm inaugurated that series of defeats and humiliations which laid Austria and with it nearly all Germany at the feet of Napoleon. Three days afterwards, on the 21st of the same month, when the era of despair had just opened for the Continent, Great Britain saved

her own independence and her power to come to the rescue of Europe by the victory of Trafalgar.

Whilst these stupendous events were in progress, Saxony, a small power hemmed in by what had been powerful neighbours, naturally trembled for her fate. The position of publishers was deplorable. Goschen, writing in October, 1805, described his own sad plight. Nothing could be done till peace was restored. In his office he was bombarded by unwelcome friends who insisted on bringing him warlike tidings; in the streets he was besieged with complaints of the Fair; when he got home, with lamentations about the price of provisions. How could a publisher's business proceed when no one could tell that the country to which his books might be sent, might not next be laid waste? So he would lay his hands in his lap till peace returned, and venture on nothing fresh beyond the work which, unhappily, he had already undertaken for the Easter Fair, and which, burdensome as it was, must be carried through. "Our Elector, I hear, is to be made King of Poland. Pray recommend me as his Court printer in Warsaw, so that I may escape from the book-trade, and wear my grey hairs with honour."

Wieland wrote to him from Weimar in equally low spirits. War he considered had become unavoidable, and he expected nothing good resulting from the new coalition. He feared the light-headed spirit of the times, but thanked God that the head of the King of Prussia at least was not shaky. "His firmness is our salvation." Apparently Wieland admired the firmness which resisted the rising tide of patriotism clamouring for war. A few days later, Wieland had

seen the Russian Emperor, Alexander I., who, being in Germany, engaged on his great mission of rallying its sovereigns to the policy of the coalition, had come to Weimar to see his daughter, the Crown Princess. The poet extolled Alexander in most flowery language to his Leipzig friend, and described his extraordinary power of fascination. Every one whom he had seen had worshipped him, and if only a hundred thousand men could see him, he would have a hundred thousand soldiers. If he travelled through Europe, he could acquire as many subjects as he might wish. "Oh that Heaven had chosen this great and high-minded man to secure soon, and with the least cost possible to suffering humanity, a permanent peace!" But the spectre of defiant, unapproachable England again affrighted him, and without a break in the sentence in which he hailed the Russian Emperor as a possible saviour, he proceeded—

"That for the sake of England's convenience Germany should be completely ruined, is an idea which only a narrow-minded Englishman could quietly endure. That nothing can be accomplished by *force* against Napoleon's genius and fortune seems to be the general opinion. May they not deceive themselves who think the reverse!"

The optimists *were* deceived! When Wieland wrote these letters the capitulation of Ulm, which shook the very foundation of the coalition, had not yet taken place. But the situation became graver from week to week, and Napoleon more irresistible, and the inhabitants of Leipzig with gloomy forebodings witnessed the passage of vast bodies of the troops which the Russian Emperor in person was bringing to the assistance of the Austrians.

Goschen was heavy at heart as to the consequences of this visit to "us Saxons." "What can come of it?" What Goschen had seen of the allied troops had not inspired him with confidence. He wrote to Böttiger—

"Soldiers who elect their own officers from amongst themselves up to the rank of captain—that means the bravest and cleverest,—and who are inspired by the thought that they pave their way to promotion by heroism—such soldiers must defeat armies where officers are simply the sons of their mothers, and have not worked their way up, and having starved for twenty years, must be moved up by seniority alone. These pedagogues, when their hair has grown grey, are to lead their soldiers against dashing generals of forty! Grey-heads against men! What is to come of it?"

My grandfather had the answer to his question before the ink of his letter was dry. The news of the battle of Austerlitz, in which the Russian and Austrian armies were annihilated, reached Leipzig on that very day (December 8, 1805).

But Goschen imagined that the very fact of great successes might keep Napoleon from further invasion.

"However, do not be too much alarmed as yet! I don't believe that Napoleon will come to Saxony. He is as clever as he is brave, and I don't think he will go so far as to risk the loss of his conquests. Alexander is the brother-in-law of the Bavarian prince. He would not be displeased if the Bavarian should be made a king. In the depths of Alexander's heart there is no love for the family of the Austrian dynasty, on account of his sister who died in Hungary.

"And Prussia? Who can fathom that Ministry? Who can consider them to be wanting in cleverness? Do you believe that if Russia and Austria are beaten, Prussia will take the burden of the conflict on her

shoulders alone? I think not. I think we shall keep peace."

The publisher's hopes for the preservation of peace were too soon dispelled, but even while he hoped, he wanted every man to do his duty by way of precaution. Apparently the Saxon nobility, in these threatening days, were hanging back as regards their purses; for Goschen urged Böttiger to suggest to that nobility that it was an easy task to vote what the citizens and the peasants should contribute, if one was not compelled to contribute one's self.

"But if the patriotic nobility (*Ritterschaft*) were to make patriotic contributions, no honest Saxon would leave his country and his prince in the lurch. The peasant and the idle townsman should fight with arms, and the nobles should open their cashboxes and their granaries. Thus might Saxony maintain her independence, and make herself feared on the Prussian side. By no other means can she expect salvation."

Notable words in this sense, that ordinary Saxon citizens did not share that desire to throw in their lot against their powerful northern neighbour, on which Napoleon always pretended to rely, and which has often been laid at their door. I believe that in Saxony, as is well known to have been the case in Prussia, the dealings of the sovereign and Cabinet with the French, ran counter to the great current of popular sentiment.

Goschen was distraught between his anxiety for the independence of Saxony—to be secured by an armed people and by the sacrifices of her men of wealth—and his deep regard for the head of the State, on whom the fetters of Napoleon's power already lay.

"I know that our most excellent Prince, unspeakably honest as he is, is bound, and cannot stir. He will enjoy greater immortality in the eyes of

posterity than those who play the part of the great Alexander and acquire a doubtful reputation in history. The man who does not make his own people happy, and, in small things as in great, promote their prosperity, is not a man whom posterity will count among the great."

Goschen doubted whether, after the defeat of the Russians and Austrians, Prussia would take the burden of conflict on her shoulders alone. The Prussian Cabinet desired no such hopeless task. But fierce indignation had begun to stir the army and a portion of the people, under the inspiration of Queen Louise, at the ignoble part which Prussia had so far played, and the tide of events was too strong for the party of peace without honour. Negotiating when Russia and Austria could have fought at her side, Prussia herself was driven to fight when Russia and Austria had succumbed at Austerlitz, and when the Peace of Pressburg, which followed on that battle, had laid a great part of the Continent helpless at the feet of France. Sometimes cajoled, often duped, always treated with contempt, Prussia too late discovered her gigantic mistake, and for a time paid the penalty with her national existence for the cupidity with which her Government had hankered after Hanover, and been bought by indemnities at the expense of smaller states. The people of Berlin felt that their Government was being degraded, that the French empire was closing in upon them, and that war had become the only alternative to national dishonour, nay, even to their extinction as an independent power. The Confederation of the Rhine had become a reality. Bavaria and Würtemberg, on whose princes Napoleon placed a royal crown, Baden, and many other smaller

principalities, were bound to France hand and foot. French despotism had been firmly established as a paralyzing force over the greater part of Europe. There was nothing for it but to declare war.

What French dominion, what French protection, might mean, was made painfully clear to Germany and Europe, by a deed of blood, by a terrible event which illustrated the spirit in which French rule might assert itself over peaceable citizens. If in 1804 the great world, princes and statesmen, nobles and generals throughout Europe, were startled into horror by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien,—the people everywhere shuddered with indignation when, in August, 1806, they learnt that a simple citizen, a humble bookseller, living in one of the Free Cities of the German Empire, had been illegally murdered by orders declared to have been issued direct from Paris. What such an atrocity meant to all who were engaged in the book-trade—whether publishers or booksellers—when the circumstances attending this murder became known, it is easy to conceive.

Palm, a bookseller at Nüremberg, was shot by Marshal Berthier's command, and fell, a bloody witness to the degradation and impotence of Germany. He was a partner in a firm trading under the name of Stein, which had forwarded a pamphlet, entitled *Germany in its deepest Humiliation* to another firm in Augsburg. The contents, as a whole, were not very striking, but included some bitter home-truths, very plainly expressed, about Bonaparte's tyranny and the conduct of the French troops in Bavaria. As for Palm, he maintained to his last hour that he knew of it only as a "parcel to be forwarded," and had remained entirely ignorant of its

nature. A copy of the pamphlet was sent by the Augsburg firm as a literary novelty to a German pastor, and fell into the hands of some French officers who were quartered on him and who understood German. By this means the French authorities got hold of it, and they declared it to be seditious. Their police agents, specially organized for foreign service, who under various disguises were scouring Germany, with or without the connivance of the Governments in occupied or "protected" states, soon scented out that the pamphlet had been forwarded to Augsburg by the Stein firm. Palm immediately demanded a judicial inquiry at the hands of the Nüremberg authority charged with the supervision of the book-trade. This demand was peremptorily refused, and the investigation was transferred to Munich, where the French ambassador, Otto, was stationed. Palm hastened to Munich himself, but, on hearing by a letter from his wife that his house had been visited by four strangers who had made inquiries for the pamphlet, and had searched the premises from floor to floor, but had departed on finding nothing,—returned to Nüremberg. The fact of his name being different from that of the firm of which he was a partner, possibly saved him from immediate arrest.

The news that the Augsburg publisher had been seized caused Palm to keep his whereabouts secret. But the ingenuity of the French agents in this German town was not to be baffled. A poor boy presented himself in Palm's place of business with a testimonial from men of good position, and begged for a little help for a soldier's widow. He earnestly pressed to see Palm himself. The bookseller, innocent of suspicion, admitted the boy, and gave him

some money. The boy had hardly disappeared when two French gendarmes burst into Palm's room and carried him off to the French general. They had surprised him by this trick. The prisoner was cross-questioned by the general. His account of himself was clear and consistent. The pamphlet had been sent to him in the ordinary way of business from beyond the border, with the direction "to be forwarded," without the specification of a title, and, according to the custom of the book-trade, in sealed packets. But he refused to reveal who the senders had been. This refusal settled his fate. Without change of clothes, he was sent off to Marshal Bernadotte at Anspach. His demand for a hearing was refused, and the Marshal's adjutant declared that Palm's arrest was the result of a direct order from Paris. Bernadotte sent him on to Braunau, a fortress belonging to Austria under the Treaty of Pressburg, but not yet restored to her by the French. Here another marshal, Berthier, was in command. Meanwhile Palm's friends moved heaven and earth on his behalf. His wife sent a petition to the French ambassador at Munich, in which she proved that besides the packet sent to Augsburg not a single copy had been sold by the Stein firm. She received no reply. Similar representations were made to Marshal Berthier. They met with the curt answer, "There is nothing more to be done." The case was indecently hurried on. Palm was closely cross-examined, and in his simplicity firmly believed that he had proved his innocence and would be set free. He had not been shaken in his first declaration, and even in the pamphlet which was laid to his charge, no incitement to rebellion or assassination could be found.

But the court-martial pronounced sentence of death. The terms of the judgment asserted that he had been defended by counsel, but this is denied. The counsel whom he had asked for did not appear, and the Court assigned none to him. The proceedings were conducted through an interpreter. All this in the heart of Germany, the prisoner being the citizen of a Free City over which Napoleon, though he occupied it with troops, had no legal control, and in time of peace!

Four days after his arrival in Braunau, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the door of Palm's cell was opened. Still confident that his innocence had been established, he imagined that the officer came to announce his liberation. It was his sentence of death which was read to him. He had three hours more to live—he was to be shot at two. All entreaties to General St. Hilaire for a respite were in vain. "The Emperor alone," was the answer, "could grant a pardon if he were on the spot—it was the Emperor who had pronounced the sentence and had ordered its immediate execution."

French officers of position have declared that not Napoleon, but Berthier was the author of this judicial murder. Posterity may debate whether the Emperor or the Marshal was guilty of the atrocious deed; contemporary Europe saw in it an illustration of Napoleonic rule—a replica to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien!

Palm, the humble bookseller, died a martyr. Indignation and horror stirred foreign countries as well as Germany. In Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Hamburg, and other German cities, collections were made for the family of the victim; subscriptions were

opened in Russia and in Great Britain. From St. Petersburg the Czar and his mother sent contributions. In England we are specially told that the catastrophe made an indelible impression on Charles Fox. To the military portion of the German people the name of Palm was a fierce cry for bloody revenge.

The cup of indignation was now full to the brim. The Prussian war-party, led by the Queen and Prince Louis, could no longer be restrained. Alarm for the probable fate of the kingdom, if the humiliation put upon it were longer patiently endured, and the wrath of an insulted people, were equally potent factors in the decision at which the Prussian Government at length arrived. Her armies were mobilized, and now that the moment for action had arrived, went forth to battle with extraordinary confidence. But the rapidity with which Napoleon had crushed Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, was surpassed by the marvellously swift success of the military movements which achieved the annihilation of Prussian power at Jena.

Neighbouring Weimar, peaceful Weimar, linked with Jena by so many bonds of common literary interests and scholarly friendships, had to bear her share of the horrors attendant on a battle-field. The town was swept by the smoke of battle, and resounded with the roar of cannon. Shells exploded in the calm home of literature. Before night French soldiers filled the pleasant places where Goethe and Schiller and Wieland had walked and mused. With the approach of darkness discipline had ceased, and pillage was rampant in every quarter. Many houses

were in flames, and fugitives attempting to escape were maltreated in the streets. Many of the scholars and writers of Weimar and Jena passed through a terrible ordeal.

My grandfather reported the fate of some of his friends to Böttiger at Dresden—

“Wolf was not exactly happy, but kept up his courage. He has not been pillaged. But our worthy Schütz had all the worse luck. Reinhard got all his chattels away in good time. When he heard the first shot he drove off, and the French found his house empty—nothing but the walls. Schneider writes that he is on the brink of absolute ruin, in company with the greater part of his fellow-citizens—no salary, no income, no bread! Lafontaine has suffered horribly at the hands of the plunderers.”

But Wieland? In the midst of the terrible confusion, when discipline was for the time at an end amongst the soldiery, and the fate of nations was being determined by the generals, the safety of the “Voltaire of Germany,” as the French called him, was not forgotten. In that fearful night he was fortunately protected by chasseurs and hussars who were quartered in his house, and at seven o'clock in the morning of the following day Murat spontaneously sent him a safe conduct. Soon afterwards Marshal Ney came in Murat's name to announce to him that he stood under the immediate protection of the Emperor.*

While Napoleon hurried forward with extraordinary energy to overrun the territory of Prussia, and to reduce her fortresses, he reserved a different treatment for Saxony. As he had detached Bavaria and Würtemberg from the Germanic Empire, and

* Goethe, as is well known, was also treated with much consideration by the French marshals, after some rough treatment before they arrived.

had raised their princes to the rank of kings,—so he proposed to deal with Saxony. Friedrich August, the Elector, whose country, like Prussia, had been at peace for ten years, would dearly have liked to continue neutral when war between the Prussians and the French became inevitable. But the geographical situation and the weakness of Saxony rendered neutrality impracticable. The Elector hesitated as long as he could, but when the Prussians entered his territory, a final resolve became imperative, and he sent his troops, to the number of 20,000 men, to join the banners of the Duke of Brunswick.

Napoleon, in reply to this movement, took immediate steps for the furtherance of his own design. Issuing a proclamation, beginning with the words, "Saxons, the Prussians have invaded your territory : I have come to deliver you," he warned them of Prussia's alleged sinister designs, and that her triumph would reduce their country to the rank of a Prussian province. But the Saxons were committed, and Napoleon's exhortations did not prevent the Saxon troops from fighting against him with conspicuous bravery at Jena.

The victorious Emperor was not in the slightest degree turned from his policy by the hostile decision of the Elector and the action of his army. Immediately after the battle, true to his system of treating the smaller states with just so much consideration as might be compatible with the exigencies of his exchequer, with the execution of his ulterior designs, and with the application of that measure of severity which would suppress the first symptoms of hostile criticism or conspiracy,—Napoleon summoned to his presence the three hundred Saxon officers who

were his prisoners, addressed them in the most friendly language, played on their jealousy of their ambitious neighbours, and induced them to swear an oath of fidelity to the Confederation of the Rhine, to which Saxony was to be admitted.

Meanwhile the Elector, who had received, when at Dresden, the news of the Jena catastrophe, recognized at once that the fate of his country depended simply on the will of the conqueror. Saxony was lost. He resolved to escape to Prague: treasure and baggage were about to be removed, when a Saxon officer arrived from the French head-quarters with the message that the Emperor would not look on Saxony as a conquered country. But two conditions were peremptorily imposed: the Elector must remain in the country, and the remainder of his troops must be recalled from Prussia.

The Elector hesitated for a moment. But Napoleon would not suffer the slightest delay; his promises would be withdrawn unless the Saxon troops were at once recalled. On the other hand, the King of Prussia, with much consideration, rendered submission easier to Friedrich August by declaring that it was no longer in his power to protect Saxony. Thus the Elector accepted the conditions imposed, and on the 11th of December terms of peace were signed between France and Saxony. The latter entered the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Elector acquired the title of King.

If official and military circles in Saxony sympathized to a certain extent with the French, there is much evidence to show that a different spirit prevailed among the people. My grandfather faithfully represented a large portion of Leipzig bourgeois

opinion, when, even after the catastrophe of Ulm and on the eve of Austerlitz, he thought it the duty of Saxony to arm, with the intention of fighting side by side with the Prussian troops, as the only means of securing her independence as a nation.

While Napoleon's diplomacy was cajoling the Saxon officers with flattering language, and promising the Elector that Saxony should not be treated as an enemy's country, his executive methods were pleasantly illustrated by the proceedings of his marshals. Four days after the battle Davoust occupied Leipzig and issued the following forcible proclamation :—

“Your city is known throughout Europe as the principal depôt of English merchandize, and on that account as the enemy most dangerous to France. The Emperor commands that in four and twenty hours every banker, merchant, or manufacturer having in his possession any funds the *produce* of *English manufacture*, whether they belong to a British subject or a *foreign consignee*, shall declare their amount in a register appointed for that purpose. As soon as these returns are received, domiciliary visits will be made on all, whether they have declared or not, the register will be compared with the stock in hand, and any attempt at fraud or concealment will be punished by *military* execution.”

Rough indeed were the means by which Napoleon put an end to that competition with Saxon trade by English merchandize of which Goschen had complained at the previous Michaelmas Fair.

Ultimately Leipzig was forced to redeem her English merchandize by the payment of £400,000! And Saxony was required to find £1,000,000 as a

contribution for Napoleon's war-chest, of which sum Friedrich August, with that personal regard for his subjects which rendered him so dear to them, paid one-third out of his own purse. Once more was the wealth of Saxony drained into foreign coffers.

The fate of Saxony, and of Leipzig in particular, after the battle of Jena, and during the years when the iron hand of France directed its destinies and shared its resources, is illustrated by many passages in my grandfather's letters.

On December 10, 1806, he wrote to Böttiger that Leipzig was free from the outrages and atrocities from which Weimar had suffered, and that the endless columns of troops marching through kept good order and discipline. But he indulged in bitter reflections as to the fate of the prosperous city in other respects. He wrote—

“The mill in which so many nations have ground their corn, and from which the Elector draws the tolls (*das Mahlgeld*), can easily be destroyed permanently. The workmen in this mill were a jovial folk. Their outlay put profit into the pockets of many other people. They have been supposed to be richer than they are; they are credited with more than they have. In the Seven Years' War, Amsterdam, Genoa, Venice, Hamburg were able to borrow. Where are the Leipzigers to borrow now? Germany has had thirteen years of continuous war. As regards commerce or the book-trade it is not a war of two months. If the bow is drawn very tight, and drawn tighter again and again, it will snap. That is written in every history—it is the lesson of all times. God forbid that in our case the bow should now be drawn too tight!”

Goschen continued his letter thus—

“I am still living in a dead business. Since the

disastrous days of October the book-trade is closed. As an honest citizen I discharged my debts on pay-day. Money ought to have come in to me, but no one sends money, and borrowing is impossible. Too well off to allow my married composers and printers to beg, I kept them on in the hope that all payments to me would not cease. Now I am loaded with care in consequence."

Finally he exclaimed—

"Do you not know some post to which you could appoint me, if I should be obliged to close my career as a publisher next Fair? My own fortune will have pretty well vanished, and I shall certainly not put in other people's money with the risk of their losing it.

"Pray don't think I am cast down or without courage. I have a reserve in my breast which I have collected during my life. But I like to think of all possible eventualities, in order not to lose heart if any of them really come to pass."

Three weeks later he wrote to the same friend in much better spirits. The old tone reappears.

"Dec. 31, 1806.

"This is the last day of the year. I clasp your hand before it is past. May the character of this day be the character of the coming year! A storm raged till sunrise, and now we have a bright clear air which it is a pleasure to breathe. To-morrow Leipzig will be illuminated as a proof of love and respect for the King and father of the Saxons. May God grant him happy days! I close the year with feelings of gratitude for what has been preserved to me—my dear wife and my dear children. Our lives and our health have been spared while so many are bleeding. Bravely I go forward to meet what God may give, and however He may give it. May health, cheerfulness, and joy refresh you!"

Goschen's letters during the earlier months of the year 1807 reflect the profound depression which

settled down on business men after Prussia's utter collapse, and when, in unbroken succession, fresh armies from almost every Continental state poured through Saxony to join Napoleon on the banks of the Vistula, and ultimately to bear their share in the frightful carnage of Eylau and Friedland. How to avoid new engagements, how to manage to bring out the minimum of such work as they stood pledged to for clients,—these were the chief preoccupations of publishers and printers. "No one buys," says Goschen. "Books which appear now would have no business in the world. They would be buried alive. We must wait till the horizon clears, and people care once more to read."

It is easy to imagine with what feelings the world of letters, to which the Leipzig Fairs were once events of such hopeful and absorbing interest, contemplated these same occasions in these disastrous times. Goschen foresaw nothing but trouble to every interest involved. So he poured out his heart to Böttiger thus—

"This will turn out a miserable Fair. What sufferings will publishers and Saxon papermakers not have to undergo! Of the former many will be wrecked; the latter will have to stand still. No one without the command of considerable capital will publish any work till next Easter. Thank God, I have not undertaken much, so I shall pull through. But how shall I be able to employ my poor printers and compositors? Till Michaelmas I can manage, and must let them work on continuations remaining over from old times, but I must decline everything new."

The duty of a biographer and a historian does not allow me to omit the following passages, illustrative of that violent Anglophobia, and of that inability to

do justice to the attitude of Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, which permeated many parts of Germany, of which I have quoted other instances and from which my grandfather was not exempt. War for the space of thirteen years had ruined Germany; the whole Continent lay at the feet of France; trade and industry had been destroyed. What good had come of British persistency and British subsidies? They had prolonged the agony. Goschen's outburst was evoked by the simple mention of India.

"I have only managed to get ready two children of tribulation, the New Testament, vol. iv., and the work on the East Indies. They are true Benjamins. You ought to act Joseph to the latter, and take it under your care. Do recommend the book on the East Indies when and where you can. Call attention to the East Indies as the country which has caused our present situation! Without the East Indies the English would not have produced the gold from their pockets, and thus would not have paid with it for the blood of our sons and the shame of our daughters."

What he wrote with reference to an English book of which he had bought the translation, illustrates the despair which was seizing publishers.

"Do you know any one who would pay me for the translation and undertake the printing? Cotta is too heavily loaded, friend Bertuch too. Do you know another? If not, I must put my teeth into this sour apple, as I have once touched it. Iffland has offered me three pieces, and I *must* decline them, but with the bitterest sensations! That is the situation at which we have arrived! I might undertake all this recklessly and thoughtlessly, but it would destroy all my peace next Easter, and I should risk my confidence of being able to satisfy the claims of all. For such a course I am too old, and a too careful father for my children and my wife."

But he was not entirely absorbed by domestic and private cares. He continued—

“I might have much to talk over with the Saxon ministers of finance, as a Saxon patriot, with reference to the means of saving the book-trade, but these gentlemen have no ears and no understanding for our affairs, by which I don’t mean simply my own. I can look after myself.”

We cannot be surprised that the authorities found little time to attend to the affairs of the book-trade, important as it was to their country. Events were moving fast. The Peace of Tilsit (July, 1807) had for a season terminated actual war in Germany. One of its articles had created the duchy of Warsaw, cut out of the Polish provinces of Prussia, and had constituted the King of Saxony its ruler. In Northern Europe the storm still raged. Great Britain held her flag aloft, and Sweden had to be dealt with. Deep designs were floating in Napoleon’s breast, in which he was endeavouring, not unsuccessfully, to interest the Emperor Alexander. In September of the same year the British Cabinet forestalled such action as was supposed to be contemplated, by the seizure of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. The Berlin Decrees, establishing the Continental System—that is to say, the total exclusion of English goods—had brought in their wake unforeseen and baneful consequences to the countries on which they had been imposed. But by degrees German Governments were able to give some attention to domestic affairs. In December I find Goschen returning to the subject of Government action for the relief of the book-trade in a letter to Böttiger, who had brought the publisher into communication with

Herr von Nostitz, a man whom Goschen in effusive terms declares to be "one of the blessings which Providence does not bestow on a country every year."

Delighted with the encouragement received, he undertook to submit his idea once more to the closest scrutiny. Ultimately, however, nothing came of these plans, for the turn of events rendered them in Goschen's judgment unnecessary.

But while thus engaged on professional matters, my grandfather was working himself up to one of his excited moods as regards politics.

"I am neither reading, nor able to read, any newspapers, either literary or others. Since I have read the commentary on the English Declaration respecting Copenhagen, extracted from the *Moniteur*, and have had 'justice' so thrust in my face that I have almost become blind, political newspapers excite a feverish heat in me which is not at all conducive to my health and comfort! Do what you like—we must put up with it—but do not make us stupid and blind."

Yet if it was true that he read no newspapers, what he heard and saw himself every day turned his thoughts anxiously to the situation of Austria. Germany practically still remained a French military camp, and the constant movement of vast bodies of troops and the growing intimacy between the Emperors of France and Russia kept up a feeling of deep unrest and apprehension.

"Seventy thousand troops have passed through Leipzig during the last three weeks on their way to Bayreuth; there are a hundred thousand French in Italy, French in Silesia, and so on! 'Why the Emperor of Austria is like a pearl set in a ring of gold!'"

The simile is not very appropriate, but the position of Austria was very perilous.

Goschen recurred to that position some months later, lamenting the incapacity of that unhappy empire to make adequate use of such resources as it possessed.

"Those poor Austrians! I call them poor notwithstanding their large population and their wealth of resources, just as the Spaniards were poor notwithstanding their bullion from America, because they did not know how to profit by what Nature had given them, nay, not even by their gold.

"Poor humanity of the first two decades of the century! And we, too, belong to it with few exceptions! We are like frightened pigeons, and worse—for we lack their wings."

Men of business, who had been angered by foreign competition, had by this time some experience of the results of the Continental System, and the exclusion of British goods. Writing just before the Easter Fair, 1808, Goschen proceeded, in the spirit of a true economist!—

"The great eagerness shown to destroy British commerce has destroyed the commerce of the rest of the European world. If it is certain that a state requires no commerce or intercourse, then such action is quite consistent. *Au reste*, I am fully persuaded that the war will not last long. *Three anxious months* will probably finish it, and geography will indulge in the same transformation as the *Almanac de Gotha*."

He concluded with some bitterness—

"I am longing to see you again. Why don't you come to the Fair, so that we may have some one to grace the funeral procession of literature, or to join in the laughter, if the poor men of letters pull too dismal grimaces? Not high-minded men, who suffer deeply and endure, but the poor creatures whose novels, plays, and newspapers Mercury does not know how to defend against the booted God of War!"

Peace did not come, as Goschen hoped, in three months. On the contrary, war broke out in the Peninsula, involving disasters to France which changed the current of Napoleon's plans, though they did not save Europe from another early convulsion. And in this same year 1808, the illustrious minister, Stein, restored some vigour to Prussian life by his energetic organizing spirit, while even immediately after Tilsit the secret society called the "Tugend-Bund" was, not without Stein's encouragement, reviving patriotic aspirations and military ardour among the youth of Germany who were not prepared to acquiesce in the sentence of death pronounced by Napoleon on German independence. But still, at one time during the year, the sun shone through the clouds, and even in Leipzig things looked better. Böttiger had apparently written more cheerily than usual, for Goschen replied—

"Yes, my friend, we must praise God, who, in the midst of the dark clouds which covered us, preserved the light, and never allowed it to be extinguished. I feel the liveliest confidence that any effort to transport us into a cold shade will be vain, if our own follies do not make us blind. We will take good care that this shall not be.

"Besides, has not Phoebus appeared with his arrows in company with a number of gods and demi-gods in a paper heaven? I am almost afraid we shall be dazzled by the mass of rays; a portion of mankind has already become blind, and is feeling its way about like children at blind-man's-buff."

This last passage is enigmatical. The letter is not dated, but if, as has been guessed, it was written in September, 1808, Goschen may have had the famous Erfurt gathering of emperors and kings in

view when he spoke of the mass of rays, and of Phœbus and his satellites in the paper heaven.

Goschen utilized the momentary lull to pay a visit to Bremen, and to place my father, then fifteen years old, in a house of business there, with a view to his being trained for a mercantile career. Deep must have been the emotion of the highly-strung man when he found himself again in that market-place where once he had stood as a deserted orphan, and re-visited the spot as a successful publisher whose name stood at the foot of the title-page of many a splendid edition, associated with the triumphs of great authors, and honourably known throughout the literary world. In the expansiveness of his grateful mood he felt the most friendly sympathy for the inhabitants of the town, whose character indeed had much to commend itself to his own disposition and tastes. He assured Böttiger that in no other place had he found "such sensible culture, such faithful adherence to national talents, which in their case were honesty, good humour, activity, and simplicity in the material aspects of life." No better school in which to learn the principles of commerce, and the proper conduct of a business man, could have been chosen. My father owed so much to Bremen, where he thus passed a fruitful apprenticeship, that I gladly record my grandfather's warm compliment to that industrious community.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDER THE NAPOLEONIC INCUBUS.

1808-1813.

THE Erfurt Conference took place in September, 1808, and in the course of the discussions between the Emperors of France and Russia—now the joint arbiters of the Continent—in which annexations and rectifications of boundaries and future aggressions played as great a part as pacifications, the splendid assemblage of potentates paid a visit to Weimar. There humbled German princes of ancient lineage, jostled by newly created kings, witnessed Talma, the French actor, performing a French tragedy on the stage where Beck and Iffland had played, and for which Goethe and Schiller had worked with such enthusiasm. Wieland's striking and venerable head was descried by Napoleon in the theatre, and the author was summoned to the Imperial presence.

The exceptional treatment accorded to Goethe and Wieland by the French in the midst of the clash of arms after the battle of Jena was specially significant for literature. Still more did the wonderful reception by which Napoleon in person, surrounded by his kings, his marshals, and his ministers, distinguished those great authors legitimately arouse

the keenest interest among men of letters. Wieland and Goethe equally accepted the insignia of the French Legion of Honour at the hands of the conqueror of Germany. The propriety of such acceptance on the part of illustrious German writers has naturally been discussed with much vehemence from the first. In estimating their conduct, the extraordinary circumstances under which they were decorated must not be forgotten. The man who distinguished them was the hero of the century. They stood in his antechamber side by side with kings and princes. They were given precedence over the greatest in the land, who patiently waited their turn for some mark of Imperial attention, while with them, the representatives of literature, Napoleon engaged in prolonged conversation in a tone of friendly equality and interested vivacity. It must be admitted that the influences working for seduction were very powerful!

I find no judgment passed by my grandfather on Wieland's conduct; but, zealous always for his friend's exaltation, he considered his fame so great that the compliment told for the Legion of Honour rather than for him. Nor was he content to remain silent on the subject. In the *War Calendar* (*Kriegs Kalender*), a periodical which he started the following year, the question was put at the head of an article: "Has Wieland been more honoured by the Order of the Legion of Honour, or the Order by him?" Böttiger regarded such a discussion as delicate ground, but Goschen repudiated such a notion indignantly. How could French susceptibilities be offended, or the most jealous regard for the dignity of the Order be hurt, by magnifying Wieland's fame? So he wrote to his prudent friend—

"I ask you, in Heaven's name, is it not a fine trait of the wisdom of the great Napoleon that he should grace the Order of the Legion of Honour by conferring it on one of the greatest intellects of the country? Does it give the Order no value? Fancy how a dashing young fellow will feel himself honoured when he bears on his breast the same Order as Wieland also wears! It might well be said that the Order was a prize for Wieland, and an honour as well; but most certainly Wieland's greatness would be the same without the Order. The question is not actually answered in the article. Every one will reply: Both—the man by the Order, and the Order by the man."

Goschen's Dresden friends showed themselves extremely timid with regard to everything he ventured to publish in this critical period; but he himself warmly justified a certain freedom in the choice of subjects as well as in their treatment, and denounced the absurdity of scenting political dangers in all that issued from the press.

The prospect of the sensational meeting at Erfurt did not blind clear-sighted men to the probability of further hostilities. One great potentate had received no invitation to the gathering. The Emperor of Austria had not been requested to attend the conference where the destinies of Europe were being settled. He sent a delegate to compliment the assemblage, but felt deeply hurt in his dignity, and his people shared his resentment at the position to which, since the fatal day of Austerlitz, Austria had stood condemned. Nor were either Government or nation prepared to possess their souls in patience. The Ministry, and especially the Archduke Charles, had from the first set to work to reorganize the

army with unflagging energy; and the exchequer, terribly exhausted by a war indemnity of four millions sterling, had not been neglected. Böttiger, discussing the position of Austria in August, 1808, suggested, as a guarantee for the continuance of peace, that her paper currency would paralyze her power for action; but Goschen had heard reports of an accumulation of gold, which negatived Böttiger's hopes: "Don't rely upon the paper circulation. Forty millions of ducats are already in the vaults of the Austrians, and they are coining gold and silver by day and by night. So trustworthy travellers tell me." This, be it remembered, was written just before the Congress of Erfurt, when the consensus of the two Emperors was supposed to be about to impose peace on the Continent of Europe.

Whatever else might follow in the wake of a fresh Franco-Austrian War, experience had shown what Saxony might expect financially. Indeed, her resources were even at this time being severely taxed. Goschen, in this same letter, explained his theory to Böttiger as to the incidence of the burdens of war on various classes of the community. It will also be noted that, even at the beginning of the century, there was an absence of cash reserves, owing to the extremely close investment of their resources which was generally practised by men of business.

"I am afraid, if what we fear takes place, that trade and industry will be exposed to a fearful hail-storm, at least in the field of literature. Leipzig will remember for ever its voluntary (in reality forced) loan. A million and a half are to be thus found;—the rich must give 40,000, 20,000, and so on. No one in recent times has available cash as our ancestors had. Everything is invested. And now the capitalist is

driven to give notice of withdrawal to the man of business who owes him money, the man of business is stopped in his transactions, and the workman loses work and bread. Thus pressure always falls on the poorest and worthiest citizens ; for as the loan is safe and carries interest, the rich man loses nothing if he is only able to call in what is owed him, in order to meet the forced loan. . . .

"The harvest is not plentiful. If we have famine prices into the bargain, the towns are lost. Our composure will once more be severely tried."

Three months passed, the Congress had concluded its grandiose labours, yet trade did not revive, and at Michaelmas Goschen once more had to report a miserably bad Fair (November, 1808). The events in the Peninsula, and the general aspects of European affairs, were far from reassuring, and business men in Leipzig felt their hearts heavy within them. But the loyal publisher had witnessed one gratifying display of feeling. Friedrich August had paid a visit to Leipzig, and Goschen was able to write : "Notwithstanding all their worries and trouble, the good people forget everything over their King. He is worshipped." Böttiger replied : "The King is indeed our tutelary god ; we owe it to him that it is not all up with us."

My grandfather, though so intensely devoted to his sovereign, was a *German* patriot as well. It was in this same letter that he wrote of Iffland, who had been at Leipzig during this Fair, "What a patriot he is !" Goschen as a Saxon, and Iffland as a Hanoverian, were both possessed by a national spirit, apart from their loyalty to the particular state of which they were citizens. Sometimes, surely not unnaturally, the special position of Saxony, a country which in no remote past had suffered cruelly at the hands of

Prussia, and in Goschen's own days had been the shuttlecock of mighty nations, made him and his fellow-citizens anxious for peace, when a broader and more German feeling should have inspired them to prefer war with all its risks. But many passages in his letters, as well as the part which his sons played in the war of liberation, are evidence to us that he admired and sympathized with that truly German spirit which was faithful in their days of tribulation to those Prussian princes who had staked all, and for a time lost all, in the cause of the freedom of the Vaterland.

But the French authorities were taking careful precautions against any literature which might rouse patriotism in the German sense. A letter from Goschen, written in November, 1808, lifts the curtain on part of the repressive system as regards literature, which the Napoleonic *régime* imposed on countries which were the allies of France—

“You will, I presume, have read and admired Herr Duc Davoust as a critic and philosopher, armed with a sword. He is now ruling Germany, and superintends the output of printing-presses, gazettes, journals, etc. Leipzig has to thank him for not having left four thousand troops behind him to be quartered on the town—at least so he is reported to have said. As much honour has been paid him as was possible, and he is said to be an excellent gentleman. Writers, I presume, will now have to be careful, and chatter-boxes to be prudent, as some one is on the pounce for them.”

Elsewhere Goschen speaks of the heavy hand of the authorities on all that issued from Saxon presses. Napoleon, he declared, was benevolent towards Frankfurt, but was harsh towards Leipzig.

The French marshals soon had sterner work

cut out for them than to play the critic and the philosopher in German papers, or the censor in their offices. Encouraged by the absence of large bodies of Napoleon's veterans in the Spanish Peninsula, the Austrians once more hazarded the chances of war and took the offensive in the direction of the Rhine. Napoleon was compelled to collect forces from all the countries which his kings and marshals were occupying, among them Dutchmen, Westphalians, Hanoverians. The whole of the Confederation of the Rhine had to march, and one corps d'armée alone was left to watch the north of Germany. Thus the moment seemed to have come for such insurrectionary movements as might be evoked by the new patriotic spirit which the Tugendbund, with its vast web of secret associations and veiled encouragement from powerful persons, had by this time lit in the breasts of German manhood. The French yoke, galling from the first, now became well-nigh intolerable in such regions as were harried by the presence of French troops, and ruined by crushing exactions. When, therefore, the Austrian army in formidable numbers set forth to attack the French, the best part of whose troops were fighting elsewhere, courage and hope began to displace the feeling of despair which had followed on Austerlitz and Jena. The Austrian commander-in-chief, anxious to support any rising which might be organized in Saxony or in the north of Germany, posted a large force in Bohemia at the beginning of the campaign ; but before long the extraordinary rapidity of Napoleon's concentration of troops compelled him to bring his scattered army corps together, and a small detachment only, under the Duke of Brunswick, invaded Saxony. This duke

was the successor to the title of the old duke who commanded at Auerstädt, but not to his possessions,—these had been confiscated in accordance with Napoleonic methods. His soldiers were the famous Black Brunswickers. The King of Saxony's army had been summoned to Napoleon's standard, and in the absence of any opposing force, the Duke of Brunswick made himself master of several large towns, passing on one occasion close to Grimma. But in the mean time the Austrian advance, which, if successful, would have set Germany free, had become a disastrous retreat, and the final defeat of their great army at Wagram once more extinguished German hopes. The Duke of Brunswick's position at once became desperate. Unable to effect a junction with other insurrectionary leaders, who like himself had made brave but isolated efforts in the North, and surrounded by superior forces, he fought his way with his Black Brunswickers from Saxony through the whole of North Germany till he reached the sea, where he embarked the remnant of his gallant corps on English ships, finally to take their part in the glories of the Peninsular War.

The course of these events had brought military visitors to Saxony, and to Leipzig in particular, from almost every nationality which was fighting in the ranks of either side, and it is easy to imagine the delicate position in which the inhabitants were placed. The *Morgenblatt*, a Dresden paper, had denounced the Duke of Brunswick as a robber-captain! Goschen fancied that Böttiger, who constantly inspired this newspaper, was responsible for the article, and sent him a vehement protest (October, 1809)—

"You have been unjust to the Brunswicker whom you call a robber-captain. He went to his uncle not as a thief in the night whom excisemen and watchmen would have caught and delivered up. Round Grimma and in Hohenstädt his band has not trampled down a single blade of grass, and, in our country, has not dealt roughly with anybody, much less ill-used them; the colonel had nothing to eat in his camp outside Grimma except beer soup, and he paid three times its value for it, and in cash. Not a plank, not a board, not a stick of useful wood was burnt in their bivouac. The men wrapt themselves in their cloaks and froze. No armed robbers act like this. The Dutch, too, treated us civilly. The Westphalians spared me their visit. Uhlans and Austrians and the Black Corps did not harm me, and modestly accepted the refreshments which I and my fellow-peasants offered them voluntarily without any exhibition of pleasure at their arrival, but also without any grumbling. They paid us the compliment of saying that we were behaving like sensible people and good subjects of our king."

Böttiger replied that Goschen had been singularly fortunate. The Black Brunswickers had been guilty of atrocious conduct in Dresden, as was clearly established by official documents.

It is easy to see how this fresh outbreak of war between France and Austria gave the *coup de grace* to the Leipzig publishers. But, indeed, even in the anxious interval between Erfurt and the actual commencement of hostilities in 1809, literature had no chance. Few fresh books were published, and where a series was in course of publication, as in the case of Wolf's *Homer*, it had to be stopped. The short-lived *Frauen-Journal* and the famous long-lived *Mercury* died about this time. It is almost pathetic to read Goschen's complaint, that of Schneider's *Vitruvius de Architecturâ*, which had been greatly admired, he had

not sold a single copy for months. *Vitruvius* amidst the clash of arms,—it was impossible! One weighty book issued from Goschen's presses at Easter, 1809, the continuation of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, by Woltmann, and a rather valuable book on education, but stagnation reigned supreme.

Despairing of the sale of any books, he felt that "it would be better not to print at all, but people must eat." Throughout these times of ceaseless apprehensions and impending ruin, his sympathetic spirit was always with his compositors. Thus, as he expressed himself to Böttiger, he became once more "a maker of Calendars," a business of which he was not very proud, and with which he declared he was only "dawdling" till once more he could produce serious books. And he devised two Calendars or Almanacks. One was an Art Almanack, under the title, *Almanack from Rome for Artists and Friends of Art*, a rather elaborate production, edited in Rome by two German artists,* and containing biographies of Italian painters, highly illustrated with engravings. Of this Almanack Goschen declared he only issued it to prove that he had not yet begun to go to decay in those hard times. The other Almanack was entitled, *A War Calendar for Educated Readers of all Classes*. Of course, it trenched on very delicate ground, but Goschen trod on it with singular skill, defending himself right and left against remonstrances and warnings from anxious friends. He was his own editor. He had wished to secure as editor an historical writer of the name of Rühls, but the latter went off to witness the campaigns on the Danube, an early instance of a war correspondent;

* Sickler and Reinhard.

and "so," says Goschen, "I have myself made up this gay bouquet, and I think many a nose shall find something special for its own taste in it." The Almanack was not to be simply a chronicle of military events. All the articles were to relate to war, but it was to be "something solid, something *spirituel*—essays, reflections, satires, caricatures;" surely a very critical business to undertake in a German country, under strict French surveillance, and with a French Ambassador in Dresden who, however agreeable he might be, was more like a Resident to a native Indian state than like the ordinary representative of a friendly Power.

The Calendar had to be so composed as not to offend the French, yet not to displease the Germans. "Herr Duc Davoust" would not permit many liberties to be taken. But Goschen writhed under the limitations thus imposed. He was determined to have his say on subjects which most interested him. For instance, justice must be done, at any risk, to the old Duke of Brunswick, "who had many virtues," and to the Black Brunswickers as well. "The article may be received as you please. I wrote it." On the other hand, he himself, too, composed a panegyric on Napoleon, to use his own words, *as a French hero*, and he allowed an article on the Spanish War to be contributed by a writer who took a French point of view. These were to be the passports, the certificates of good conduct, which were to secure freedom to the Calendar to travel undisturbed into German hands with other articles intended for patriotic edification. Occasionally, the significant side could only be hinted at, not put so plainly as to call down prohibition. For instance, a portrait was given of

Lieutenant Schill, of the Prussian regiment "The Queen's Dragoons," who, like the Duke of Brunswick, had led a band of insurgents, and, after brave exploits, had thrown himself into the fortress of Stralsund, which he entered, however, only to be killed in its defence just when British help on the side of the sea was expected but arrived too late. His gallant attempt had thrilled all Germany, and his features had become familiar to every child. The simple presentation of this man as the insurgent leader would probably have had serious consequences for Goschen, but he was determined to introduce his portrait nevertheless.

"You will find a group of the regiment, called the Queen's Dragoons, in which any child will at once recognize Lieutenant Schill. With Schill the insurgent I have nothing to do. All praise, too, of this man is gulped down. Next to Schill you may see Blücher with his hussars. The last ill-starred Duke of Brunswick, Carl Wilhelm Ferdinand, is also to be seen, and something to be read about him, too, by a pen which you must guess."

Further engravings were also introduced. "The Archduke Charles by Böhm is a glorious page." "There are two excellent caricatures, one of a debating club of learned men, one of politicians in full dispute." The great artist Ramberg had supplied likenesses of the Kings of Saxony, Denmark, and Sweden. "Marshal Berthier has a pretty head." "To reconcile the Prussians in respect of a caricature in the first number, there is a glorious group of Prussian Black Death's-heads (*Todten-Köpfe*), who did wonders in the luckless Prussian war near Dantzic."

These references apply to the second number of the Calendar, for which Goschen had pressed some

first-rate names into his service. Heeren, the famous historian, Goschen's fellow-pupil in the days of his boyhood, sent him an essay on the question whether the generals of the ancients or of the moderns were to be accounted the greatest. Jean Paul Richter, generally known simply as Jean Paul (probably the most successful novel-writer after Goethe and Schiller in those times, an author who combined wit and humour with sentimental effusiveness to an extraordinary degree), contributed a very comical story of a siege, and of his hiding in a Church of St. John of Nepomuck during its progress. An essay by Woltmann gave "the results of the whole of his political opinions on the great events of the times." A curious article, "by a writer who is much read," presented a "defence of all wars by a *vivandière* and a contractor." Böttiger asked Goschen to allow Rühls to describe the great battles of Aspern and Essling on the Danube for a succeeding number, but Goschen negatived the idea. "Rühls can not and dare not write the truth, and I am not allowed to print the truth;" but he added satirically, "Why, we have a brilliant description already appearing in all newspapers and journals, in that fine and brilliant style which Marshal Berthier has at his command; and which is just what is suitable for the mob."

But the publication would not have been complete in Goschen's eyes without a tribute to his beloved Friedrich August. He put the question to Böttiger: "How can the King be introduced in an interesting picture? I will have nothing from Erfurt." I take this to mean that Erfurt associations jarred on him. But nevertheless he had recourse later on to that very episode of history, for he informed Böttiger that the

King's portrait was to appear in a scene representing his home-coming from Erfurt at the moment when the group of Leipzig children presented him with a poem. He would be glad if Böttiger would supply a short article about his virtues as a ruler and a man.*

When Böttiger, who at this time appears to have had some French proclivities, and was intimate with Bourgoing, the French Ambassador, saw the proofs in advance, he objected to some articles as likely to offend the French, especially to those which mentioned the insurrection in Westphalia, and dealt with the Duke of Brunswick's case. Goschen, in reply, satirized the folly of considering such matters dangerous, and defended the incriminated articles—

“But how about the Duke of Brunswick? He is described as a good ruler. Must it not please every other good ruler if merits are recognized? But how about the insurrection in Westphalia? Of that I had not thought, but it is not likely that this article will stir up a rising. Otherwise all descriptions of good rulers—of Titus, and so on—would have to be cleared out root and branch. I ask you and Bourgoing, on your consciences, would the Germans not be startled if they learnt that the French could consider such writing dangerous? In all Westphalia there are not more than twelve copies of this expensive Calendar sold, and that would not tempt me to admit anything compromising. The country has become too poor to be able to pay four thalers for a Calendar. A people that has been just in respect of the merits of its former rulers, is also just to its new rulers. But I see that it is easy to give offence with the best intention in the world. . . . Indeed, we may come to such a pass that the very letters of the alphabet may become so dangerous that I shall print nothing. You tell me: print the ancients. I would turn up *Thucydides* for you, or *Sallust* or *Tacitus*, and ask you, are they not dangerous?”

* Ultimately Goschen wrote a little notice himself.

Possibly Böttiger continued to bombard the impenitent publisher, for the latter returned to the charge—

“Heeren’s essay is a very pearl, but it cannot please Bourgoing if he is consistent. Do think of Frederick the Great! What harm did books and argufying do him? I hate argufying like death, but if I were a great ruler, I would spend a sum every year to induce writers to be very frank. In that way you can quietly feel the pulse of the nation, and so long as the fellows swagger, they eat their soup peacefully enough, and do as much as they can for the state. Wurmb, the minister, asked me once, how he should deal with an insolent writer and talker. ‘Leave him alone,’ said I, ‘and I will answer for it that the fellow’s scribble will soon become waste paper.’ It turned out as I said. When the vigorous writer saw that nothing came of it, he held his tongue, and is now a quiet and worthy servant of the state. What he had wanted was to pose as a martyr. When Fichte, the philosopher, gave rein to his political liberalism, Wurmb said ‘I shall forbid it.’ I advised him not to do it, and Fichte’s production is now forgotten and, indeed, was never much known. Do call Bourgoing’s attention to this! He only troubles himself about what creates a sensation!”

As regards this advice to ministers troubled about tiresome writers and orators, I think I may claim that his wisdom was in advance of his age.

The Treaty of Vienna (October 14, 1809) brought the hostilities between France and Austria to a close, and for several years there were no wars in Central Europe, though Russia was engaged in hostilities with Turkey, and campaigns, big with fate, were in progress in the Spanish Peninsula; but, as was natural, a seething spirit of unrest still pervaded all the territories where Napoleon had uprooted all national institutions, and was governing and

administering populations by a foreign hand. The state of peace seemed little more than an armistice, and the rigorous enforcement of the Continental system was bound to lead up to a catastrophe. In the mean time, ruthless measures destroyed all possibility of the revival of trade or literature, unbearable exactions caused universal penury, and the drain on the population for the wars in the Peninsula and in other quarters, was felt in every industry.

The book-trade, so Goschen thought, might just creep on, bad books not move at all, good ones only on crutches; a pamphlet, a calendar, miraculous stories,—such things might find customers; but what would become of literature when the couple of houses who still had cash, had printed themselves out?

Goschen then turned from his own special craft to an analysis of the general financial and commercial position, putting his finger with unerring judgment on the causes which were bound to crush all hopes of recovery. Barring his violent prejudice in regard to British policy, his vision was extremely clear. If the Michaelmas Fair of 1809* showed, as was alleged, a slight improvement in business outside the book-trade, Goschen declared that the chief movement consisted simply in stupendous sacrifices to prevent submersion. The Fair had been attended by many Poles and Russians: the former made some cash purchases, but at prices absolutely ruinous for the sellers; the Russians could only buy on credit. The condition of the exchanges Goschen described to be so terrible that no money could come from Russia or Denmark; in Prussia there was none. In the

* It should be borne in mind that these Fairs were established, not only for the book-trade, but for the exchange of commodities in general. Merchants of all classes flocked to them.

States of the *Reich* people had nothing,—money least of all. Then, once more anticipating the wisdom of future generations, he ruminates thus on the bullion theory, with an inkling of the advantages of free trade—

“The prohibition of the export of gold has been introduced into nearly all countries. That is even a more narrow-minded and short-sighted policy than the prohibition of the export of corn, for it must end in a system of miserable barter. Up till now, nearly all nations, when they proceeded to forbid such export, have come to final grief. Look at Prussia and so forth. It is already a bad sign and a proof of a spendthrift Government, or of a decaying national activity, or of a people luxurious beyond their resources, when they take refuge in such a course. If the nation is active and frugal, if the Government is not seduced to the lust of conquest by the Satan of ambition,—they need not lock up gold, it will come back to them of itself. When nothing goes out, scarcely anything will come in, and the activity of the nation must dwindle.”

Continuing his exposition on the superior value of unhampered trade, combined with frugality and activity, over artificial measures, he adds, “All this is as clear as day, but greed and selfishness mostly make financial people blind.”

He concludes this economic dissertation with one of his queer somersaults.

“To return once more to the Fair. Turkish shawls went well, probably as presents for mistresses. I know cases where they fetched from sixty to seventy thalers a piece. The purchasers had no doubt intended to secure a patent by such means.”

Goschen's own situation during the dreary spell of hopes deferred, anxiety, and oppression, which followed on the Treaty of Vienna and lasted till the

War of the Liberation in 1813, went from bad to worse. His fortune was ebbing away, profits were nil, old clients clamouring for honoraria, new clients mostly out of the question, the cost of living constantly rising, the weight of taxation well-nigh intolerable. Jena in 1806 commenced the rout of the book-trade. It never recovered till the end of the great wars. For more than seven years publishers and booksellers found their occupation almost gone. What capital Goschen retained was sunk in his establishments at Grimma and Hohenstädt, and in endless piles of unsaleable books. No single work of any great distinction issued from his presses during this period, except such as belonged to a series to which he was previously committed; indeed, from 1809 to the beginning of 1814, the seventh volume of the splendid Quarto edition of *Klopstock's Works* was the only production which recalls the costly glories of his palmy days. Now, as we know, he "dawdled with Calendars," and on Böttiger's asking him in 1810 what works he had on hand, he replied, "A book of ghosts which would make my friends' hair stand on end, and an educational book for daughters by Betty Gleim." Some harassing misunderstandings further clouded Goschen's business life. To my surprise, I noticed on his catalogue for 1811 a translation of *Ossian* by a writer of the name of Ahlwardt—an expensive, and, surely, not a very saleable article in a time of universal impecuniosity. I gather, however, on examining some letters of Ahlwardt, that my grandfather published this work sorely against his will, after an unpleasant correspondence as to the force of his obligations.

On the other hand, fired by his devotion to the

author, Goschen hastened to rush through the printing of Seume's *Book of Morality for Country Folk* in 1810, immediately after his friend's death. In the case of another old comrade, too, my grandfather, hard pushed as he was, set his presses to work, accepting successive offers of manuscript for the sake of *auld lang syne*.

Körner reappeared as a writer in urgent need of honoraria. Life in Dresden had become absolutely ruinous, and he had the further anxiety of finding means for the adequate education of his gifted son. He hunted up sundry contributions published previously in periodicals, and composed some fresh essays on various subjects, asking urgently, but with much dignity, for payments in advance, and Goschen was glad to comply as far as he could. In 1810 Körner approached his old partner with another request—would he publish some poems for his son Theodor, then eighteen years old? He asked for no honorarium if the little book should not meet with success. Körner by no means abounded in praises of his son's performance: he even declared that the poems showed more heart than imagination. But Goschen hastened to meet the proud but critical father's wish, and the poems were published under the youthful title, "*The Buds*" (*Knospen*). Though the book excited some little attention in Körner's circle and amongst literary critics as coming from Körner's son, the sale was very small. It was two years before the patriot-poet's genius burst into the strains of the lyre and sword.

In 1811, the worst year of all Goschen's experiences, the year in which it was a question between him and Wieland as to who could best spare fifty thalers, matters had come to such a pass that Goschen could

no longer help the friend to whom he owed so much. Körner offered a manuscript in vain. When he learnt that Goschen declined to purchase it, he replied with his old delicacy, in a friendly letter, that he did not owe him a grudge, but he added that he had expected him to show more courage. But the fact was, my grandfather had come to the end of his tether. Körner hurt and reproachful; Goschen and Wieland, the heroes of "the great undertaking," equally in distress;—to such straits had the impoverished publisher been driven in his business life!

Still, all was not dark in my grandfather's surroundings. Buoyed up by that spirit of resignation which he had always cultivated, he remained happy and cheerful in his home. And as a relief to the sombre pictures which I have been compelled to draw, I chronicle with pleasure one bright incident which gladdened Goschen's loyal Saxon heart in this period of gloom—a little festival which he and his neighbour Vollsack, the owner of Böhlen, a modest Schloss a few hundred yards from Hohenstädt, were allowed to offer to the Crown Prince of Saxony and other members of the Royal Family who were staying for a while in Leipzig. They were "to be entertained on land and water with verses and dramatic scenes." The *spirituel* and highly cultivated members of the Goschen circle delighted and excelled in such performances, in which Schnorr, the clever painter, was stage manager and costumier; and of poets there was no lack. Schnorr himself, my grandfather and my aunt Jette, then a girl of fourteen—the "*loquax ut pica*" of one of Seume's Latin doggerels—have contributed details of the humours of the day. A tent was erected in a shimmering thicket of birches, where



THEODOR KÖRNER AS A BOY.

From a Picture in the Körner Museum, Dresden.

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Schnorr, perfectly disguised in a peasant's dress and playing the village judge, apostrophized the Crown Prince Anton and his consort, and Prince Maximilian and his daughters, in a suitable speech. In the end the sharp eyes of the young Princess Elizabeth pierced the disguise of the rustic functionary, and gaiety banished all formality when she burst out with, "Why, it's Professor Schnorr," and straightway poured wine into his glass herself.

My aunt has told how she and some beautiful nieces of Vollsack, draped by Schnorr as Naiads of the Saxon rivers, under the charge of a Charon clothed in reeds, were grouped in a gondola on the Mulde, and there intoned a poem of Mahlmann (a well-known writer of hymns) who had personally trained them. The whole company were embarked in a number of boats, and floated down the stream till they reached a mill. Here the youthful Jette, as the Naiad of the Elbe, presented another poem to Prince Anton, who spoke "very graciously and even wittily" to the pretty girl. Lunch was then served, and games were played by the villagers for the amusement of the royal guests, the modest maidens in their river drapery, so said my aunt, retiring into the bushes to escape observation.

Meanwhile my grandfather had also to play a part in an isolated sylvan scene under a lofty rock by the side of a waterfall; he acted a hermit in a hut from which, when the Prince had been conducted to the spot, he stepped forth with his little son Hermann, and taught him to lisp good wishes for the Saxon House, on which from the top of the cliff there descended the sound of a long "Amen" chanted by women's voices to the accompaniment of horns.

My grandfather was deeply affected by the kindly words of the Prince, who complimented him on his sons and daughters, and on what he had said himself. "You have spoken from your heart," said Prince Anton; "my own heart tells me that." And indeed it was true. We know what deep loyalty, in good times and in bad, lived in my grandfather's breast.

Böttiger remarked on the account of the *fête* which his friend had sent him, "Our Saxon Royal House is the most respectable in Europe, if goodness of heart is to count."

This glimpse of Goschen at home, shaking off his *mercantilia*, may fitly be followed by a picture of the simple family life at Hohenstädt, as he drew it in 1812 for his eldest son Georg, then working in a house of business at Vienna. Goschen was then worse off than ever; but the domestic contentment which had stood him in good stead in his early days, when he was obliged to economize every groschen, and with his wife to "live and dress no better than well-to-do artisans," had survived all the pride of high position and public favour. By this time he had been forced into a momentous change. Leipzig had become too dear for him, and, much to the detriment of his chances of future business and of that continuous touch with the literary world which for a publisher would seem all-important, he transferred his office and his domicile altogether to Grimma and to his Hohenstädt cottage.* Here is the letter to his son—

"I have long owed you an answer to your pleasant letter. Let the summer season be my excuse—the

* *Vide* Vol. I. Chapter XIX. p. 463.



PRINTING-HOUSE IN GRIMMA.

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time, as you know, which I devote to the care of my somewhat feeble health, and to refreshing my spirit by the enjoyment of nature. It is a pity that I cannot write to you while on my way to the cabbages or the potatoes, for then I often think of you. We have all of us now migrated from Leipzig, and I only go there twice a year. Do you know why? For no other reason than that I cannot make both ends meet in Leipzig; so, in order to live, I sacrifice what is not necessary for life. If Fate grants us only bread, milk, potatoes, a glass of beer, and what the little farm and garden yield, we will not grumble, though at a certain period of life such limitations are somewhat hard. If God only preserves our health, we will see how we can manage as to the rest. The love we all bear to each other, and that share of a sound healthy nature which every member of our family has inherited, will make up to us for the pressure of hard times.

"Susemihl [a most able assistant, whom Goschen treated as a son] and Fritz are half rustics, half office-clerks, sometimes helping in the farm, sometimes assisting their father. Jettchen helps in the dairy, in the cooking, and in the mending, and teaches the two little ones music. Fritz is their French master, for we have a tutor who knows neither French nor music. Your mother rules and cares for everything, just as you knew her of old—an excellent mother, an admirable wife, and a capital housekeeper. Lottchen and Hermann are two good children—a merry brother and a sensible affectionate sister. Here you have the picture of our little society to which you too still belong, though parted from us by a few Bohemian hills."

The whole life of my grandfather had been profoundly changed under the weight of the Napoleonic incubus. He was almost beaten, felt too old, possibly too worn out, at this period to make headway against the awful pressure of the times. And no longer could he find comfort in the glories of typography. He was too poor to devote funds to the beloved but unprofitable pursuit of the Beautiful. In a fine

passage, written in 1809, he described this sad change in his fortunes. Gladly admitting, in reply to some references of Böttiger to his *Homer*, that Tauchnitz and some Weimar people had surpassed him in printing, he wrote—

“Tauchnitz is a printer and type-founder by profession, whose livelihood depends on what he prints for others, while in my own case typography is only an accessory to my business, and brings in nothing unless I print *éditions de luxe* for myself. This Napoleon has forbidden. Every letter which I succeed in constructing, costs me money, and only brings profit to the type-founder. But this remains to me: I was the first to give the impetus, and the others improve. I had nothing to stimulate me except the summons of the Beautiful in my own breast, no reward except the joy that it has influenced others, and that the seed has come up. The fairer it blossoms, wherever it may be, the more glorious will be my pleasure. Still my vanity whispers in my ear, ‘If you could still afford the necessary sacrifice, you would still for some time produce the best, and give a fresh impetus.’ That is how we mortals are made. Spasms of vanity still flutter in us even when our hair has become gray. Happy he who can smile at himself!”

If Goschen was compelled to face ruin, and to endure the ban which Napoleon had placed on his favourite form of activity, it was at all events fortunate, especially in view of his disposition to defy the censors, that he escaped a yet worse fate. French surveillance was active and ubiquitous, and a terrible calamity which befell his old friend Zacharias Becker in the year 1811, made it startlingly plain to what lengths of brutality it would proceed.

Zacharias Becker, philanthropist, author of the *Help-in-Need Book*, Ducal Councillor in Gotha, a man at this time sixty years old, peace-loving, and respected

throughout Germany, had become a publisher and newspaper proprietor as well as a writer. Two journals issued from his office, the *Universal Advertiser of Germany* and the *National News of Germany*, and, further, a periodical entitled *Jason*. None of these were actually edited by him, and, owing to a prolonged absence in Vienna, he was in part ignorant of their contents. Becker's first introduction to French gendarmes resembled Palm's. Absolutely unaware of even being under suspicion, he was at work in his study on November 30, 1811, when he was told that a stranger was asking for an interview with him. The man was introduced, but had hardly begun to speak when a crowd of French cuirassiers burst into the room, led by an officer, who, as Becker himself relates, shouted at him with a voice of thunder: "I come in the name and by the command of the French Government to seize your person and your papers," and ordered him to get ready to follow, otherwise force would be used. Becker's inquiry as to the ground of these proceedings was roughly waved aside. His brother-in-law, who hastened up and asked what was happening, was told that the arrest was being effected by order of the Emperor, and was forbidden to leave the room, the doors of which were guarded by the soldiers with drawn swords. Four hundred cuirassiers were posted in the street and in the neighbourhood, a ridiculous display of force, as Becker observed to his captor, since, conscious of his innocence, he would willingly have surrendered himself had he been summoned; at all events, a couple of policemen would have been enough. The study was ransacked in hot haste for papers, and everything thrown into two carriages which were drawn up at

the house-door. The mild man-of-letters himself had to complete his dressing under the care of the cuirassiers. A little linen was tied up in a bundle—to pack a portmanteau would take too much time. Becker's wife had some difficulty in gaining access to her husband, the officer himself in the first instance trying to hold her back. The prisoner was then hustled into a carriage, the officer took the seat beside him, and a gendarme mounted the box; the second carriage followed with four cuirassiers, and an escort of fifty men completed the *cortége*. The fortress of Magdeburg was their destination, but not a soul in Gotha knew whither their townsman had been carried off.

Let the reader realize the full significance of the outrage. Gotha was a German town, governed by a German prince, who was a member of the Confederation of the Rhine and in alliance with France! Well might Becker write, after he regained his liberty—

“The fact that by the order of a French general I was taken prisoner, and carried off by a detachment of French troops, in the capital of a sovereign German prince, without his knowledge or his consent, was a gross violation of the law of nations, and a practical proof of the contempt with which Napoleon's satellites looked down on Germany's princes. It was an open breach of the peace and of the conditions of alliance. For the protector of the Confederation had pledged himself that His Highness the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, on entering this monstrous League, should retain supreme authority, while he himself renounced the right of interference with the Duke's country. The Duke, on his side, had honestly met all the obligations which he had accepted when he had joined the League; he had renewed his contingent for the third time, and his subjects fell in Spain as the victims of Napoleon's lust of conquest, while one of the latter's generals committed such an outrage on their ruler.”

The originator of this extraordinary act was Marshal Davoust, who had now resumed his duties as despot of Northern Germany. Becker could not echo the reports carried to Goschen to the effect that Davoust "was said to be a pleasant gentleman." He found him an inaccessible and cruel gaoler. His account of his experience, which he entitled, *The Sufferings and the Joys of R. Z. Becker during his Captivity for Seventeen Months in the Hands of the French, a Contribution to the Characterization of Despotism*, written as it was by a practised and eloquent pen, throws a most vivid light on the treatment which Napoleon's officers, under the instructions of his *haute police*, dealt out to political prisoners. My limits do not permit me to give more than the briefest summary on the present occasion. Becker was kept *au grand secret* in a prison cell of the fortress of Magdeburg, and for a long time was denied writing materials, and allowed no communication with the outer world. At first he was even refused books, and lights were not permitted in his cell, though in the winter it was dark at four o'clock. For some time he feared for his reason. His treatment was such as almost to drive a man out of his mind; for besides the hardships of his prison life, he had Palm's fate always before his eyes.

The reader will be asking what was his offence? a question which was put in vain by all his friends and family. He himself was informed of the charges against him on the fourth day of his captivity by an officer of gendarmes, commissioned to make a secret inquiry—a real trial seems never to have been contemplated. They were to the effect that he stood in certain relations to, and probably was even at

the head of, some secret societies, whose aim it was to raise all Germany on the outbreak of the approaching war against Russia, and to fall on the rear of the French with an armed force. The grounds on which this accusation rested, were no facts, no charge brought up by any one who could be named, no depositions of witnesses, but three extracts from the publications which were issued under Becker's responsibility. The first was an article in the *National News of Germany*, with the title "The German League, a Secret Society;" the second an advertisement in the *Universal Advertiser* for a recipe of good invisible ink; the third, a fragment, "A History of the Changes in Germany and Italy under the Rulers of the House of Hohenstaufen," published in the periodical *Jason*. Becker declared that, when he learnt how these three extracts had been thus brought into juxtaposition, he was so tickled that he laughed aloud. "Don't laugh," said the officer; "your head is at stake." On which Becker replied, "My life is in the hands of a higher Power; but no one can help thinking such an absurd combination ridiculous." From that moment forward Becker believed that his fate was sealed. The accusation seemed so far-fetched and rested on such trivial grounds, that he believed there was a *parti pris* to execute him for some political reason.

Notwithstanding his burst of laughter, he took the utmost pains to expose the absurdity of the charge. The explanation of the incriminated passages about the secret society was curious. The object of the Bund, or League, was announced to be—

"The furtherance of the well-being and the honour of our nation through the creation of a public spirit, the restoration of its old fame for good conduct and

fidelity, the cultivation of our language, rivalry in bringing the sciences and the arts to perfection, the renunciation of artificial needs which can only be satisfied at the expense of the common weal, and the removal of hurtful abuses and prejudices. The conditions of admission to the German Bund are the following:—1. Only native Germans can become members. 2. The question must never be put whether the person to be received is a Saxon, Prussian, Austrian, Bavarian, Westphalian, etc., but only whether he is a German. 3. No one can be received of whom it is known that he has committed acts against the laws or against morality, and as to whose straightforwardness and high-mindedness doubts exist."

The bye-laws enacted that in the social gatherings of members no one was to use foreign words or phrases, but that particular attention should be paid to the purity and perfection of the German language, and that no member, unless from considerations of health, should make the enjoyment of coffee, of Chinese tea, or other foreign beverages, a daily necessity, nor wear clothing made of foreign stuff, nor use articles of any kind made outside Germany, which German industry could produce equally well.

Such was to be the constitution of the imaginary Bund; for the Bund was only imaginary. Becker, like Wieland, had made the gigantic mistake of giving the German public credit for understanding irony. The mistake cost him a long imprisonment, with his head in peril. Before he was seized—indeed, shortly after the appearance of the article—he discovered that two Berlin papers had assumed that such a Bund had really been founded. But, in fact, Becker, as he explained by a notice in a later number of his journal, considering that such rules as he had sketched in the imaginary statutes, were urgently needed by the

times, but fearing that their mere circulation in a dry and didactic shape would have had no effect—had clothed them in the shape of rules for a secret society, while carefully avoiding all the paraphernalia which made secret societies questionable. He was much startled when a Berlin paper had really believed in the existence of the Bund, and had applauded it, with the fatal result that the censor who had passed these remarks, had been deprived of his appointment, the editor suspended for a time, and the staff severely reprimanded. Becker concluded his explanatory notice with expressions of deep regret that his literary device should have had such unforeseen consequences, but, again like Wieland, he girded at that well-known peculiarity of the German character that they have little mind for irony, persiflage, allegory, and other similar methods of treatment, “so that it is almost necessary for an author who wishes to present the truth to the public to add what he really means in a footnote. How many literary feuds, how many other baneful misunderstandings have not arisen from this absence of receptivity for thoughts clothed in pictures!”

Becker did not know, when he thus attacked his countrymen, that French marshals would display the same inability to appreciate metaphor and irony, and that the consequence would be a misunderstanding extremely baneful to himself. Davoust and his police did not understand the joke, but treated the ironic writer as the head of a Bund formed for the purpose of falling on the rear of a French army!

And what was the corroborative evidence? An advertisement for invisible ink! This, Becker showed, was only a notice intended by arrangement to

elicit a reply in the shape of a notice of a book which had lately appeared on cryptography and cipher writing. But the third offending article—a fragment in the history of the family of Hohenstaufen? It simply gave an account of transactions six hundred and fifty years before, when Frederick Barbarossa had besieged and ravaged Milan, and contained no reference whatever to modern events. Still, the Milanese had formed a Bund, and Becker had written about a Bund. Was not the chain of evidence clear? Truly had Goschen declared to Böttiger that salvation could not be found even in confining his publications to reprints of *Thucydides* or *Sallust*!

Of the three newspaper extracts Becker had only written one, the others he had never seen. No rummaging of papers, no opening of letters, no search for witnesses, could support the charge which had been raised against Becker on the above flimsy grounds. On the other hand, no certificates of character, no appeal to his writings, no reference to the peaceful teaching of his *Help-in-Need Book*, of which by this time a million copies had been printed, and of which thousands of copies had been distributed gratuitously by Governments anxious for the propagation of its sound-hearted maxims,—could avail against the suspicions which had been aroused. And at last the French police found something damning—an appeal to the school-teachers of Germany, *inserted by request* in one of Becker's newspapers, just *before* the outbreak of the Prussian war in 1806, summoning the nations to arms against the French. Even the violence of French despotism at this time could not make this an actual article of accusation, as the appeal was

written before the French had conquered Prussia and assumed the protectorate of the Rhine-Bund. But it was alleged against Becker that at all events it showed his animus!

More than a year elapsed, and Becker was neither tried nor liberated. In the mean while Russia had been invaded; a portion of the advancing army passed through Magdeburg; and when Russia had sent back Napoleon defeated, the French in retreat passed through Magdeburg again. The prisoner in the fortress had in vain sent petitions to every French authority—to Marshal Davoust himself; to Maret, Duke of Bassano; to Savary, Duke of Rovigo, French Minister of Police;—no replies were made. But if the humble publisher was treated with such cruel contempt, the urgent appeals of a German reigning prince met with no better success. Becker tells how his most gracious sovereign and the members of the Ducal house gave his wife and children the most touching proofs of their personal sympathy, and of their readiness to do their utmost to save him. On the very day of his abduction the Duke of Gotha sent an officer of high rank and a civilian of great official position to Erfurt, to make representations there to the higher French military and civil authorities respecting the outrage on his sovereignty through the act of force which had been committed; but they learnt no more than that what had been done, had been ordered by Marshal Davoust. A few days later the Duke sent the same officer to the marshal at Hamburg, with a letter from himself and with orders to support its contents by verbal representations. But Davoust would not allow himself to be drawn into any declaration on the case; he only described Becker as “un

auteur ténébreux et plein d'arrière-pensées." He complained, too, that a town like Gotha should have several newspapers! He would not even consent to name the place where Becker was imprisoned, as the matter had already been reported to the Emperor, on whose orders the rest must depend.

This was the answer to the representative of the Duke, who himself was Napoleon's ally. The only result of this mission was that the marshal ordered the *National-Zeitung* to cease to appear after the year 1811, and the *Universal Advertiser* to drop the addition "of Germany" in its name, as offensive to the French Government.

To some of my readers the extraordinary lengths to which the French in those days carried their arbitrary proceedings into the minute details of civil life in protected and allied states, may appear incredible. I present this case to their attention as illustrating the conditions under which German publishers had to conduct their trade.

The Gotha Government repeatedly renewed its efforts for Becker's liberation with the French ambassador stationed in their capital. In addition, the Prince Primate, Grand-Duke of Frankfurt, used his best efforts from the very first. He testified to an intimate acquaintance with Becker of forty years' standing. He had influence with the Emperor, he did his utmost to exert it; but for seventeen months nothing could be achieved.

When Becker had been nearly a year in prison, he was allowed a visit from his sons who on a previous attempt had not been permitted to see their father, and had been ordered to leave Magdeburg in twenty-four hours! To his sons he now gave full instructions and

sketched the outlines of the arguments in his favour, by which his friends should once more attempt to move the French authorities. A new campaign was inaugurated. In October, 1813, Becker's brother-in-law sent a minute analysis of the case to the Duc de Rovigo, on whose decision, as Minister of Police, the prisoner's fate seemed now to depend. In November the Duke of Gotha wrote to the Emperor himself. Becker's wife addressed herself once more to the Grand-Duke of Frankfurt. In December she waited on Savary when he passed through on his return from Russia, and hope now dawned for the first time. He received a short petition to the Emperor from her hands, and gave her the kindest and most positive assurance that after his arrival in Paris, it should be his first business to address his Majesty on the case. Fortunately, at this time the disastrous end of the Russian campaign had modified to some extent the arrogant attitude of the French in their dealings with German authorities, and Becker's friends had some hope that the turn of affairs might soften the unapproachable rigour with which all appeals for mercy or justice had till then been met. But two more months slipped by, and he was still in prison.

At last success was at hand. As Becker wrote himself: "All that love, friendship, and good will could possibly do had been done, and everything had been fruitless, till my wife, on the 25th of April, hit the happy moment when the hope of new victories appeared to have opened the heart of the defeated conqueror to more merciful impressions." Napoleon was to pass through Gotha to Erfurt, this time not in the glory of unbroken victory, with the Emperor of Russia by his side, but in the attempt to retrieve that

good fortune which had deserted him on the Beresina. Frau Becker was by this time well-nigh desperate, and resolved to present a petition in person. Napoleon only changed horses at Gotha, but the reigning Duke went to welcome him, and approached the Emperor's carriage for the purpose. Becker's son anxiously looked for an officer to open a passage to the carriage through the gendarmes by whom it was guarded. But his mother tore away from him with the cry, "No, I will wait no longer!" pushed aside a gendarme, and, bounding to the carriage, thrust the petition into the hands of the Emperor. Then suddenly her powers left her. The agony of hope and fear was too much for her exhausted strength, and she fell to the ground with heart-rending cries of distress.

The Emperor had taken the paper, and, while opening it, leant out of his carriage and asked the Duke of Gotha who the woman was. But before the latter had recognized her, the Emperor looked into the paper, and at once said, "Ah! je sais ce que c'est," then turned pleasantly to the Duke and bade him announce to the woman the early return of her husband. The Duke raised her himself from the ground, and congratulated her on Becker's liberation, while the spectators raised the shout of "Es lebe der Kaiser!" But the victim's son was not so easily appeased. He could not at once lay aside his angry indignation, nor make a show of gratification at a tardy act of mercy in a case where all justice had been denied, and his mother had trouble to drag him forward to join his thanks to hers. The Emperor leant once more out of his carriage and said, "Votre mari retournera, mais dites-lui qu'il soit plus sage à l'avenir

et qu'il ne se mêle plus des affaires des puissances." Four days afterwards Becker was set at liberty, with shattered health and shattered fortune, his journals, the source of his livelihood, stopped, and himself released, not as being innocent, but in a moment of expansion on Napoleon's part, with the stagey effects of an apparent act of grace performed amid the cheers of an admiring crowd.

I must not dwell longer on this story, nor describe the system of Napoleon's espionage and police all over Germany, of which Becker gives interesting details. But few narratives, I venture to think, could present a more graphic picture of the depths of degradation to which the French protectorate had lowered the German people.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION.

1813.

IN the memorable year 1813 the chief scenes of the bloody drama, which culminated in the "battle of the nations" near Leipzig, and in Napoleon's overthrow by the Allied armies, were enacted on Saxon soil. The line of the Elbe was the meeting-place of the new legions which the Allies and Napoleon respectively reconstituted from what remained of the reserve forces of the exhausted nations. Dresden was taken and retaken, occupied and reoccupied, several times. The high-roads between Dresden and Leipzig were never free from passing armies. The great battles of Lützen, Bautzen, and finally Leipzig, were all fought within earshot of Saxon citizens, and every town and village in the country had to bear the terrible burden of the presence of troops, whom the peculiar position of their country, as an ally of Napoleon, yet as part and parcel of Germany, prevented them from meeting as either friends or foes.

Grimma lay on one of the main lines of march between Dresden and Leipzig, and its bridge over the Mulde was a strategic point of great importance. No position could be more exposed when mighty

hosts were contending for the line of the Elbe, and every inch of the country was fighting-ground.

Goschen's correspondence with Böttiger could not be carried on while armies were being moved to and fro between Grimma and Dresden, nor was it safe in such times to trust confidences to the post. After a letter from Goschen of the 14th of December, 1812, written when the remnants of the Grand Army were being swept back into Germany after the Moscow campaign by the victorious Russians, I find no others till December, 1813, when he opened the correspondence once more with the phrase, "Now that it is no longer a crime to write." But family tradition has preserved some of his experiences during this year of peril. And a not unfaithful mirror of his thoughts and feelings is presented by the *Grimmaischer Wochenblatt* (*The Grimma Weekly*), a little periodical, owned, edited, and mainly written by my grandfather himself.* In ordinary times it was just such a paper as is found in small provincial towns—a medley of anecdotes, stories, verses, and bits of news, to which, I need not say, my grandfather added miniature moral and philosophical essays on social subjects, coloured with his peculiar sentimental tone. But during the years 1813 to 1815, the great events of which Saxony was the stage, and many of which were enacted at the very doors of its editor, filled the pages of the little *Weekly* with matters of European interest.

The alternations of public feeling, the half-suppressed but nascent enthusiasm, the temporary release from the French yoke, its reimposition for a

* Lorenz, in his *Stadt Grimma*, also supplies interesting data about Grimma's fortunes during the war.

season, its final removal, the restoration of liberty of speech—tempered, however, by enactments published at the instance of the Russian and Prussian authorities who replaced the French,—came out in the *Wochenblatt* with the freshness of contemporary narrative.

At the beginning of the year the French had not yet lost their hold on Saxony. It was through Dresden that, on the 14th of December, 1812, after the retreat from Moscow, the Emperor Napoleon passed on his way home to Paris. He arrived quietly in the night in an ill-appointed sledge at the French Embassy. Seven months before, the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, the splendour of illuminations, had celebrated his presence in the Saxon capital. The German population noted the contrast between "then and now," and though Friedrich August himself remained loyal to his ally, the feeling of nationality had begun to ferment even in this portion of Germany, which, above all others, Napoleon had from the first endeavoured to chain to his cause by every species of cajolery at his command.

On his return to Paris, the Emperor summoned fresh armies to his standards, ordering a levy of 300,000 men. On their side, the Russians pushed forward with all possible despatch, and the Prussians, as they beheld the French retreating before them, felt that the time of their liberation was at hand. The King and his ministers could not long resist the popular feeling. A splendid outburst of national enthusiasm swept over the country. The Tugend-bund gathered fresh masses of recruits every day into its ranks. Every class of the community was possessed by a new ardour, and the vanquished of Jena felt that the

time for redeeming their honour and emancipating the Fatherland was at hand. The whole nation soon flew to arms. In the month of February the Prussian Government shook off the ties which bound them to the French, and concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Russians. The die was cast. The Allied sovereigns hurried their now combined armies forward to the Elbe, while Napoleon, undismayed by a union of forces which his diplomacy had in vain attempted to forestall, surpassed himself in organizing new legions of conscripts. Placing himself at their head, and collecting such remaining veterans as were still posted in various parts of Europe, he set out to meet the advancing foe.

But I must not linger on the glorious story of the war of liberation, except so far as it touched that tiny speck of the great panorama where, in their narrow sphere, my grandfather and his family were enduring the awful pressure of the times with God-fearing cheeriness and composure.

On New Year's Day, 1813, Grimma was occupied by troops serving under the French standard. Whatever the citizens might think of the catastrophe of Moscow, discretion had to be observed. *Saxon* loyalty was permitted, but the expression of *German* patriotism meant imprisonment or worse. Accordingly, the January number of the *Wochenblatt* opens thus—

“ New Year's wish
for all Saxons by a foreigner :
God preserve your king to you !
And next,
God preserve you your character.

The character of the Saxon is industry, contentment,
love for the sovereign, cheeriness, and religion.”

How my grandfather loved to harp on this string as to the chief characteristics of Saxon nature!

Where troops are quartered, *fêtes* are always held. No gloomy surroundings or prospects of danger damp the spirits of officers who wish to give balls, and in February the *Wochenblatt* chronicles brilliant doings started by a dashing Polish regiment of the Imperial Guard, the 1st Regiment of the "Chevau-Légers-Lanciers." The Grimma citizens were treated to a *fête* in which the display of French Eagles and transparencies of the Emperor played their habitual part. But, as each week rolled by, the little town seemed to become the centre of a terrible circle of iron, which was closing it in on every side. Régnier, with a large force of veteran troops from Italy, was one of the first to bring reinforcements to the French posted in Saxony, who, by the end of March, found a Russian army facing them. Cossacks began to show themselves on the heights opposite Grimma, on the right (eastern) bank of the Mulde, and from that time forward the inhabitants, without intermission, groaned under the burden of troops of all nationalities being billeted on them in turn. The exactions were terrible, though the municipal authorities bestirred themselves to the utmost to get help in money and provisions from Leipzig and other districts. Some assistance was given, but before long Leipzig and the surrounding towns and villages were hard pressed themselves, and Grimma had to rely on its own limited resources. The town council erected an immense kitchen, and organized a supply of meat, vegetables, and drink in an orderly fashion, so as to spare the poorer citizens as much as possible. The town was grateful for their exertions. In April

Goschen inserted an address in his little paper—pathetically written, and not improbably, to judge from its style, composed by himself—warmly thanking the town council “for the care and forethought by which they had enabled the townspeople to bear the burden of the troops who were quartered upon them, without too heavy a strain, and for the watchfulness by which they had prevented those disasters and calamities which in such distressful times might so easily befall.”

But the orderly arrangements of the burgomaster and his colleagues were not proof against the inroad of Russian troops. During the whole of April they poured in a perfect flood through the little town, and though they committed no serious excesses, their proceedings were most irregular. The quarter-masters charged with the billeting and victualling paid no regard whatever to the wishes of the citizens, or the careful preparations of the town council, but in peremptory fashion occupied such houses as they pleased. The Cossacks, especially, broke the hearts of the citizens by the utterly wasteful way in which they fed their horses in the streets, tossing down the oats, wrung from the people at a terrible cost, in the most haphazard way, and carrying off what they pleased in the way of forage from the magazines. Fortunately, they had arrived during a fast of their Church, and herrings, carp, and brandy were what they demanded most. An immense supply of herrings had luckily been procured. The Russian “Red Hussars” did not prove more considerate, and the dismay of the townspeople was not lessened when the famous Russian General, Winzingerode, arrived in person with his head-quarter staff, besides a hundred

and fifty other officers, and with infantry, cavalry, and artillery following in such numbers that all organization broke down. The common soldiers understood no German, they grew impatient and rough, and no visit from passing troops was more uncomfortably felt by the inhabitants.

Pleasanter visitors appeared in Grimma a little later. The Prussian partizan leader, Major von Lützow, appeared with his irregular corps, the famous "Lützow Rifles," partly mounted, partly on foot, a force recruited from young men of good family, and the name of which Theodor Körner, patriot-poet, who had joined its ranks, has enshrined in the heart of Germany.

Theodor Körner was in Vienna in March, 1813. He had been busy at work on poetical dramas, and was writing for the stage with a striking and prolific pen. But when tidings of the great movement in Northern Germany reached the Austrian capital, his chivalrous nature was stirred to its depths. The call to arms was a peremptory command to him, and he started for Breslau, the capital of Silesia, where Lützow was raising his corps, not merely to draw his sword as a valiant soldier, but to inflame the Vaterland to fever heat by his lyre. Another young civilian set out for Breslau in company with him, my uncle Georg Joachim, Goschen's second son, forsaking the desk at which he had work in a Vienna house of business, and taking service, unknown to his family, side by side with his friend Körner in Lützow's ranks.

Georg, though pledged to a business life, was, nevertheless, well qualified for the adventurous *rôle* of a mounted volunteer. He had not in vain been

trained by Seume. He had grown up physically very strong, inferior to few in powers of endurance, in rapid marching, in distance rides, or in swimming. Ardent and brave almost to recklessness, he was just the man to make himself felt in such a brave corps as Lützow led, and in whose exploits he bore his full share.

He suffered, indeed, from one serious drawback as a mounted rifleman. He was very short-sighted, a misfortune which on one occasion, when a fog increased his difficulties, led him to perform an involuntary feat. Believing a squadron to be behind him, he chased some scattered infantry of the enemy, and called on them to lay down their arms. The enemy, like himself deceived by the fog, obeyed. Georg then kept galloping forward till he came to a *tête de pont*, where he was met by a hail of bullets, but, by favour of the fog, escaped unhurt, and, wheeling round, discovered, to his surprise, that he was quite alone. Nothing daunted, however, he searched for and found his prisoners, and drove seventeen of them triumphantly in to his troop.

He was altogether a daring and chivalrous fellow, not only always ready to draw his sword, but eager to prevent or resent wrong of any kind. Billeted one day with some of his comrades on a peasant family in a friendly village, he heard one of the party bullying their hosts, and coarsely exacting from them more than was right. He at once interfered on the side of the poor people. Swords were drawn, and the champion of justice defeated his rowdy antagonist without much blood being shed. The incident is only worth recording as showing the training which the young volunteer had received, and the sense of right

which he had learnt from his father and the noble-hearted Seume.

Georg did not bear his own name in the "Students' Squadron," as it was sometimes called. The discovery that the publisher's son had taken service with "those brigands," as the French military authorities called this irregular corps, would have entailed heavy consequences on the father. He fought under the name of Selten.

At Breslau Körner and he found a gallant band. All ranks were vieing with each other in sacrifice for the national cause. A common enthusiasm had brought together officers who had already served with distinction, public functionaries of high position, men of letters and artists, country gentlemen and their sons. The force was incorporated with impressive religious ceremonials. A "chorale," written by Körner, was solemnly sung, an eloquent preacher roused his audience to the highest pitch of warlike fervour by his stirring appeal. Körner wrote—

"No eye was dry. We swore that in the cause of humanity, of our country, and of religion we would spare neither blood nor goods, and would joyfully march to victory or death. By the Almighty, it was a moment when in each breast death's consecrating impulse quivered like a flame, and when every heart beat with heroic throbs."

The singing of the grand old Lutheran hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," closed this glorious celebration. "Deafening cheers then burst from the congregation of champions for German freedom. Every blade leapt from its scabbard, and gleams of warlike light shimmered through the church."

German "Schwärmerei" showed itself here in its

most noble form. Poetry and prayer hallowed the sword, and the ecstasy of the minute culminated in a stern determination "to do or die," which the history of this brave corps proved to be no empty inspiration, no sudden poetic ebullition.

It was at the bivouacs, and on the march among such comrades and such inspiring surroundings, that Körner composed the immortal war-songs which form the collection of *Lyre and Sword*.

The route of the corps brought them to Grimma on the 16th of April, where, however, they remained but a day. Still there was time for Georg to appear as Selten before his family, and surprise them by his flying visit. His mother's heart was sadly torn when she parted from him again. A letter from her, written a few days after her son's departure, pathetically depicts her sorrow and anxiety in no Spartan mother's tone. As for Theodor Körner, he was lodged on this occasion with one of Goschen's friends; but I have not learnt any other details.

While Grimma had been flooded with the forces of the advancing Allies in this month of April, 1813, Davoust evacuated Dresden, after blowing up an arch of the beautiful bridge over the Elbe. The Allies occupied the town; the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia made their entry and established their head-quarters there for the time, while Friedrich August, notwithstanding their earnest solicitation, remained loyal to Napoleon, and retired to Prague. Both sides recognized that he was no free agent, and no appeal to Saxons which reflected on the character of their king would have met any response. Thus Wittgenstein, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces, bore this in mind when he issued a stirring

proclamation to the Saxons, which concluded as follows :—

“He who is not for liberty is against it; choose between our fraternal embrace and the point of our victorious sword. Rise, Saxons! free your king from his fetters; exterminate the stranger from the land, and may you soon have a free king, and may he reign over a free people!”

The Saxon provinces were deeply moved. In many villages, as the French evacuated them, the inhabitants rose and joined the Russians and Prussians. But final deliverance had not yet come. The decisive battles had still to be fought, and notwithstanding the splendid steadiness of Russian and Prussian veterans, the enthusiasm of the new levies, and the experienced strategy of their generals, victory, somewhat barren in its results, yet victory still, remained on the side of the French.

The first of the great battles of this campaign was fought in the plains of Lützen on the 2nd of May. It swept up to Lindenau, a suburb of Leipzig. The roar of the artillery was heard as far as Grimma. Hotly contested till darkness closed upon the combatants, and with varying fortunes, the French finally compelled the Allies to retreat. Their forces drew back, however, in excellent order, and gave battle to their pursuers for several days. On the 5th, detachments of both armies passed, fighting, through Grimma and its neighbourhood. The *Wochenblatt* of the 15th contained an article headed “The 5th of May in Grimma,” of which every line reveals my grandfather’s pen. He tells in graphic strokes of “the terrible war-storm” which had rolled along past the town; of the carnage in the vast battle

which, beginning on the 1st, had lasted for six days ; of the multitudes plunged into poverty and distress. But, awed as he was by the grandeur of events, his sentimental vein could not be suppressed, nor could he forego his favourite references to inanimate nature.

“On the 5th of May the thunder of artillery announced to us the great harvest of death, while our trees were resplendent in the finery of their early blossoms. The earth was trembling under the murderous skill of men in their wrath, but in the branches of the trees the nightingale trilled her sweet song ; for her, Spring has come, blest by Heaven and undisturbed. There is not one of us who has seen and heard all this who has not raised his eye to heaven and thanked the Almighty that He has protected us all, great and little, even the most lowly hut, when danger was closest to us. This moment was on the 5th of May at five o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour, when Cossacks were on the heights all round the town, a large body of French approached by the high-road to Leipzig and drove out such Russians as they met ; fighting took place in the streets.”

The Cossacks made for the bridge, a structure a hundred years old, crossed to the other side of the Mulde, and set the bridge on fire. “It burnt for nearly two hours, then fell with a roar of thunder into the stream, announcing its destruction to the surrounding country by a pitch-black volume of smoke and steam.”

But Goschen was not content to supply his readers simply with a description of events. He was bound to preach the gospel of civic duty. He proceeded to narrate an imaginary conversation, in which no doubt he unconsciously portrayed his own attitude and sense of duty.



GRIMMA.

From an old Print.

[To face p. 370, Vol. II.

“Shortly before the moment of peril which I have described, when the warriors of the contending sides were posted in our streets, our roads, and our fields, there was much distressful lamentation. Then I saw a citizen of our town standing quietly before his door. Another came up to him and cried, ‘How can you stand there so indifferent at a moment when the whole town is in deadly terror?’ ‘Dear neighbour,’ the other replied in kindly tones, ‘you would do well if you were as composed as I am. In that case, as soon as it was really necessary, you would be able to render help all the better. I stay here at my door to prove to the French that I have confidence in them, and in order to be at hand should any one be wounded and need my aid. If any soldiers should chase and shoot each other, I step back into my house and close the door, but only so long as they are passing. My wife and children are in the back part of the building safe from shots; she is preparing food and drink, the girls are preparing lint. Bandages, remedies for the wounded, drinks to revive the unconscious, have all been seen to. If a fire should break out, here, you see, are the buckets filled with water. As for the rest, I and all of us are in God’s hands. Why do you worry yourselves by fearing the worst? See! I am glad that I can prove to myself at this moment that I really believe in God and have confidence in Him. If it is best for us or for the rest of human kind—for the great whole—God can and will protect us. Go home, dear neighbour, and make such arrangements as God has put it in your power to make. Leave the rest to His omnipotence and goodness. If we live, we live to the Lord; if we die we die to the Lord: and so let us bid each other farewell in this solemn hour.’”

As I read my grandfather’s character, his own creed and his own practice were expressed in these words. I have been told by his daughters of the extraordinary forethought which he displayed during the passage of troops, friends or foes, prisoners or wounded men, past his doors. The carnage of war

deluges not only the battle-field, but whole districts with a terrible after-flood, and not the least pathetic spectacles are those of the strings of miserable prisoners, in a state of semi-starvation, who pass along various lines of march. Many and many a time the household at Hohenstädt was occupied for days together in helping these sad processions. Tables were set out in the garden, and many a touching scene was enacted before the eyes of the family, good comradeship and unselfishness showing itself among the starving men. My grandfather organized everything as the imaginary citizen in the *Wochenblatt* had recommended.

The loss of the battle of Lützen compelled the Allies to abandon the line of the Elbe, and the masters of Dresden were changed once more. The Emperor Napoleon entered the Saxon capital again, to the great alarm of the inhabitants, who feared his resentment at the favour which they had shown to the cause of the Allies; but still, true to the policy which he had preserved throughout, he treated them with clemency, letting off the municipal authorities, who came to meet him, with a characteristic scolding: "You richly deserve to be treated as a conquered people, but I forgive all from regard to your king,—he is the saviour of your country."

Napoleon followed up his success at Lützen with feverish energy. Concentrating all his forces on the further side of the Elbe, he followed the retreating Allies to Bautzen, in the south-east corner of Saxony, where, occupying a position of great strength, and under the personal command of the Emperor Alexander, the Russians and Prussians prepared for

another battle. In the masses of the contending armies, in the stubbornness of the attack and defence, and in the fluctuations of fortune on different portions of the field, the conflict of Bautzen surpassed in interest and importance even the battle of Lützen.

After frightful slaughter, the French once more compelled the Allies to retreat, though they themselves had more killed and wounded than their enemies. The days of crushing defeats, of Austerlitz and Jena, were past. In the series of engagements round Bautzen there was no panic or disorder, every inch of ground was desperately disputed, and the Russians and Prussians fell back without losing a standard, a gun, or a prisoner. Large reinforcements from Russia were known to be on their way, and the attitude of Austria became menacing to the French. With less resolution and confidence than he had hitherto displayed, Napoleon, after much negotiation, resenting, but not discarding, the domineering mediation of Austria, signed an armistice, known as that of Pleswitz, on the 4th of June.

The conclusion of this armistice was shortly followed by a shameful military event, which startled Europe, and closely touched the fortunes of the family whose humble chronicles I am recording.

Lützow's Mounted Rifles, five hundred strong, had, with several other similar bodies, been operating on the rear of the French columns, making many prisoners, cutting off supplies, attacking convoys, capturing despatches, and, generally, harassing the communications of the enemy with great daring and success. Napoleon's irritation knew no bounds, and he vowed vengeance on the small but troublesome force. Irregular levies and franc-tireurs are as a rule

peculiarly obnoxious to generals in the field, but the fury with which the Emperor raged against Lützow cannot be explained by the damage suffered, nor by the usual prejudice. Deeper causes were at work. The Germans were rising in every direction; romance had begun to shed glory round the volunteers; Körner's songs were spreading like wildfire; a new national force, lit by poetry, and stirred to the depths by the cry for freedom, had been launched against the French. These troublesome Irregulars must be punished at all costs. No suspension of arms should protect Lützow's Corps. Their commander heard of the conclusion of the armistice on the 4th of June, and was ordered to join the force of General Bülow on the right bank of the Elbe. A French Commissioner was to accompany him on his march, but owing to his non-arrival the start could not be made till the 15th. In the mean time, so Körner's father declared, a plan was concocted by the Emperor that of all who had taken part in the daring feats which had so aroused his special wrath, no single man should escape.

On the evening of the 17th Lützow, totally unprepared for attack, reached the village of Kitzen in the neighbourhood of Leipzig, when, in the growing darkness, he suddenly found himself surrounded by 3000 men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under General Fournier. Theodor Körner was sent forward to ask explanation, but the cavalry officer who met him cut him down with his sword to the remark, "The armistice is for all except you." A fierce onslaught was then made upon Lützow's three squadrons from every side before most of the horsemen had time to draw their swords, but wherever it

was possible they offered a most stubborn resistance. A portion of the small force were cut to pieces, many were taken prisoners, and some fought their way out. Lützow himself, who had been dragged from his horse and was already in the hands of the enemy, was rescued by the brilliant charge of a squadron which had not been surrounded.

My uncle Georg was less fortunate. He was struck by a lance which bore him and his horse to the ground, He was captured in a half-conscious state with an injured leg, and carried, together with a hundred and fifty prisoners, mostly wounded, to Leipzig. It was not long, however, before he regained his liberty. Two friends of the family visited him in his prison, one of whom wore two suits of clothes, and, putting one of these over his uniform, he passed the sentries, suffering agony from his leg, yet compelled to walk without the slightest compromising limp. Then he managed to get safely to Hohenstädt where he could quietly and secretly nurse the wounded limb; but in a few weeks he was off again with a false passport to Berlin, travelling mostly on foot, and entered a West Prussian regiment of Dragoons as a volunteer.

As for Theodor Körner, though again wounded after he had been cut down by the commander of the hostile cavalry, he managed in the confusion to recover himself and to get to his horse. With a single comrade, he escaped to a wood, where he bound up his wounds as well as he could, but suffered intense agony and great loss of blood. Two peasants ultimately found him, but it was with the greatest risk and many hairbreadth escapes that he was ultimately smuggled into Leipzig. There the

penalties were heavy for harbouring any of Lützow's Horse; but friends were not wanting, who, at the peril of their own necks, received the brave young poet into their house and kept him till he recovered. But while he lay thus concealed, the treachery of the onslaught on the unsuspecting corps, the dastardly sword-stroke dealt to the soldier-poet by an officer of rank, the outrage involved in this violation of the honourable laws of war,—were noised abroad in the city, and roused a furious resentment, which, we are told, almost ended in an insurrection. The whole circumstances were of so atrocious a character that they largely affected public feeling with respect to the renewal of hostilities. "Armistice be it," was the universal cry; "but no peace. Revenge for Körner first."

The armistice brought some respite to the citizens of Grimma and its neighbourhood. For the first fortnight endless processions of wounded French kept the horrors of war before their eyes. Afterwards, only small detachments troubled the town, but the French occupied the country round. The suspension of hostilities had been prolonged till the 10th of August, and on that day Napoleon's *fête* was celebrated, five days before the real date, so that the festival might be kept before peace was disturbed. The *Wochenblatt* describes the banquet for the officers, the dinners for the soldiers, the invitation to the magnates of the town; but before the dinners could be eaten, part of the cavalry were ordered to start. This was the last time that Saxon Grimma was called upon to toast the Emperor Napoleon. The end was approaching, retribution was at hand.

But before the month of August had closed



Theodor Kerner
Major General

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*Theodor Körner,
Lützower Jäger, 1813.*

Germany had to mourn one of her favourite sons. Theodor Körner, who had quite recovered from his wounds received at Kitzen, had hastened to rejoin Lützow's Corps, now freshly reinforced. It was one of the first to be sent into the field.

On the 28th of the month Lützow attacked a strong convoy of the enemy, and Körner rode at his side as adjutant. An hour before, during a halt in a wood, the poet read to a friend his last poem, fresh from his heart and brain, *The Song of the Sword*. The escort of the enemy was soon put to flight, but a small body of their sharpshooters took refuge among some bushes and fired into the ranks of their mounted pursuers. Körner fell mortally wounded, and found that soldier's death which he had always expected to be his lot, and of which he had sung the enthusiastic praises in his lofty verse. Thus perished the poet of the war. He had done his noble work. The flame which his songs had so powerfully helped to kindle was fiercely burning throughout his Fatherland, and Europe was about to witness the final scenes of the war of liberation.

On the 8th of August an event of supreme importance had taken place—Austria had signed an alliance with Russia and Prussia. The addition of her large army to their constantly increasing forces finally turned the scale against the French. For two months more Napoleon's consummate strategy held his enemies at bay. The terrible battle of Dresden, fought in the last days of August, when the Allies, on the eve of victory, were signally defeated and lost 25,000 men, seemed the presage of French success. But a battle which, in ordinary warfare, would have been the crowning event of a campaign,

was but an episode in the vast scenes of conflict along the whole line of the Elbe, around the fortresses on the Oder and the Vistula, and in the rear of the French forces. Soldiers no longer fell in thousands, but in tens of thousands, and Saxony still remained the shambles of Europe.

The intense sufferings and anxieties of the peaceful inhabitants of the towns and villages need not be described. Again ghastly processions of wounded men, sometimes of one nationality, sometimes of another, passed by Hohenstädt. Cossacks reappeared for a day or two before the month of August was out; but after the battle of Dresden, Austrian prisoners in thousands were conveyed past on their route to Leipzig, as well as a multitude of the sick from the hospitals of the Saxon capital, which could no longer bear the strain. In September Krasinsky's Polish Lancers reappeared in Grimma, and it is probably to this regiment that a young French doctor belonged, who in a wounded state had been billeted on the Hohenstädt family. He was much liked by them, and behaved with great circumspection; but he had small confidence in the steadiness of his Polish brother officers, for when his regiment passed he besought my grandmother to hide the girls carefully away, and at his instance a guard was told off to protect them.

The gallantry of Russian officers was as likely to prove obtrusive as that of the Poles. On one occasion, when Cossack officers were billeted on the family, the second Jette, now a beautiful girl with a splendid voice, had to sing the famous Russo-German song, "*Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden*," till two o'clock in the morning.

Yet it is wonderful how the inhabitants of Hohenstädt, on the whole, were spared actual ill-usage. To this my grandfather himself bore witness. Right on the line of march for soldiers of almost every country in Europe, within earshot of terrible battles, their escape even from serious plundering is surely remarkable. The Cossacks, not unnaturally, were the chief offenders. Many of them swarmed into Grimma and its neighbourhood before the battle of Leipzig, which was now impending. The Cossacks were indeed coming as liberators, but they scarcely knew whether the Saxon peasantry were friends or foes. How should they, in the general confusion of military events? They were rough customers. As they passed my grandfather's little country house, with one or two bedrooms on the ground floor, they stuck their lances into blankets and pillows, and gaily carried them off. On one occasion when the Goschen boys and others were coming home from school at Grimma, the Cossacks robbed them of their boots. On another, just before the great battle, the boys were taken off as guides to show the Russians some particular height from which portions of the expected battle-ground could be descried.

At last it came, the battle of Leipzig, the great collision of nations, the enormous conflict which emancipated Germany. As it progressed, the roar of cannon was heard at Hohenstädt. The boys climbed the highest trees to catch the first glimpse of any token by which the issue of the struggle might be guessed, and with straining ears the whole household listened to the boom of the artillery, judging as it became louder or fainter to which side victory probably inclined. Immense was the joy

when the triumph of the Allies was known. Grimma was, as my aunts have told me, beside itself with delight.

Saxony was all but free! The Saxon regiments, who under iron compulsion had served for years with the French eagles, passed over to the Allies during the battle. Napoleon's broken host was in full retreat to the Rhine. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, entered Leipzig in triumph, amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm and exultation, yet amid the awful sights presented by a city which had just been stormed, and in which 30,000 wounded soldiers had to be lodged. Famished men roamed through the streets, and soon disease broke out not only in the hospitals, but in many private houses. No city paid a heavier price for emancipation from the French. As to Dresden, still held by Marshal St. Cyr with nearly 40,000 French, her liberty had still to be won. Then the whole country would be clear of the enemy. The French troops and the inhabitants enclosed within the walls of the city suffered the most frightful privations from famine and sickness for some weeks. The contending armies had swept the whole surrounding neighbourhood of all the necessities of life. St. Cyr made a gallant but hopeless defence, and in the end was compelled to capitulate with his whole force. Then the Saxon capital was free once more; but one gloomy cloud hung heavy on the loyal people. No beloved sovereign returned to them in triumph to resume at once his sway over his emancipated subjects. Faithful throughout to his plighted word, more faithful than other princes

on whose heads Napoleon had placed a crown, more faithful than some of the Emperor's own marshals, Friedrich August had stood by the falling cause to the last. Bound by many ties to German princely houses, himself a German prince, he was king by the grace of Napoleon, and his subjects had been spared many of the penalties of the war by his French ally. He paid the penalty of his constancy in his person and in almost half his territory. Immediately after the capture of Leipzig he was requested by the victorious monarchs in courteous terms to choose a residence for himself which would be pleasanter than that city, and safer than beleaguered Dresden. The form was civil, but the substance meant honourable captivity; and, in company with the queen and his daughter, he was conveyed to Berlin under an escort of Cossacks, practically a prisoner of war.

This enforced absence of the King and the break-up of the French organization made it necessary for the Allies to make provision for the temporary government of Saxony. In this capacity they appointed the Russian prince Von Repnin, to act under the general administrative supervision of the Prussian minister, Baron von Stein, to whom the task was confided of reorganizing in the collective interest the resources of the countries which had been occupied by the enemy. Steps were immediately taken for the enrolment of Saxon volunteers in the Landwehr on similar lines to those on which the Prussian army had been furnished with an immense contingent. The thinned ranks of Saxon youth were appealed to under every circumstance of patriotic emotion. Eloquent orators pushed home the reminder that, last

among all the races of Germany, the Saxons were to tread the path of greatness, the path of honour, of victory, in the just conflict against foreign oppression. Though last on that path, they would not be the last in the harvest of fame. "Duty called them not only to overtake their comrades in arms, but to overtake their own good name." Passionate appeals were made to every impulse which could stir men's hearts. It seemed as if the leading spirits felt that a slur rested on their country for the prolonged alliance of a German people with the enemies of Germany. Heavy work had still to be done in the field by the Allies. Let Saxony, at least, take her full share in that. The call to arms was met with enthusiasm. The bulk of the Saxon population had never shared the French proclivities of the Court party. For them Theodor Körner had neither sung nor fought in vain. The lyre had been struck, the sword had been drawn, by Saxon hands, and the defeat of the French on Saxon soil fired the imagination of the people. Oaths were administered in the church, with solemn ceremonials, with hymns and addresses, to those who joined the standards, and, among the Grimma contingent, my uncle Fritz was sworn in as a lieutenant. Georg, the second son, was off again with his dragoons, and my father, the third son, was also on his way to join the army when, as the publisher tells Böttiger, another destiny arrested him. But my grandfather shall now speak once again in his own words.

He wrote to his Dresden friend, on the 19th of December—

"Now that writing is no longer a crime, I write to you once more. I know from what I have heard

that you too have suffered as we have, but I hope you have been spared any actual ill-usage.

"Since last February, but especially since the truce, I have no longer been a publisher, but simply a custodian of my little property, a kind of publican, always with a brandy-bottle, or a wine-bottle, or some kind of food in my hand, to satisfy the Cossacks, Slavs, Hungarians, and soldiers of all descriptions. However, thus far I have escaped blows, plundering, or ill-usage, though several times my escape was a very narrow one; and, with the help of my 'aides,' I managed to save the villagers' cattle and grain. The French were the worst just before the battle, as they wanted to clear off everything and leave nothing to the Allies, but I gave the commissariat officers such a piece of my mind that they were ashamed of themselves, and instead of seizing all the cattle, were content with a few bottles of wine.

"We heard the battle proceeding as if it were in our own field. After it was over, my Neapolitan* son came to me unhurt. He had already fought in the battles of Grossbeeren and Jüterbock. My eldest son is a volunteer lieutenant in the Landwehr. My third son wrote to me that he did not want to be behind his brothers, and so was going to Tettenborn. It is perhaps rather much, but it teaches me that God has heard the prayer of my youth and of my old age, that he would make me a useful fellow in the world."

The father's heart had been severely tried, and his dear friend Susemihl, the prop of his business, had gone to London "to raise the dead to life" among his connections there.

"Thus I, the old chap, must work on alone. I have kept my spirit fresh and vigorous through the *Wochenblatt* and the *Sontags-Stunde*, though all around me were thoroughly upset. Requisitions for the army and the billeting of soldiers upon me, as the troops are moved to and fro, are still very trying, but this I hope will soon be at an end.

* Georg had been in a house of business at Naples before he went to Vienna, whence he enlisted in the Lützow Rifles.

"I have obeyed the voice of my heart, and written to you once again. We all stand now like abandoned sentinels, so we must fain once more clasp hands and look kindly into each other's eyes. God keep you and us!"

A touching letter, it seems to me, after a time of such tribulation and anxiety! The year 1813, with an entire stoppage of business, with numerous *employés* always to be fed, with successive contributions and billetings on his various establishments to be borne, strained Goschen's resources, crippled as he already was, almost to breaking point; but, thankful for the escape of his family and himself from a worse fate, he presents a pathetic picture of patriotic resignation.

No literary business of any importance can be recorded for this year of war. But one event happened which must have sorely tried my grandfather's affectionate heart: Wieland died.

He passed away on the 20th of January, 1813, eighty-two years old. A feverish attack clouded his last days. In lucid intervals his unfinished translation of Cicero occupied his fancy, and, when his mind wandered, pictures of those old classical times which he had loved so well, passed before his brain. Next, as his faithful friend and biographer (Gruber) relates, he uttered Italian words, which suggested that he was straying in the fields of Ariosto, till at last his spirit settled down on Shakespeare, and more than once his children, as they stood lovingly round his bed, heard him repeat the words, "To be or not to be." Then peacefully the patriarch sank into the gentle slumber of euthanasia. Weimar

mourned the departed poet and sage with every mark of deep affection and respect. The Freemasons of the Amalia Lodge, under the auspices of Bertuch, Wieland's friend of forty-three years' standing, took the lead in the funeral arrangements. The body was laid in state on a catafalque in Bertuch's house, a chaplet of laurels rested on the black velvet cap which, as in life, crowned his head. Beside him, arranged on red velvet cushions, lay *Oberon* and *Musarion*, in the splendid editions of Goschen and Degen, bound in morocco and wound round with wreaths of laurels, while on a white satin cushion rested his French and Russian orders. Strange that there was no German order to grace the bier of the illustrious patriarch of German literature! A deputation of the town council accompanied the coffin to the grave, while the French Ambassador, Baron St. Aignan, followed as one of the chief mourners. But among the marks of veneration and respect paid to Wieland's memory, there was one which must rank as the highest honour which could be paid. At the commemorative service held in the Amalia Lodge, Goethe spoke the funeral oration!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NAPOLEON'S FALL—SAXONY'S FATE—REVIVAL OF TRADE.

JANUARY, 1814—JULY, 1815.

WITH the opening of the year 1814, Goschen once more took up his work as a publisher and printer. The political world was still in a state of feverish agitation, but business could now be resumed, fresh work-people engaged, and publishing projects entertained. Greatly would Goschen, who had published Theodor Körner's earlier poems, have rejoiced to have had the famous war-songs as the firstfruits of his fresh activity, but the young soldier had made arrangements during his lifetime with a Vienna and a Berlin publisher, and these his father was naturally anxious to respect. "Thus," Goschen explained to Böttiger, "there can be no question of my printing his works. If we could have had a free hand in the matter, the poems would have been published by me." It would, of course, have been impossible, during the year 1813, for a Saxon firm, domiciled at Grimma, under the very eyes of French authorities, to have published such calls to arms as the patriot-poet sang to German youth.*

* I have discovered no correspondence between the elder Körner and Goschen between September, 1811, and September, 1815. In the

The following letter to Böttiger exhibits my grandfather once more at work, with his head full of various ideas. His reason for refusing to publish Wieland's letters will probably amuse a generation to whom the minutest domestic incidents and the most confidential letters of distinguished personages present an attractive field of exploration. Possibly my grandfather would have rebuked the degree to which I am giving the world details about himself:—

"January 25, 1814.

"My son is now off, and I, the old boy, work on now, all alone. But so it must be! . . .

"What I quietly anticipated has come to pass. The pirates cannot manage Wieland's works. I myself am still delaying the announcement of a new edition, till I have got things straight and am in a position to keep my word to the public as to its issue. For the moment I am not able to recruit enough hands for my printing establishment. At the time of the stoppage they were obliged to go to Austria or into New France.* Now, all who are capable of bearing arms, are enrolled in the militia, and consequently there is a scarcity of workmen.

"I won't print Wieland's letters. That great intellect and the man himself are sufficiently well known through what he has himself produced, and it is in that way that he must be presented to the eyes of the world. To inspect and gape at what he has in common with all mortals, is a pitiable kind of curiosity which is of no use at all. I cannot bear the craze for such things. A learned correspondence is something quite different. . . .

"Everybody is mad about politics just now, but I think the flood will soon subside; the people have had too much of it. Everybody is so terribly serious

latter year Körner lost his only daughter, Emma, the devoted sister of Theodor, after whose death her own health gave way. Goschen's letter refers in touching terms to the father's inexpressible grief.

* *I.e.* those parts of Germany which had actually become French.

and angry that one gets frightened out of one's wits. Only one solitary newspaper is gay, and hits out straight—*The Kossack*. I shall not continue the *Sonntags-Stunde*, because I am once more wholly a publisher, and, God willing, intend to bestir myself again. Only let me have health.

"My son Georg is now at Cuylenburg according to his last letter. They wished to promote him, but he declared that he fought neither for advancement nor pay, but from a sense of nationality, and that, after the campaign was ended, he would return to his mercantile career.

"My third son, Heinrich, who was starting to join the army because he did not wish to be behind his brothers, was taken into partnership by a wealthy merchant just as he was on the point of carrying out this resolve, and is now with Susemihl in London. Thus the youngster is an established merchant in his twentieth year, and launched on a very fortunate career. But then this Heinrich is quite an exceptional mercantile genius, and, what is odd, at the same time a great musician."

"This Heinrich" was my father. The merchant who took him into partnership was a Bremen man, Frühling by name. Though not wealthy in our modern sense, he was a man of some means and of good standing. My father went to London under these auspices, and there founded the firm of Frühling and Goschen, of which he was for fifty years the predominant partner, and of which I myself was a member at the beginning of my career.*

Susemihl, with whom my father travelled to London, had been despatched to England, as my grandfather wrote, to "raise the dead to life" amongst his British connections. Before this time I find few

* Frühling ultimately married Lotte, my grandfather's second daughter. It is to this charming woman that I owe my knowledge of some of the family traditions related in the last chapter.



Wilhelm Heinrich Gieseler

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H. W. Phillips pinx.

Walker & Gocherell. p. h. sc.

Wilhelm Heinrich Goschen.

allusions to transactions with England, but whether or not Goschen had done much business with this country before, the visit to it of his able and most active representative during the lull in European hostilities after Napoleon's overthrow, was very successful. During the years 1814 and 1815 considerable transactions with Great Britain are chronicled in the extant records of the firm. From the mention of a bill on the "College Library of Edinburgh" in 1815, I gather that the University authorities had become direct customers of my grandfather, but I have not been able to find a clue to the class of books supplied. A letter to a bookseller named Lang, signed Georg J. Goschen, speaks of "the conference with which you honoured me," and a letter to Walter Scott, similarly signed, thanks the author for his kind reception. But Goschen himself never crossed the Channel, and it is clear that it was Susemihl, representing the firm, who had the honour of being received by Walter Scott. It was no doubt an immense advantage to the publisher that at a period when exhausted Germany had little money to spend on the luxury of books, a wider channel than heretofore was secured to him in Great Britain. I also find traces of considerable transactions with Italy from this time forward.

As Goschen's business was now managed from Grimma, he had to have recourse to a Leipzig firm to represent him in that city. His agent was Herr Steinacker, and a few letters from Goschen to this friend, written in January, 1814, have been preserved. They disclose some revival in the book-trade, and show how Goschen was once more able to despatch considerable packets of his publications for delivery

to booksellers and others. We read, for instance, of 250 copies of Rosenmüller's *Teacher (Lehrbuch)*, which would appear to indicate that with the disappearance of the contending armies from Saxony, boys would once more be sent to school. Many of the old familiar names appear on the list of books despatched, among them fifty copies of *Seume's Life*, copies of Goethe's *Egmont* and *Götz von Berlichingen*, Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, Klopstock's *Odes*. The number of years which had elapsed since these editions first saw the light had apparently not exhausted Goschen's stock even of the works of the best authors.

But while business men once more set to work, personal anxieties and an acute state of tension still disturbed every home. My grandfather, and especially my grandmother, were terribly worried about their two soldiering sons. Fritz, the Landwehr lieutenant, was off to his post, and Goschen directed his agent to send money and other necessities to follow him—

"The poor fellow can't even get a drop of water without money, while his father is feeding Prussians, Russians, and Saxons, and goes hungry himself rather than allow his guests to starve."

Frau Goschen wrote letters to Steinacker in the first months of 1814, in tones of the deepest depression. God knew whether she would ever see Fritz again. She had passed through a terrible winter with her sons in danger. Her anxiety, too, at the effect on her husband of the strain was intense, and she bitterly deplored being deprived of the support of all her children.

The events of 1813 must indeed have tried the

nerves of the bravest women, and some murmuring at unkind fate on the part of anxious mothers was surely not unnatural.

Frau Goschen wrote a little later—

“However, it is done, and I must resign myself, hard as it is for me; but, especially on my husband’s account, I can scarcely contain myself. At his age he is compelled to give up every comfort! How is this to end?”

There was much talk of peace, she heard, but she would not believe it. The Grimma people declared that the great man would return, and there had been “terrible doings.”

Then came a final blow. All trace of Georg was lost for a time.

The peace for which Jette was yearning with such impatience seemed long in coming to anxious watchers. Many months passed between the battle of Leipzig, in which the Allies seemed to have finally broken the strength of France, and their victorious entry into Paris in the last days of March in the following year.

The vastness of their forces might well have been expected to guarantee a rapid and crushing campaign against the deserted Emperor and isolated France. But it was not till after endless vacillation and long deliberation, due not only to strategic considerations, but also to selfish motives, that the immense hosts moved to the Rhine. Schwartzenberg commanded the Grand Army which entered France by Switzerland; Blücher, with the army of Silesia, operated in the centre in the neighbourhood of Mainz, and Bernadotte to the north on the side of Flanders. The Prussian division of General Bülow was, in the first

instance, attached to this latter army, and it was in this corps that my Uncle Georg served.

His mother had received no news of him at the end of March. By this time Bülow's Corps had, according to her presentiment, been engaged in "terrible doings." It took part in February in the attack on Antwerp on the occasion when Sir Thomas Graham, with six thousand English troops, was sent out to assist in the operations against that fortress, and when Bülow's Division fought side by side with the 78th Highlanders. But the Prussian General soon received orders to join Blücher's army. Lord Castle-reagh, attached to the head-quarters of the Allied sovereigns, had, with the very greatest difficulty, carried the point that the old field-marshal should be reinforced by some divisions which were under the orders of Bernadotte—a decision which averted the imminent risk of the army of Silesia being crushed. Bernadotte had shown so singular a want of alacrity in invading France on the side which had been assigned to him, that Bülow's troops must have hailed with delight their transfer to the one commander who pushed forwards on the road to Paris with an obstinacy and vigour certainly not displayed by Schwartzemberg or Bernadotte.

My gallant uncle fell ill before Bülow joined Blücher, prostrated by an attack of fever from which he only recovered to be sent home to Leipzig invalided. He thus missed, no doubt to his intense disappointment, the furious and bloody battles in which the Prussian veteran was almost overwhelmed by Napoleon. The latter, during the first three months of 1814, surpassed himself in the untiring efforts and extraordinary strategy with which, depending on

vastly inferior forces, he kept the three armies at bay, forced Schwartzenberg and Blücher alike to retreat on several occasions, recaptured fortresses which had been taken, and reformed divisions when they had been beaten. But though his single purpose and military genius overmatched the divided counsels of his enemies, their numbers were bound ultimately to prevail, and after several retrograde movements and a series of battles partly won and partly lost, the Allies closed in upon Paris on the 29th of March, 1814, and terms of capitulation were signed by the Marshals Marmont and Mortier.

The end soon followed. Napoleon, furious at first with the action of his generals, had to yield himself, and by the middle of April his abdication was signed, and the island of Elba became his prison.

Meanwhile the contents of the little *Grimma Wochenblatt* offered some glimpses of the feelings and the situation of those who had been left at home during the memorable three months of the campaign in France. The Emperor Alexander was the hero of the day—the saviour of Germany, the great liberator—and his birthday was celebrated by the people of Grimma with spontaneous and enthusiastic rejoicings, very different from those which had attended Napoleon's *fêtes*. Patriotic songs appeared in successive numbers—appeals to Saxon volunteers, appeals to the Vaterland, songs to “The loved ones at home.” At the same time, official notices reflected a certain feverish activity on the part of the German authorities to be prepared for all contingencies. For instance, Freiherr von Beust, Landwehr Commissioner, issued an order, published in the *Wochenblatt*, that all who had in their possession any

description of arms should deliver them up or send a specification of their number and value to the proper authority on the 4th of February, 1814, the object being to further the rapid arming of the Landwehr. The offer of rewards to informers who might denounce the concealment of any weapons showed a conviction of the urgency of the case. Another order, addressed to the surgeons of Grimma, summoned all those who could not leave the country to devote themselves to the Landwehr. In March appeals were made to the women of Grimma for lint and bandages and other necessaries required for surgical operations. It was indeed no military promenade on which the 500,000 men were engaged, who were to strike the last blow at the foe.

But on the 12th of March glorious news from the seat of war was published in the *Wochenblatt*. The following proclamation appeared :—

“Dresden, March 9.

“Glad tidings of victory are hereby made known to the public. The adjutant of the Russian General, Count Barclay de Tolly, has just brought the following official news :—Field-Marshal Blücher, in conjunction with Generals Wittgenstein, Bülow, and Winzingerode, attacked the French Army, commanded by the Emperor Napoleon, between Châlons and Bar-sur-Aube, and defeated it, capturing sixty-four guns, as well as most of the equipage of the French Emperor, and 10,000 prisoners.

“(Signed) THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, PRINCE REPNIN.”

Thus a victory, partly won by German arms, was announced to Saxon ears by a foreigner who had displaced their King.

Peace was now in immediate prospect. The number for the 15th of April published the address of the French Provisional Government to the French Army,

absolving the soldiers from their allegiance to Napoleon, and communicated news from Leipzig that a general peace might be looked for with the greatest confidence.

And so at last the strain was over, and men's minds could turn with greater confidence to the pursuit of their respective callings. Yet Saxony was not happy. A Russian Governor-General installed at Dresden was a living monument of continued subjection. The master had been changed, but he was a foreigner still. During the war the Saxons had been leniently treated by Napoleon. "Their king had saved them." But after the Emperor's fall they had to pay the penalty of their former immunity. Now their fate as a separate kingdom was hanging in the balance, and people looked with deep anxiety for news as to the return of their sovereign from Berlin. They had sought to bring balm to the sufferings of the exile by a petition in his favour to the plenipotentiaries of the Powers assembled, after Napoleon's abdication, at the Vienna Congress, and a deputation to Vienna was contemplated to intercede "for the return of the father of his country to his orphaned subjects." But this movement was sternly repressed by the Russian Governor, and the rumour that Saxony would be incorporated with Prussia gained strength when Prince Repnin announced that the administration of the country was now to be transferred to Prussia, and that in the Church prayers King Friedrich August and his family were no longer to be named. Prayer was simply to be offered for "the exalted rulers of the country" (*die hohe Landesherrschaft*).

At the same time, a report flew through the land that Friedrich August would not return at all, but would be compensated by territory on the Rhine. Dismay filled the hearts of the people. Through good and bad report, during peace and war, their prince had remained their idol. All their national feelings were concentrated in love—unshaken, enthusiastic love,—for Friedrich August the Just, and now they were even forbidden to lift up a prayer on his behalf!

No sooner had Prince Repnin been replaced by a Prussian administrator (in November, 1814) than the strongest pressure was brought to bear on the new authorities to recall the order forbidding prayers for the King, but in vain. The fact was that Prussia and Russia were struggling in concert at the Congress to secure possession of Saxony and Poland respectively. But England, Austria, and France stood by Saxony. Had not the Allies declared that they had not set forth for purposes of conquest? A dead-lock almost ensued, till a compromise was arrived at under which three-fifths of Saxony were to be restored to Friedrich August, while two-fifths were to be handed over to Prussia.

The Saxon King, called upon to sign the document by which he would release his subjects in the forfeited provinces from their allegiance, long resisted every pressure. He protested in the face of Europe. For a time the tone of the controversy was moderate. But when in the month of March, 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, the greatest consternation ensued. It was necessary to make short work of the negotiations, and the Allies were compelled, sinking their differences, to unite once more against the common

enemy. The Saxon question had to be settled forthwith. The plenipotentiaries, exchanging their moderate tone for one of command, compelled the King to submit to the authority of Congress, and to the decrees transferring one-third of Saxony to Prussia. Under irresistible pressure, Friedrich August gave his consent, and on the 7th of June, 1815, he re-entered Dresden amid the acclamations of the people and manifestations of enthusiastic welcome such as might have met a sovereign returning from the wars crowned with victory, but which a grateful nation now laid at the feet of the ill-fated prince who had lost so much, but had retained the precious treasure of his subjects' love.

The foregoing narrative of the successive phases through which unhappy Saxony had passed, furnishes the key to most of the contents of a long letter from Goschen to Böttiger, of the 16th of June, 1815, nine days after the re-entry of Friedrich August into Dresden, and two days before the battle of Waterloo.

Wild excitement had followed on the joy of seeing the King once more in their midst, and furious denunciations of the departed Prussians and Russians seem to have been uttered in the churches with official sanction. Just as, before, the King's name had been tabooed, so now defiant political hymns were to be sung in his honour. Böttiger's praise of one of these hymns called forth an exposition of my grandfather's views on State prayers. It was outrageous, in his opinion, and contrary to all religious feeling, that, on every change in the political situation, prayers should be made to order, and the pulpit turned into a platform for political panegyric or denunciation.

"You praise the hymn,—I find great fault with it! Lyrical poetry should never forget its dignity and become simply rhymed invective. Set Church prayers are political prayers and nothing else. Have we not been compelled to pray for the great rogue, for the prosperity of his tyranny, for the bondage of the spirit? Beware of believing, you great seigneurs, that a peasant utters such a prayer with reverence! God will demand a reckoning for such prayers, because they rob men of all the dignity, the holiness, the ennobling influence, the priceless blessing of true prayer. Away with politics from the pulpit!—away with them from religion if religion is to be preserved! But God will rescue it in spite of the stupidity of these clerical fellows. He has implanted it in the hearts of all. Who has ever forbidden the lord bishop to pray in his own chamber, and under God's heaven, and even silently in church, for his excellent King? Neither Russian nor Prussian. If but one of these clerical gentlemen had plucked up courage, he would have preached on the liberty of *silent* prayer in the heart, and would have announced after the sermon that Government considered it necessary to suspend *public* prayer for the King.

"You referred me to the series of *Deutsche Blätter*, No. 15, and I thank you for it. If the lord bishop had read this paper, he would not speak of a 'yoke.' Truly we, as a conquered country, have not been harshly treated, but mildly."

Goschen then shrewdly dwelt on the folly of violence in presence of the perils which still surrounded Saxony, the Allied armies being still in the field, and on the necessity for the Russians, whether defeated or victorious, to pass through Saxony on their way home to the Vistula. Was it possible that the shouting enthusiasts believed once more in France?

"It is natural that the people should grumble, natural that their feelings should find a vent in lampoons and epigrams. But discreet persons should behave otherwise. What is to come of all this shouting?

What is to be the end of it? Is it perchance to provoke the Prussians to take sterner vengeance, to place more restrictions on our manufactures, to work against them more energetically than ever? Or is the object aimed at to stir up revolution, as the Russians and Prussians are bound to return through the country as friends or as enemies? Is the object alliance with France, which can only exist through Jacobinism, and where Buonaparte maintains his position only as a paper Emperor, and where Emperor and Jacobins are lost if God wills not otherwise? Better lift the Russians straight over Saxony and drop them on the other side of the Vistula! Or will poets and orators draw the sword and keep out the Russians? That is a very different matter, gentlemen, from counting syllables and searching for rhymes and stringing together passages from hymnaries, and composing songs. My advice is this: comfort the people and the King! Things will turn out better than we expect, if we are determined that so it shall be. A small people needs but few chamberlains, ministers, soldiers, and in this way much can be economized. A petty prince needs not to execute many strokes of high policy for which his subjects pay with the sweat of their brow. He, the shepherd himself, will know and guide his sheep, and will not need to keep a lot of lazy boys idling about, smoking their pipes. Our provinces, alas! have been distributed, but so have our burdens. With industry, wisdom, good feeling, effort, we shall manage all right. Are not all states bankrupt at bottom, whatever their name? I know full well that Saxony will save herself if we preserve our courage and keep our heads. Buonaparte's monument of infamy is that he forced nations into levying enormous armies, compelled them to load themselves with boundless expenditure, and thus wrought their ruin. We Saxons need henceforward no army, but simply a bodyguard for the King and mounted police—nothing else.

"The enthusiasm of the Saxons is holy and does honour to us all. But let it remain dignified, let it disdain untruthfulness and invective, and let its silence express its scorn of broken faith and covetousness.

"And so may wisdom not forsake this shrewd and

good and amiable people! Let us labour, my friend, as best we can, to the end that passions may not draw down unmerited hate upon us and upon our King."

Wise, thoughtful, and patriotic utterances in a moment when men were not unnaturally losing their heads! As for the King, he justified the affectionate confidence of his people. The proclamation which he issued was full of the dignity of resignation, tempered with hope and the resolution to repair disaster. Its concluding words ran—

"How should we fail in presence of the spirit which is moving you, and of the feelings towards Us which you have displayed, to yield Ourselves up to the comforting confidence, that, joining Our efforts with yours, We shall succeed in healing the deep wounds with which the disasters of the times have afflicted you, and shall diffuse among you once more prosperity and content?"

And these were no empty words. The King set to work with resolute energy: his court was reorganized on the most economical scale, all needless expenditure revised, the system of taxation recast, the resources of the country developed; and the Saxons, "this shrewd and amiable people," under enlightened administration, were raised once more to a state of comfortable well-being.

His King's return filled Goschen's breast with hopes of happier times, but his philosophy of life led him to express them with sobriety. He had written to Böttiger in this same month of June—

"I hope things will go better now in Saxony, as the father of his country is back again amongst us. My creed is that every one gets his deserts. Plenty

does not make happiness. It is possible, as I have experienced since I have been reduced to my few acres, to be very happy with a little if one settles down to it and possesses the necessary firmness and strength of mind. Misfortune is painful, very painful, and no one can help that. Our King does not need to torment himself over his misfortunes; he hadn't deserved them, and his merits will ever be acknowledged. A small loving people is worth more than an empire of rogues. God save the King!"

How Goschen had fared as a publisher during the period between the evacuation of Saxony by the French after the battle of Leipzig and the return of the King just before the battle of Waterloo, I have little means of judging, owing to the great dearth of letters from him or to him relating to that time. The catalogue of the firm shows some of the work on which he had been engaged, but it includes little of special interest. There are still some echoes of the war, such as *Songs from Abroad, sung by Saxon Warriors during the Campaign of 1814*, and *Körner's Oak*, by Friedrich Kind; some continuations of former series, such as *The Book of Ghosts* and *The Book of Marvels*, edited by Apel and Laun; some little devotional books, such as *Domestic Meditations* and *Tales for Uncorrupted Families*. A new poetical serial by Kind, commenced in 1814 and continued till 1819, entitled *The Harp*, represented a new but rather feeble school of poetry.

Some larger ventures may have been on foot, but I can only discover indistinct traces of their existence. One scheme amongst others on which he corresponded with Böttiger was an edition of the Bible for a Church Society, under the auspices of

Dr. Ammon, Court preacher in Dresden, a divine for whom the publisher entertained a most enthusiastic veneration, and some of whose addresses he had reproduced in the *Wochenblatt* for the edification of his Grimma readers. In this undertaking we see my grandfather returning to his preoccupation of thirty years before, when, with Körner, he planned an edition of the Bible, which he looked upon as one of the three great objects of his life. In July he wrote that he was prepared to have the New Testament ready by the end of the year, but that he must have an advance from the Society. He would be compelled to cast quite new type, to increase the number of hands in his printing establishment, and to erect several new presses. The New Testament should be supplied to the Society at as low a price as possible, in no case higher than eight groschen (one shilling). The Old Testament should then follow. But for such a result he would have to retire from other enterprises and devote himself to this business alone. "Only let Heaven grant a continuance of tranquillity!" But above all, Goschen wanted to know whether the Bible should simply be a Church Bible or a gift-book for the poor—a glimpse into a religious movement in Saxony which is not without some interest.

A break in the correspondence with Böttiger leaves me without information as to the ultimate result of this preliminary exchange of ideas.

The only other considerable work which I can trace as belonging to this time was an edition of *Statius*, "with commentaries by Markland and Hand," which, though it did not appear till 1816, was in

preparation in the first months of 1815. But it is evident that the publisher must have had much to do apart from fresh undertakings. After the war his whole business, both on the publishing and printing side, had to be reorganized, the disposal of old stock required attention, and clearly many arrears had to be fetched up. Notwithstanding the apparent absence of new clients, my grandfather at this time felt overworked and anxious to relieve himself as much as possible from personal labour and responsibility. Though his energetic spirit blazed out occasionally, he professed, probably sincerely, to look upon himself as an exhausted man. Besides, at Grimma, he was too far from the centre of the book-trade to be able to hold his own on a large scale with his competitors. Under these circumstances he issued the following Circular to the "Herren Buchhändler :"—

"Grimma, April 22, 1814.

"My eldest son, Fritz, a trained publisher and printer, is, together with his brother, under arms of his own free will. Compelled, accordingly, to look after my affairs here on the spot, I cannot myself attend the Fair. I heartily greet all my faithful friends; I commend myself to the good will of my colleagues; to all I commend my adopted son, Herr Franz Susemihl, who, with Fritz, will take over my business. He deserves your respect and your confidence; I shall be unspeakably glad if I know that you vouchsafe to accord them to him. I consent to (*genehmige*) all business which you do with him—I remain responsible for all existing liabilities, and for all my successors may require of you up till Spring, 1815. After that date my guarantee will cease, and my sons will trade on their own account under the style of 'Friedrich Goschen and Susemihl in Leipzig.'

"I do not yet take leave of you. I have only

wished, for the good of my sons, to make you acquainted with my plan before I am prevented by death from doing so. For more than twenty years I have been wrestling with physical infirmity. Such a struggle wears one out at last. If I live, I shall faithfully support my sons with my counsels and my work, and, though indirectly, enjoy the pleasure of standing in relations with you. The book-trade, like everything else in the world, is changeable. Youthful adroitness and strong health are needed for adapting one's self to such changes, and for putting them to good use. These are some of the reasons which have determined the arrangements with which I have taken the liberty to make you acquainted.

"Do not forget me, who am now but the citizen of a small town, and accept the thanks which I offer to all who have shown me kindness. With faithfulness to my friends and grateful respect towards my worthy colleagues, I sign myself

"GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN."

But it was not to be. For fourteen years after this leave-taking the wearied publisher had to struggle on, fighting his own battle with little help at his side. Before the date fixed for the cessation of the firm under its old style, he issued another Circular, announcing that Fritz and Susemihl would be associated with him as partners and managers, but that he had yielded to their entreaties to let the business continue as his firm instead of theirs.

During the year which intervened between the two Circulars, Fritz had remained with the colours, though peace had been restored. When my grandfather issued his first Circular, he had been under the full belief that, as the great war was concluded, Fritz would obtain his discharge from active service. But the year 1814 passed by, and Fritz still remained in his regiment. Then Goschen was seized with the fear that Fritz would be retained altogether by the

military authorities, and when, on the application of his family for his discharge, the colonel of his regiment simply granted temporary leave, the publisher was betrayed into a violent outburst, recalling those gusts of anger which, as the reader may remember, used occasionally to sweep over his spirit in his earlier years.

Writing to Böttiger in June, 1815, and invoking the aid of all his friends, he explained how his son, the lieutenant, had distinguished himself in his military duties, and that on this very account his old colonel desired to retain his services at the close of the campaign, and so "the poor fellow has now been called out again, and is to drill rustic louts in a small town instead of looking after his business." Then he fiercely declared, in a tone of unusual pride—

"This son I must have liberated, or don't talk to me of your patriotism. Till 1806, when our trade was destroyed by war, I have drawn 30,000 thalers every year into Saxony by my work. I have not spent them in luxury, but have fed the subjects of the King, and have paid my taxes—and indeed they were not slight—and a man such as I am is to be sent from pillar to post, and no one will interfere! In Dresden they directed me to address myself to the Leipzig Central Commission—then a decision would be come to in Dresden; but I cannot discover to whom the Central Commission reports. Some superior authority surely there must be in Dresden, and it must be possible for a Hohenthal, a Nostitz, or a Rächnitz to get at such a chief; and such a chief must be made to understand that it is easy to replace a lieutenant in the Landwehr, but that a man who is to support his family, and the families employed in his establishment, is not so easy to replace. Surely such a chief must be able to say, 'Carl Friedrich Goschen, Lieutenant in the first battalion of the Leipzig Landwehr, has his discharge.'

"I just hear that it is the Kriegs-Verwaltungs-Kammer (the Department of Military Administration) which has to decide. Well, then, my friend, work on this department, and put those in motion who can work! Many a weary trip I have taken for others. It is easy to answer quickly, but act and work away first, and then reply! I will compromise every one of you publicly if you don't bestir yourselves, for I am wild. My temper does not remain wild for long, but I fear that my temper, my work, and my son—indeed, all of us—will be ruined together."

Goschen's friends answered his appeal. Before a month was out, he heard that his son would soon obtain his discharge. It was Goschen's most kind friend, Count Rächnitz, to whom he was mainly indebted, but he was still indignant at the endless red tape employed in the case. He recalled the fact that when Wurmb (a former Saxon general and Minister of War) was still alive, he had begged him for the discharge of a carpenter, and had got him off in eight days, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his colonel. He could not understand such a long-winded affair in the case of his own son.

It is a melancholy fact that this son, for whom Goschen pleaded with such frantic vehemence, ultimately, through his want of business capacity, brought his father to the verge of ruin.

I have no clue to the real motives which influenced Goschen to recall the Circular which announced the transfer of his business to Fritz and Susemihl, and his own retirement. Financial difficulties were probably not without some weight. If Goschen's own fortune was small, how could his son manage without any capital, and without his undoubted credit and prestige? But possibly, too, Goschen had

recovered some of the strength and spirit which the war had so seriously tried, and was more disposed again for work. His situation altogether was brighter. Fritz was free, and the news about Heinrich in London rejoiced his father's heart. The young merchant, he heard, was bestirring himself very successfully, and was decidedly getting on. In July Goschen himself sounded a gay note in writing to his Dresden friend. He sent him songs which he and his intimates had sung. "I have told you that we old boys sing in our nest. How we sing, our neighbours know; what we sing, you will see by the two songs which I send herewith"—simple verses composed by himself, and sung on festive evenings by his familiar friends! The "old boys" in Grimma were, after all, a cheery set. A certain content had settled once more on Goschen's affectionate spirit. His little property would satisfy his modest demands. Traces of war would soon disappear under the mild sway of the just King,—and if no great undertaking distinguished his firm, he would have all the more time to devote to that pastime which had been so great a solace to him in the time of tribulation—the exercise of his own facile, pointed, gushing, didactic, poetic pen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAST YEARS.

1815-1828.

WRITERS of romance enjoy the privilege of being at liberty to wind up their narratives with a *crescendo* of interest at their own will. Biographers have no such advantage. In cases where their heroes reach a good old age, it is comparatively rare to find the closing years lit up with the same stir, the same variety of fortune, as may have claimed attention for their period of struggle and progressive achievements. In most walks of life the interest of the story begins to fade towards its close. My grandfather's declining years were marked by much usefulness. He did his duty actively and earnestly to his craft, to literature, and to his fellow-citizens; but crippled in fortune, and bound with his advancing years and failing health to make provision for his family, he could no longer look to honour and celebrity as the principal rewards of his toil. Manuscripts were offered to him in undiminished numbers. No "author-hunt" was necessary now, and many letters to him pleasantly show with what confidence authors approached the veteran publisher, and with what deference and respect his opinion and authority were

treated. The delicate question of emolument was indeed frequently left to his absolute discretion. But the policy of his earlier days, when he re-invested every thaler as soon as it became disengaged, and laboured for the future at the cost of endless present anxiety, was unfitted to his advancing age. Since the date when, as an *employé* in the Verlags-Casse at Dessau, he had wrestled with its incompetent Board ; all through the time when "by sheer force" and with unflagging energy he had worked his way upwards as an independent publisher,—his life had been one constant effort, one unbroken struggle ; and we have seen how, when at the beginning of the century he had at last reached the summit of the heights up which his path had lain from the first, the troubles of the time and a succession of devastating wars not only robbed him of the ease which he had fairly earned, but destroyed his hopes of ever becoming a wealthy man. His business had to be conducted in a different spirit from that audacious vein which had prompted the gigantic Wieland enterprise and the typographical splendour of his *éditions de luxe*.

Nor were the writers who emerged in the period which followed the peace so distinguished as to arouse in the breast of publishers such intense emulation as had excited their ardour in the great Weimar days. The most glorious period of German literature had closed, and an era of mediocrity and triviality had set in. The disastrous effects of the Napoleonic wars upon letters had not been retrieved by any wholesome or vigorous reaction, and the taste of the public was not lifted, purified and formed anew by any masterpieces of newly developed genius. It was in a different atmosphere and under

changed conditions that Goschen spent the evening of his life.

The period which forms the subject of this chapter lies between the final overthrow of Napoleon in June, 1815, and the month of April in 1828, when my grandfather died. The reader would be fatigued if I were to tell the story of these last years in any detail. It will be enough, in view of the less interesting personages who now appear on the scene, if I simply present a general outline of his activity after the peace enabled him once more to pursue his calling in tranquillity.

His spirit of enterprise might have survived longer, and his future been more prosperous, if he had received efficient and energetic support from sons or partners. But misfortune pursued him in this respect. Susemihl, his right-hand man, the prop of his business, married his eldest daughter, Jette, in 1816, but before the year was out, the young husband fell ill and died on the 30th of December. It was a terrible blow to all. "With him," as Goschen pathetically wrote to Böttiger, "the chief pillar which sustained the fabric of my business has fallen, and I have lost the staunchest and truest friend; but God visibly sustains us." Goschen by this time was feeling his age acutely. Though not more than sixty-five, to himself he appeared as a very old man, and it was grievous to him that at this stage of his career he should be compelled to return to distasteful details. Weary and in broken health, he could no longer be among his presses at four in the morning, or go through those prodigies of work which had enabled him to dispense so largely with assistants during his vigorous manhood.

But he plucked up courage. "Once more," he wrote, "I must get into the saddle, and I fancy the ride into the country which I know so well, will go off all right. I have a sturdy companion in my son Fritz." Blinded by a father's partiality, his eyes remained shut for some time to the fact that his eldest son would never succeed as a man of business, or be able to render his father that practical assistance which was essential if the veteran was to look forward to a period of comparative repose.

Three years after Susemihl's death, at the close of the year 1819, Goschen once more changed the constitution of his firm. Thus he wrote to Böttiger—

"In view of my age and the uncertainty of human life, I have formed a definite plan for my future business arrangements. I have children still unprovided for; I possess no capital in cash, but only my business. If I die, my younger children would have guardians, and there would be all sorts of complications. I have therefore set very narrow limits to my undertaking, and shall in future draw more out of the firm than I shall put into it. Besides some works of Kind and Müllner, your *Amalthea*, and a few pot-boilers which give very quick returns, I shall publish nothing more."

The resolution, I may say at once, was one to which my grandfather did not entirely adhere.

But he had taken one very decided step. He had made over his printing establishment to Fritz as his patrimony. He further arranged that his son, who had some little money of his own, should also publish for his own account, though under his father's name, which he (Goschen) was "vain enough to believe had some little value in the world."

For motives which are not quite clear to me, this arrangement was modified. It was settled in

1822 that Fritz, who had married a lady of the name of Beyer, should trade independently under the style of Goschen-Beyer, while the old publisher would keep his own connection and the existing copyrights in his own hands for the benefit of his youngest son, Hermann, and the rest of the family. But it was in vain that he endeavoured to found a position for his eldest son. The latter, incapable of standing alone, could not meet the debts which he incurred, and his father was compelled to come to his rescue in the midst of his own financial troubles. In the end, the printing establishment was taken back, and the Goschen-Beyer publications were incorporated with those of the parent firm.

When my grandfather surveyed the position of his business after the peace, he bethought himself of some reprints of old friends, and other work which the wars had compelled him to put aside. Two names soon occurred to him—Goethe and Wieland.

With Goethe, he had had no transactions since the translation of *Rameau's Nephew*. It was an allusion to Goethe in a letter from his intimate friend, Major von Knebel, which put a plan into the publisher's head for re-establishing some connection between himself and the great writer. The following extract from Goschen's answer to Knebel tells its own story:—

“Your mention of Goethe has revived a wish which I have long harboured, and which I venture to name to you with the request that you will help me towards its fulfilment if you can.

“Goethe's lyrical poems and romances are so popular, especially with women, that it is really

lamentable that there should be no separate collection of them, excepting some unauthorized reprints, certainly none in any degree corresponding in their exterior with the worth of their contents. Women do not buy *Goethe's Works*, but many of his feminine worshippers in their hearts long for that part of his poems which I have mentioned; and if Goethe could be prevailed upon to make such a collection, he would earn much gratitude, especially from the fair sex. I would insure a good appearance by fine printing and engravings, and so we should prepare a Christmas gift for next year, which would certainly be welcome. The greater number of the lyrical poems are contained in the collection of Goethe's writings which were published by me, and of which, alas! I have still a very large stock; so I could, without unfairness or indiscretion, have taken the poems from them, were it not that my first aim, a handsome exterior and completeness, would suffer by such a course. For the sake of completeness, the lyrical poems which are scattered throughout his dramatic writings, and which make a whole of their own, should be included. I would cite as an instance the 'Freudvoll und leidvoll,' from *Egmont*, so widely known for the magnificence of its composition.

"Perhaps Goethe might feel inclined, for the sake of our old connection, to entrust such a collection to me, more particularly if I might hope for your kind intercession on my behalf."

Knebel was not successful in inducing Goethe to entertain the project. He pleaded his relations with Cotta as a bar. My grandfather's next letter to Knebel shows that the vexed question of an author's right to include works published by one firm in a large and revised collection to be issued by another, still simmered in his mind.

"I thank you most heartily for the kindness with which you at once fulfilled my request about Goethe. I cannot, however, deny that I am not quite at one with him; for I do not understand how his connection with Cotta can involve him in any difficulty

now, since he formerly so lightly set aside the connection with myself. Besides, I am asking extraordinarily little; nay more, it is for the greater part what I could do without the permission of the author; for he cannot prevent my printing those poems which I have already printed (and they form the greater part) as often as I like. But I should wish to produce something good and complete, and that with the full consent of the author. I repeat, I should spare no pains in furnishing a most tasteful exterior."

Goethe, however, I presume, remained obdurate, because no such separate collection of his lyrical poetry was made. The reader will not have failed to observe that Goschen, writing in 1815, had "still a very large stock" of Goethe's writings on hand. Their sale had been astonishingly slow.

As to Wieland, Goschen stood in a very peculiar position. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since he had advanced his friend 3000 thalers on account of a second edition which up to 1817 had not been taken in hand. Interest at four per cent. was paid by Wieland up till 1800; since then Goschen had derived no income from this outlay, and the capital sum was beyond his reach during the whole of the terrible time of the war. At last, in 1817, the publisher arranged for the second edition with Wieland's sons. He paid them 2000 thalers in addition, and claimed no arrears of interest. The fresh amount, too, was paid years before the whole of the large work was in the hands of the public.

The *Works* were now divided into forty-nine volumes. Professor Gruber, Wieland's intimate friend, was the editor, and added a very interesting biography of the author, which brought

the whole Collection to fifty-three volumes. The German public had not forgotten Wieland. His was a name with which still to conjure, and Goschen found a warm response as the successive instalments appeared. In delight, he reported to Böttiger, "Wieland always goes off."

But the pirates were once more at their intolerable work. One of these gentry had printed Herder's and Lessing's writings, and had advertised a reprint of Wieland. Goschen immediately determined to thwart this design by issuing Wieland at as low a price as the freebooters could possibly compass. Cotta had brought out a pocket edition of Schiller under similar circumstances—Goschen would follow in his steps. Accordingly he prepared an extremely cheap edition—of fifty-three volumes—and offered it to the public at sixteen thalers—less than a shilling a volume.

Another old friend and great man, attracted Goschen's attention in the year 1822. His fine edition of Klopstock's Works had not been a commercial success. When Goschen found himself with a large stock of copies on hand, with an extremely slow sale, he had exclaimed in his despair, "When will this man appear above the horizon again?" Yet the pirates deemed the poet worthy of their notice, and incensed as usual by their tactics, fired with his admiration of the great author, he resolved on bringing out a pocket edition forthwith. He discarded other work for the purpose. The new venture he considered to have the first claim, a monopoly if necessary, on his time and resources, and in an incredibly short time the edition of twelve volumes appeared, priced at $3\frac{1}{2}$ thalers—again

at less than a shilling apiece. So keen was Goschen on this occasion, that he issued a circular to the book-trade, expressing his conviction that his colleagues, as an act of special friendliness, would interest themselves as much for this edition as they had done for Schiller's Works, "for Germany honours her Klopstock as she honours her Schiller." The bold stroke was entirely successful. It helped to popularize Klopstock, and in the short space of five years the publisher sent 12,000 copies into the reading world.

To my mind it is delightful to behold the veteran publisher once more embarked on such a spirited policy, reprinting his old favourites, fighting the pirates by extraordinary cheapness in his own publications, and giving a fresh impetus to that system of low-priced, legitimate editions, which, as he clearly grasped, rendered the greatest service to literature and education by making the best books available to the greatest number. But the reviewers of the day—and, as it would appear, authors also—cavilled greatly at these pocket editions. Goschen thought these attacks utterly absurd, and expressed himself to Böttiger on the subject with much indignation.

"The Leipzig *Political Journal* published a scurrilous article against pocket editions. How ridiculous it must seem to foreigners when they read it! Were not the Elzevir editions of the Classics also in pocket form? Have not Italy, England, and France printed all their best authors in pocket editions, and who has ever found fault with it in Germany? Nay more, whilst we print our good authors in good and handsome editions, they have been reprinted in all the Southern provinces in the most impudent way for a mere song! One proof only instead of many! During the first ten years I sold 1500 of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, whilst the pirates sold 20,000! Who, then, can bear

us a grudge if we issue cheap editions and pirate ourselves? Instead of heaping calumny and abuse upon us, all authors of Germany should unite to present their grievances to the Bundes-rath—we publishers never get a hearing. The matter has yet another side. A few dozen copies of the good editions of Klopstock's *Messiah* and *Odes* are disposed of in a year. Of the cheap editions of Klopstock, 12,000 copies have been sold in a couple of years. Why? Because there were 12,000 people in Germany who could not pay twelve thalers for Klopstock's works in the good edition, but who could manage to squeeze out a small sum, and who, if I published no cheap edition, would go to the pirates."

It will be observed that piracy had revived with the revival of trade. All the efforts which my grandfather and his colleagues had made to procure its suppression nearly forty years before, had remained almost fruitless. Prussia had indeed taken some steps, but in most parts of Germany the honest publisher still remained quite unprotected. A significant commentary on the attitude of Governments towards piracy is found in the fact that in 1828 the Diet undertook at least to secure Goethe from the freebooters as an exceptional measure!

Two other reprints of the works of distinguished clients who had gone to the grave before him, marked this period of the publisher's career. Thümmel and Iffland both died in 1817. It was a labour of love on Goschen's part to set his presses once more to work for these friends of the past. Of the lively and witty Thümmel's *Travels* he issued a second edition in a cheap form, and from Iffland's works he reprinted a selection. In both cases the publisher's forecast was justified; in both the popularity of the books thus reprinted long survived, and we find men whom,

notwithstanding their reputation amongst their contemporaries, we must consider minor writers, projecting their works over several generations. Of Iffland, fresh editions in the years 1844 and 1858 made him known to a much later public, and afforded it interesting samples of a type of drama of which comparatively few worthy memorials survived.

Reprints, however, of authors who had passed away, are not the only reminders which the evening of Goschen's business life presents to us of the glorious Weimar days.

Major von Knebel, whose translation of *Propertius* into German verse had been issued by my grandfather in 1798, was one of the first to knock at the publisher's door after the restoration of peace in 1815. He had written sundry poems in his day for periodicals which by this time had ceased to exist, such as the *Mercury* and the *Musen Almanach*—and these echoes from bygone days he offered to Goschen, who at once printed them in a very beautiful form. Knebel sent a copy to Goethe and wrote: "I know you will accept my little Collection with friendly kindness, though they are only glittering counters which I lay on the sill of a royal treasure-house. Our German Didot in Leipzig has behaved very honourably in the matter." Goethe sent an equally poetic reply: "The delicate poems gaze forth with most kind glances from their beautiful home."

And Goschen now also accepted and published in the year 1820 Knebel's *Lucretius*, which he had refused fifteen years before. He wrote to Heeren that it was a glorious translation on which Knebel had worked with Goethe, Wieland, Böttiger, and Herder, for over

twenty years, and that Germany had never before possessed hexameters so true to the original, and so beautiful, that they read, not like a translation, but as if they were the inspired verses of a great German poet. The proofs turned out excellently, and when Knebel sent them to Goethe, he received a reply which conveyed a pretty and most friendly compliment to my grandfather.

"At last, dearest friend, the great wish which I have been uttering for many years, that I might see your *Lucretius*, has been fulfilled. I must express my heartiest thanks to Herr Goschen, that in this case, as in many another, he has shown his readiness to favour our Muse."

Lucretius did not sell. The publisher had bought it not for profit, for he expected none, but from the sentiment of "auld lang syne"—an attraction towards the man who had been the boon companion of his Weimar friends, the *protégé* of Karl August, and the disciple of the greatest writer of the age.

More serious business than the publication of Knebel's verses and translations, fell into Goschen's hands between the years 1815 and 1822 by the acquisition of two new clients—the dramatists Müllner and Houwald. They belonged to a new school. Their speciality was the "Schicksals-Tragödie"—tragedies of doom, fatalistic and terrible, the bugbear, as we know of Wieland, from which he anticipated the worst consequences to literature. Their productions met with rough treatment in some quarters; but they undoubtedly caught the taste of the day, and won immense popularity.

Müllner was a lawyer and carried a very litigious and exacting spirit into all his literary dealings. Inventive in his plots, witty and sarcastic, elegant in execution, with much knowledge of men, he was deficient in warmth and in feeling. Himself a virulent, unsparing critic, he found that his writings were attacked with similar ferocity, but they did not sell less freely on that account.

My grandfather secured his tragedy *Die Schuld* (*The Crime*)—which ultimately became his most famous piece—in the summer of 1815, for an honorarium of 200 thalers. The first edition of 2000 copies was rapidly exhausted. Goschen then agreed with the author for a second edition of 2000, and in this case Müllner forced him up to the high figure of 26 thalers per sheet!—a higher honorarium than any I have come across up to this date. Fired with the success of the tragedy, and seeing his new client's rising fame, Goschen proposed to the dramatist to undertake a collection of plays in an annual series, under the title of *Almanack for the Private Stage*, giving him 26 thalers per sheet* for plays from his own pen, and 16 for the work of his co-contributors, besides a considerable honorarium for his own trouble as editor. The immense difference in the payments to successful dramatists, as compared with the prices paid for other literary work, irrespective of their receipts from stage managers for acting rights, is very striking. An edition of 3000 copies was issued and went off extremely well.

Meanwhile Müllner had been busy on another piece, *König Yngard*, for which he was anxious to establish a kind of competition among publishers.

* The Almanack contained twenty-two sheets.

He made a preliminary contract for it with a Berlin firm, and then sent the document to Goschen, to see whether he would outbid the "Berliner." But the old publisher not unnaturally flew into a rage. Why should he read contracts which didn't concern him? "If Dr. Müllner will give us *Yngard*," so he wrote to Susemihl, "he knows by our letters what he wants, and what we want, so he may give us the contract or not without an iota more or less than is set down in these letters."

But Goschen acquired the piece after all for the price of 1250 thalers, the edition to be 4000 copies. Müllner tells the story in a queer little book which he wrote some years afterwards, entitled *My Lambs and their Shepherds*, giving an amusing, though truculent and abusive account of his transactions with Härtel (of Berlin), Goschen, Cotta, and Vieweg (of Leipzig)—my grandfather alone escaping the lash. The wily lawyer admitted that he had been extremely satisfied with Goschen's action. Instead of paying less for each new edition of *Die Schuld*, according to the spirit of Prussian law, he had increased the honorarium for each edition. Müllner says—

"Goschen had not only called himself the willing farmer of my acres: he really proved himself to be so. He was a faithful farmer, too, whom I should never have exchanged for another if I had been a rich landlord. . . . During the continuance of these tranquil and pleasant relations, so desirable for every author, but of inestimable value to a poet, because all mercantile *tracasseries* so easily scare genius away, the tragic Muse had presented me with a new property—with *Yngard*. Goschen had competitors."

Müllner then naïvely recounts that a Berlin man of position and means had been ready to offer more

than he could "have expected the aged Goschen, who had become dear to my heart, to risk." This put him in an extraordinary position. He did not know how to reconcile his duties to his family with his attachment to his friend. Finally his family carried the day, and *Yngard* was to go to the "new farmer."

"But not yet," says Müllner, "had a break in my relations with Goschen been decreed in the councils of the gods." He had dedicated his tragedy to the King of Saxony. This the Berlin publisher did not like. He feared, in view of the tension still existing with regard to Friedrich August, that his Berlin patrons would be offended by this display of Saxon loyalty, and demanded the omission of the dedication. Müllner peremptorily rejected the suggestion, and begged for an unconditional cancelling of the contract. The Berliner agreed, and my grandfather stepped into his place.

So far as sales went, *Yngard* proved a great success. The large edition (4000 copies) went off in a year, and a second followed at once.

The author, meanwhile, excited by constant success, arrived at the point when the rupture "with his friend, who was dear to his heart," became inevitable. He had a new piece on the stocks, *The Albanian Woman*. He sent it to Goschen for perusal, but soon let him know that a rival firm would give him 2500 thalers at once for an edition of 8000 copies. This the old publisher was not willing to risk, and once more Cotta—for he was the rival—ousted him; and so great was the latter's enterprise that he concluded a bargain for an edition of 10,000 copies, and paid an honorarium of 3000 thalers. Cotta thus acquired Müllner as a client, but

constant differences troubled their relations, and arbitration, and ultimately "the scales of Themis," as Müllner wrote, had to be brought into requisition. The author then transferred his business to another publisher, with whom the exacting man fell out in a shorter space and in a more violent manner than with any of his previous friends.

Of Goschen this cantankerous author preserved the most favourable recollections. He appended the following note to that chapter in his pamphlet (written in 1828) which dealt with his relations to Goschen :—

"Before this essay goes to press, I read that Goschen died on the 5th of April, seventy-six years old. I am now doubly glad that I only had to tell of him what was good. Lightly may the earth rest upon him!"

Goschen, on his side, had been outraged by the greed of the lawyer-dramatist. He wrote to Böttiger : "Müllner and I have parted company commercially. I cannot play the Mecænas, but must do my sums." Explaining Müllner's grasping proceedings, which excluded the possibility of any publishers' profit, he wound up his letter very angrily—

"I was his farmer and his *colporteur*. Science will not gain much if publishers are to be degraded to this, and if all real speculation is to cease! A world-wide firm, a French or English firm, will under such conditions never be found in Germany. Just think of Bartholemy and his *Anacharsis*, and Gibbon, Byron, and Walter Scott! People of means had rather be fish-hawkers than *colporteurs* for Herr Müllner of Weissenfels on the Saale!"

Of a different stamp from Müllner, though also a writer of fatalistic tragedies, was E. von Houwald,

a charming, modest, affectionate man, who approached my grandfather in the year 1817. He avowed an interesting motive for transferring his business from a Berlin publisher to the Grimma firm. He was a Saxon by birth, but the province which he inhabited, and in which he played a public part as a squire and a delegate to what was equivalent to a County Council, had been wrenched from Saxony and annexed by Prussia. It was bad enough, he wrote, that the children of his body should do military service in Prussia. The children of his intellect, at least, should remain in the land of his birth. Amongst these latter productions was a little collection of *Fairy Tales and Plays for Children*. Terms were easily arranged with Goschen, and the book appeared in 1819 with great success.

But more important work was in prospect. Houwald submitted a new drama, *Das Bild* (*The Picture*), to Müllner for his judgment. The latter was enthusiastically generous in its praise. "*Das Bild* has only one fault—it is not mine." It was then put on the stage, and was received with acclamation; the author at one stroke had become a celebrity!

Houwald sent the manuscript of the tragedy to Goschen, who was delighted with the piece. The negotiations which ensued were in marked contrast to those with Müllner, exhibiting the greatest delicacy on both sides. Neither the publisher nor the author would name terms first. No records exist showing the final result beyond the fact that the tragedy was published by Goschen, that it proved as successful as a book as it had been as a stage piece, and that two further dramas of Houwald were also confided to his hands.

Critics, of course, were busy, and Müllner had by this time himself become jealous of Houwald. My grandfather evinced the greatest anxiety that the latter's productions should retain their special character, and that their author should not descend to the example or style of rivals. He wrote to Böttiger—

"Houwald is very noble. His remarks in a letter to me on Müllner's carping criticism are so modest, so mild, as only a really great man would utter. I fear no disadvantage from Müllner's critique except this, that he might set our Houwald at issue with his own self, although that would be difficult. Houwald must remain Houwald, and Müllner Müllner. It is silly to try to change a man's nature by criticism. That is not the purpose for which criticism exists. Herr Hof-rath Müllner has pointed out some faults to Houwald, and Houwald has mended them all. But the chief fault remains, and will always remain—that Houwald's sentiment moves the masses more than Müllner's art and Aristotelian tragedies."

Other dramas of Houwald besides those I have mentioned were published by Goschen. An honorarium of 2000 thalers paid for a single piece (*The Pirates*), shows the point which the scale of remuneration ultimately reached—a sum equal to what Goethe received for the eight volumes of his *Collected Works*!

Houwald was treated with the greatest honour by the King of Prussia. He was a personage in his day, crowds flocked to see his pieces, rival publishers competed for his favour. Yet Müllner and he are dismissed with a couple of contemptuous lines in histories of literature. Does this fact impose upon me the correlative duty of ignoring their existence and slurring over the position which they once held? I think not. After all, it is of some interest not only to know who

were the great men in past days, but also who were famous, who were popular favourites with their own contemporaries. That the fatalistic tragedies of Müllner and Houwald held the field for some years, is a noteworthy characteristic of the period. They were driven out of public favour by the efforts of Platen in the third decade of the nineteenth century, but on my grandfather's catalogue they still live as ranking among the works which best caught the public taste in the ten years between 1817 and 1827.

August, Graf von Platen, himself offered my grandfather a collection of verses in 1823. As he was chiefly anxious to see them printed with taste, he did not know to whom he could better address himself than to Goschen, "whose love for poetry and for elegant editions of German poets was universally known." Graf Platen began his literary life as a Romanticist, but his sentiment was outraged by the connection of that school with tragedies of doom, and one of the main features of his distinguished career was his denunciation of their extravagances. What he offered Goschen were "oriental" poems, and he offered them with the more confidence, so he wrote, as Goethe, Jean Paul, and Schelling had expressed decided approval of his previous efforts in that style. This literary aristocrat asked for no honorarium, only for fifty-three free copies, and a handsome dress for his little work.

Graf Platen's name is not on the catalogue of my grandfather's publications, so Goschen must have declined the book, though the name of the author would have done credit to his firm. Probably his hands were too full.

Another effective critic of Müllner and Houwald was Tieck, perhaps the most distinguished poet of the period which followed on the Golden Age. In his earlier days he was intimately associated with the Schlegels as a leader of the Romantic school, and exerted his great influence to the full in a dictatorial, overweening spirit. His absorption in Shakespeare had almost developed into a craze. His only transaction with my grandfather was a contribution to the *Thalia* in 1794; but the peculiarity of Tieck's undoubted powers aroused the publisher's keenest interest, and in part his admiration. I cannot forbear quoting his vigorous criticism of one of this writer's best pieces, though the letter belongs to an earlier period.

"I have read Tieck's *St. Geneviève*. The man's whole nature is incarnate poetry and melodiousness. But Art has entirely denied him her favours—there is not a pennyworth of dignity, power of arrangement or discrimination in him, and accordingly no lasting effect is produced by the whole; on the contrary, there are crudities which too often render the pure and refreshing stream quite unpalatable.

"What is silly and out of taste must certainly be reproofed, but at the same time whatever there is of good in it should not be overlooked. Tieck, as an apparition in the poetical world, is just as interesting to me as Jean Paul. Both are uncommon men. When, however, that pet lamb of the Muses, Tieck, becomes an unbridled critical bull, and rushing at other worthy men, tries to force his own style, theories, opinions, and dreams down their throats, and so to fashion every being after his own pattern, then you must give him a cut across the face as hard as you can, till he is tamed. Tell me honestly, have I been so utterly neglected by God as regards my intellect, that I have failed up till now to detect in Tieck's *Poetical Journal* any signs of what men ordinarily understand by art and the *perfection* of

poetry? What I cannot grasp is, whether Shakespeare is to him merely what we other honest folk understand by a distinguished genius and a great intellect, or whether he looks upon him as a convenient pocket-dictionary to all things in heaven and earth—to an Epicurean soup, to a recipe for a purge; in short, as the key to everything visible and invisible! Oh, Tieck! Tieck! How one could hustle you, if one had time to handle you dramatically! One of the funniest comedies the world has ever seen, could be constructed out of his letters on Shakespeare."

Of very inferior calibre to Tieck was a group of Romanticists, named by the Germans, "Die Trivial-Romantische," who flourished—or, to use a term more appropriate to that school, blossomed—in the second and third decades of the nineteenth century. Their productions were mostly a curious medley of sentimentality in a setting of incidents from everyday life, exceedingly commonplace at times, yet with romantic ornamentation and with an essentially artificial enthusiasm for shepherds, hunters, foresters, painters, and similar interesting personages. Friedrich Kind (related to Goschen by marriage*), whose name has already appeared in these pages in connection with the poetical serial, *The Harp*, was one of its chief luminaries, but occasionally displayed its peculiar characteristics in a somewhat higher form. It was probably his association with Apel and Laun in the editing of *The Book of Ghosts* and *The Book of Marvels* which tempted him on to the domain of weird romance, gloom, and mysterious apparitions. In this domain he achieved one great success, which has connected his name with an immortal work. He composed the story, and wrote the text for, Weber's opera, *Der Frei-schütz*.

* His brother had married Jette's sister.

Karl Maria von Weber had settled in Dresden in 1816. His name was scarcely widely known till, in 1814, he set Theodor Körner's *Wilde Jagd* and *Schwertlied* to music. Then his fame spread like wildfire throughout Germany,—the spirit of German song had found the right interpreter. After Waterloo, Weber's genius, still under military inspiration, produced the cantata *Kampf und Sieg* (*Conflict and Victory*). By this time he had become a celebrity, and in 1817 was appointed "Kapel-Meister" in Dresden, a post practically equivalent to Court Director of Music.* Here it was that he fought his hard battle on behalf of German as against Italian music, and practically created the "romantic opera." For his first great piece of this kind, *Der Frei-schütz*, commenced in 1817, but first performed on the Berlin stage in 1821, Friedrich Kind supplied the story. *Der Frei-schütz* at once took rank as a master-piece, and created a frenzy of enthusiasm. Kind is reported by one of Weber's biographers to have been convinced that a great part of the success was due to the libretto, and to have been hurt that he did not gain more honour for his share. He probably imagined that the weirdness of the plot with its romantic accessories and dramatic points, had specially caught the popular taste. However, the following extract from a letter of my grandfather to Böttiger conveys the impression that Kind's merits as the libretto writer of the *Frei-schütz* had not failed to be appreciated by the critics:—

"My son has sent you the *Frei-schütz* which he is

* Weber became a friend both of my grandfather and of my father. The latter often visited the great composer when he was in London in 1826, and attended his sick-bed during the illness to which Weber succumbed in that year in the house of Sir George Smart.

publishing. I cannot tell you how delighted I am that Weber's merits are being so plainly and so generally recognized throughout all Germany, seeing that they were formerly only recognized in silence and by the impartial. I am equally glad that Kind's merits in the opera are acknowledged. He has certainly trodden under foot the miserable stuff which was called operatic writing, by showing that something better can be produced."

Weber, personally, stood staunchly by his friend, and obtained the title of Hof-rath for him from the Duke of Weimar.

Kind became a central figure among the *beaux-esprits* of Dresden, and a leading member of a little society which called itself *Der Dichter-Thee* (*The Poets' Tea*)! What a sign of the times! If tradition speaks truly, he regarded himself as occupying a very high place in the literature of that epoch.

A whole bevy of "Romantiker" swarmed round my grandfather, brought into connection with him by Kind; but the old publisher had only a limited respect for them, and was shy in accepting offers from individual members of the group. Brentano, a writer of some repute in his time, offered his manuscripts in vain. Graf von Loeben—who wrote under the name of Isidorus, and whom some of his contemporaries thought of constituting the chief of the Romantic school,—approached my grandfather more successfully, with an offer of a volume of poetry with the weak title, *The Swan, Poems of Youthful Days, Communicated by Isidorus*. But, like the Stolbergs in the old days, the noble author was to be satisfied with free copies as an honorarium. Volumes of poetry were not very marketable wares.

And here is another specimen of the "Trivial-

Romantik." Isidorus came to Goschen with a kind of Almanack, of which the gushing title had the same flavour as *The Harp* and *The Swan*,—*The Hesperides: Blossoms and Fruits from the Home of Poetry and of Feeling*. The publisher paid a small honorarium, but the little volume did not meet its cost, and he declined to bring out a second number.

The Romanticists had brought Goschen little credit or profit; and when a further offer came to him from a member of the group, and that a woman, the wife of Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, himself among the best known of the Hesperides set, he broke out into strong language in a letter to Böttiger. One of his remarks suggests that he had forgotten the *Frauen-Journal*.

"You have frightened me with your Madame Fouqué! I have always avoided that lady, not from lack of due respect, but because I believe that women should not shine in literature any more than on the battle-field. An enormous number of women are beginning to write. These women, students, school-boys, and a host of young people returned from the field, wish to amuse the public; and a most amusing deluge will come of it. Just consider our innumerable daily papers, journals, almanacks, our literary Fairs, and you will agree with me, that an experienced publisher will not touch anything in the way of *belles lettres* but what is quite exceptionally good, and this shall continue to be the principle of my firm. You will laugh at me, and say, 'any book that goes off well is a good book for the publisher.' Very true, I reply, but I have never in my life done myself any harm through invariably asking myself the question whether they would last any longer than the twelve months of the year."

With the exception of the issue of a new periodical *

* *Album for Sociable Amusement (Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen)*.

edited by Kind, which took the place of *The Harp*, no further transactions with the group of the *Hesperides* appear on Goschen's books. The "Trivial-Roman-tiker" must indeed have offered a strange contrast in the eyes of a publisher who had seen and shared the literary glories of the last decade of the previous century.

In 1826 Goschen ventured to publish a work for a poet of a different and older school, Schiller's enthusiastic worshipper, the Dane Baggesen. This writer confided his last work, *Adam and Eve, a Humorous Epic*, to my grandfather's hands. It was a queer production. A version of the creation of man and of his fall, written in a humorous vein, would appear in any epoch to be a somewhat daring venture. Goschen defended it as not really irreverent, and it appears to have been read aloud to a company of young ladies in Dresden, as a new edition of the book, lately published, contains an address to the poet by feminine admirers citing that fact. That the religious world was somewhat scandalized I gather from what Goschen wrote to Böttiger:—

"The pious Herr Minister Einsiedel is an amiable and intelligent man. I am sure that he understands that a humorous poem is not a hymn-book, nor a catechism, nor a book of devotion; and he knows as well as you and I that if *The Fall of Man*, by Baggesen, could do harm, the reviewer in the *Leipzig Repertorium* has done the world no service by its notice. Prohibition and everything which creates a fuss, attract readers who otherwise would not notice the thing at all. Wieland, Thümmel, Goethe, yes, half the humorous authors, are just as much to be condemned as poor Baggesen. Looked at closely, the poem is really religious; and Baggesen *was* religious, as he proved himself to be in his last

illness; only I admit he has rather cut capers with the Book of Genesis. I do not think it would be wise to oppress the Saxon book-trade with too harsh a censorship."

As to any criticism on his own share in the matter, he protested his utter unconcern for such attacks with all the violence of language in which very sensitive men indulge on such occasions.

Whether the humorous epic was reverent or the reverse, it was the composition of a man of much merit who had attained considerable celebrity and some of whose work has been deemed worthy of reproduction in these days. It was healthier and more vigorous than the sickly sentimentality of the "Trivial-Romantiker."

In other departments of literature we find Goschen displaying his old proclivities, and mounting a favourite hobby.

Böttiger, who had offered Goschen to be his adviser and guide in all questions of engravings, pictures, painters, and sculptors, and who had now become Superintendent-in-Chief of the Dresden Royal Museum of *Antiques*,—was not allowed to abandon all authorship by his old friend. Together they worked out a plan,—a book of which the formidable title indicated the contents: *Amalthea, or Museum of Art-Mythology and Pictorial Archæology (Museum der Kunst-Mythologie und Bildlichen Alterthumskunde)*. In the year 1802 Goschen had published a learned and successful book by Böttiger, *Sabina, or Morning Scenes in the Tiring-room of a Wealthy Roman Lady*.*

* The book was further described as "A contribution to the proper appreciation of the private life of the Romans, and to the better understanding of Roman authors." A second edition appeared in 1806.

Amalthea was the outcome of an idea which Goschen had conceived at the time of the success of this book, namely, to publish "A journal from the old world," in which features and incidents of Greek and Roman life, social and artistic, were to be related as by an eye-witness,—in a certain sense a classical counterpart of the *Pandora*, which represented modern fashion and incidents of modern society—accompanied by those æsthetic and moral reflections thereon, which were so characteristic of my grandfather. Böttiger's antiquarian knowledge found an ample field in *Amalthea*, to which, however, other writers were also asked to contribute. The first volume was very well received, but this artistic work had no elements of permanent popularity. A second and third volume were published. Of the last only sixty copies were sold. It went the way of many other of Goschen's ventures in which his interest was deeply enlisted by the subject, but of which the public cared only for the first few specimens.

Another instance of Goschen's fidelity to his earlier tastes and interests was the watchfulness with which he still kept his eye on English literature. He was fascinated by Sterne to the last, but when the Waverley novels reached Germany, Scott became a successful rival. For ten years, so he wrote to Böttiger, Scott had been his favourite among British authors, though he had not been entirely unfaithful to "Shandy-ism." In another department of letters I may name Craig's *Political Economy*, a book which my grandfather declared to be so good that it had been prohibited in Vienna, while reviewers had fought shy of noticing it. Goschen suspected that

its Scottish liberality of thought, and freedom of speech had caused apprehension. But it was a poetical translation which aroused my grandfather's keenest interest. His old friend, Herr von Nostitz, Lord Chamberlain (Hof-Marschall) of the Saxon Court, writing under the pseudonym of Arthur von Nordstern, sent him a German version of Byron's *Giaour*. Goschen described his impressions thus—

“This is a wonderfully beautiful, indeed, an unsurpassable, translation of *The Giaour*. I read it just as a German poem. I can imagine how Byron would rejoice, how Englishmen would be surprised, to see a plant of their illustrious poet flourishing in so bright a garb on German soil.”

He had gone through the poem line on line himself, comparing the translation with the original; he had made notes and corrections, anxious with his technical knowledge and literary experience to save the amateur author from the onslaught of remorseless critics on imperfect forms. In this, as in many other cases, he did not hesitate to play the critic as well as the publisher in his dealings with such clients as were not so sensitive on the side of literary vanity as to resent such valuable interposition on the part of an experienced publisher.

My grandfather was not content to confine his publications of writings by British authors to smaller works or individual poems. He was tempted by a larger enterprise, and threw himself into it with all the vigour of his youth. He determined to publish a translation of the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic works by a writer of the name of Benda. That my grandfather should have entertained hope of much

profit from the undertaking, if indeed he formed such a hope, would be all the more singular as there were three rival versions in the field, one of them the famous rendering of A. W. Schlegel, which, as told in a previous chapter,* escaped my grandfather's hands. But this threefold competition did not discourage him. On the contrary, it lit a flash of the old fire. After his recital to Benda of the several versions, he burst out—

"All these circumstances have not depressed me, but have made me strain every nerve to devote such consecutive attention to your Shakespeare as is almost incomprehensible in an old man. . . . Not as a Phoenix from the ashes, but as an unhappy proof-reader, I rise from my corrections, and looking round me, I discover how much other work I have to leave on one side in order to redeem my pledge and produce eight volumes at Easter (1827)."

Clearly other than professional interests moved him in this vast venture. It afforded an outlet for his intellectual and literary propensities. He himself toiled through all the plays in all the versions, a stupendous task for the old man, but one in which he took real delight. Years had not paralyzed his powers of work.

The translation appeared in two separate editions, each comprising nineteen volumes. The first announcement was of a pocket edition. The public were informed that it would now obtain a Shakespeare translated with almost verbal fidelity, in fine language, and as comprehensible for Germans as the original was for the English. All metrical and rhymed passages would be given metrically and in rhyme in German. Herr Hof-rath Böttiger, Herr Arthur von

* Chapter XXV.

Nordstern, and Contessa, who all understood English, and were poets themselves, had confirmed the truth of this judgment.

Of the results of this spirited and laborious enterprise, no record exists, nor have I obtained any information as to its reception by the critics. The publisher's finances in the year 1827 certainly showed no symptom of any monetary success.

Goschen's prudent resolution to draw capital out of his business rather than to put money into it, and to simplify his transactions for his children's sake, broke down signally in the case of another most costly venture during these very years when he was harping so continually on the probability of his early death. He published an *Atlas of Europe and the Colonies* in a series of about 200 maps, with a carefully tabulated alphabetical text. It was the work of Kammerherr von Schlieben, and was not intended simply for the general reader, but more especially for business men. As usual with almost everything that issued from my grandfather's firm, extraordinary care was bestowed on all the details, topographical, historical, and statistical. The outlay was very great,—the sale was slow,—what to him was an immense amount of capital was locked up in it, and it became clear that the aged publisher had made a fatal mistake. Ultimately, a few months after Goschen's death, Schlieben was informed that from 14,000 to 16,000 thalers had been sunk in the *Atlas*, while the proceeds would scarcely cover the cost of printing.

And it was in the same year when the outlay on this unremunerative enterprise came to a head, that

the separate liabilities of the feckless Fritz, the failure of the family, of which I have previously spoken, had to be taken over by his worried father. Fondness for his ill-starred son compelled him to draw a veil over the mismanagement and mistakes which had forced the Goschen-Beyer firm to throw itself upon the protection of the parent house. The old man presented a brave front to the outside world, and begged his colleagues in the trade to continue confidence to Fritz, but privately he had to pay his debts, or, when he could not pay them, to ask for a few months' respite. The order of things had been pathetically reversed. There had been a time when the famous publisher had conferred honour on paper manufacturers by his orders for his splendid editions. Now we find him asking a member of that trade to receive payment by instalments, and apologizing for his inability to order a fresh supply. The large editions of some works which he had produced were not yet sold, and all the room at his disposal was filled up.

With an uneasy feeling he wrote to a friend, Franz Horn, in the last year of his life—

"I am now seventy-six years old. It is my duty to put my house in order; for at such an age I cannot, like my friend Tristram Shandy, escape death by a journey. I have many heirs and little to bequeath, unless the world should count many sheets of printed paper as riches. Thus I must call a halt in my publications, at least till I have finished what I have begun."

His death, the thought of which had pre-occupied him so frequently, yet so calmly, for some years past, was not far off when he wrote these lines. He closed his publishing career, financially, amongst anxieties.

He had laboured for sixty years in the book-trade in one capacity or another, yet it was but a modest competence which he had accumulated. The badness of the times was responsible for much, but I cannot resist the impression that, so far as he had been a publisher working for profit, his judgment had sometimes been at fault.

His instincts as to what would pay, do not appear to have been particularly true, nor was his estimate of the value of authors invariably correct. Evidently endowed with great business capacity for riding roughshod over obstacles, an able administrator, a shrewd man of business in many ways, competent to master the most complicated details, and gifted with a most remarkable talent for attracting the attachment of men—he lacked the *flair* which is the dominant quality required to bring publishers financial success. Nor can I resist the conclusion that friendship and community of ideas influenced his judgment more than was serviceable to his interests. Amongst his greater mistakes were his refusal of Goethe's *Metamorphosis of Plants*, and his allowing Schlegel's *Shakespeare* to slip through his hands. As regards his breach with Schiller, I hold him innocent. There, though with too violent a display of temper, he behaved as most proud men would. Nor can his vast outlay on splendid editions, his exertions on behalf of typography, be imputed to him as a business error. He knew perfectly what he was about. With his eyes open to the risk and the loss, he worked for the honour of Germany, and gloried in his competition with the great typographers of foreign countries. In the case of Schlieben's *Atlas*, on the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how he justified so serious

an outlay to his own mind, and to the principles of caution which he had resolved to follow. But notwithstanding occasional mistakes, he stands out, admittedly, as one of the first publishers and, for a time, the most celebrated printer in Germany of his day. Of some of his doings as a man and a citizen, I propose still to say something in a concluding chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

My grandfather died of apoplexy in the early morning of the 5th of April, in the year 1828, a few weeks before reaching the age of seventy-six. He had suffered from a rather severe illness the previous winter, but had recovered, and was in fairly good health up to the eve of his death. On the very day when he passed away, the *Grimma Wochenblatt*, still a channel for conveying his creed of social duties to his fellow-townsmen, contained a little story from his pen with the title "On the Dignity of Man." The sense of the graciousness and value of that dignity had always been amongst his strongest instincts, and he breathed that feeling into his last published words. His little story ends with the following passage :—

"Men, such as I have portrayed in the hero of this story, are to be found in all classes, in the highest and in the lowest. Wherever the inborn dignity of man appears, be it even in the poorest cottage, it always inspires respect. If such inward dignity is found combined with the successful cultivation of external powers, and a gracious delicacy of behaviour, it becomes all the more winning, all the more lovable; but its real essence consists in loftiness of soul, in the deep feeling which burns and

glows for truth, justice, and duty, in that bent of thought which ever wrestles for its own ennoblement and perfection and for the welfare of mankind. Dignity in its highest form is revealed to us in the life of the Divine Being (*des Göttlichen*), whose end and whose sorrows have pierced our whole souls during the past week, and has quickened us to follow His example." *

Truth, justice, and benevolence Such was the ideal of life, such the view of Christian teaching, which the publisher, whose years had been spent amidst violent revolutions of belief and in the storm-swept days of the *Aufklärung*, retained up to the last, and preached to his fellow-men. The *dignity* of Christianity came home to him with special force, and he believed, to use words of his already quoted, in "the dignity, the holiness, the ennobling influence, the priceless blessing, of true prayer."

I call attention to Goschen's attitude on religious questions because of the striking contrast it presents alike to the daring scepticism which had rejected all theological dogmas, and to the gushing mysticism of the Stolberg and other schools denounced by Schiller and Goethe for their superstitious leanings. Just as my grandfather showed sound common sense on most social and political subjects, so he viewed spiritual matters from a standpoint both enlightened and staunch. While he had stood firm on the solid foundation of religion, he was grateful for the fine work accomplished in so many directions by the *Aufklärung*. A curious description of what that movement meant to him is contained in a little address which he delivered at an evening meeting of a social club founded by him and his friends at Grimma, and called

* This was evidently written in Holy Week.

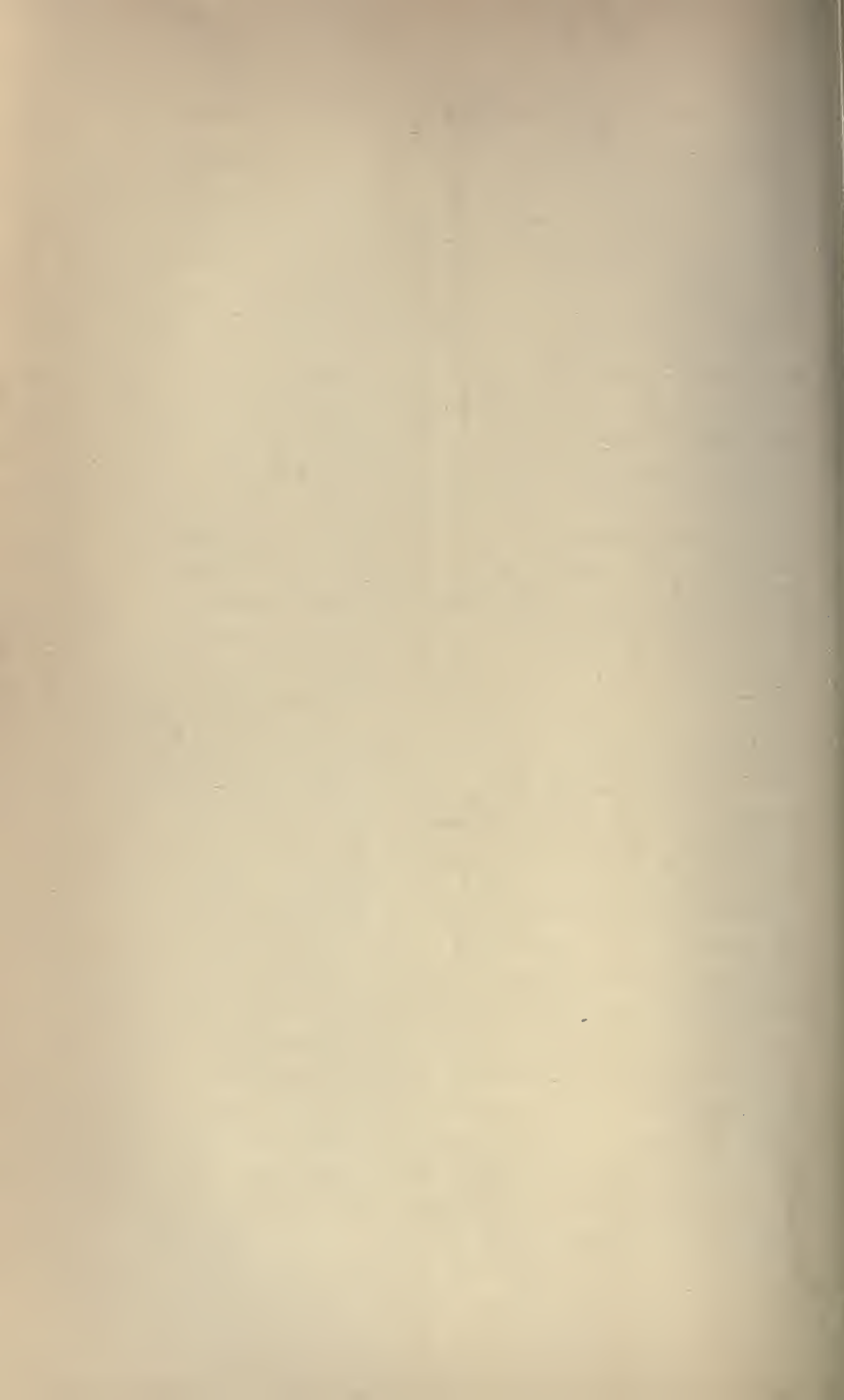
Mostenbachers
Hochachtungsvoller Gruß!

Sehr geehrter Herr, wenn ich, die ich
unter der Leitung der Herren
jetzt eben, ein ist selbst, in das alte
Königliche Museum sind gekommen ist
Insekt zu der Gesellschaft, um einen
kleinen Teil in irgend einen Winkel
des Universitäts-Bibliothek zu bekommen
Es begleitet sie mit dem Hinweis für den
Herrn der Universität, für die Glück aller
Gelehrten da, um zu befehlen, um die
derselben sind auch für den Herrn
alles in der, was mit der Wissenschaft
und Kunst in Berlin. Ich hoffe.

Mit aufrichtigster Hochachtung bin ich
bevorzugt

Leipzig den 14.
1810.

gehorhambacher Herr
Herr Joachim Götsch



"The Gaiety" (*die Heiterkeit*), a name which its tone did not belie. He took for his text—"How can we best infuse cheerfulness into the last days of life?" The *Aufklärung*, side by side with a Bright Imagination and a Happy Consciousness, were the sister-spirits which, he said, would guide him in his quest. "What!" he exclaimed. "Is the *Aufklärung* which is bringing our nineteenth century into such bad repute, to be made the support of your old age? Yes, she shall rest by my armchair like the sword by the old warrior." And why? Because she had banished Superstition and vanquished goblins of fear. The fear of Death as the harbinger of evil had been laid. But what did Goschen understand by the *Aufklärung*? "The voice of the Founder of our religion, the voice of all Nature, the voice of our own hearts, —voices which no one can understand who is not *aufgeklärt* (illuminated). And what do these voices tell us? They call to us, 'Trust to the guidance of the Heavenly Father: all the rest is subtilty and fraud.'" I much doubt whether the orthodox *illuminati* would have endorsed my grandfather's summing-up of what this great intellectual revolution meant.

Clearly Goschen felt, when he thus addressed the members of a social club, that he might count on the sympathy of his hearers. If the leaders of thought had been rebellious sceptics, resenting as hypocrisy or weakness any positive spiritual beliefs, and if other men of letters were mooning in the poetics of religion, sober townsfolk, like Goschen's Grimmer companions and friends, knew what simple piety meant. Nor had he the reticence as to his individual spiritual condition which restrains the majority of

cultivated men in these modern days from discussing their inward convictions as to sacred truths. He wrote freely to Böttiger about the workings of his soul, and assumed a corresponding state of feeling on the part of his friend, thorough man of the world as he knew him to be. On the general subject he pronounced himself squarely without hesitation: "I honestly confess to you that I cannot possibly have a high opinion of a man who has not made religion his very own property. He is certainly not a *whole* man."

A sermon by Dr. Ammon, Goschen's hero among ecclesiastics, on a controversy then current about the union of Christian Churches, offered my grandfather an opportunity of pouring out his soul on the subject of religious sincerity, alleged indifferentism, and the follies of preachers.

"I have just read Ammon's Sermon delivered to the Diet, and write to you full of the enthusiasm which its profound contents, its religious strength, and its noble style have aroused in me. I, an old man, am accustomed to note the hand of God in all that is important in the course of events on earth. If it is for our salvation, the Christian community will become one flock, not stupid animals, but an understanding, clear-sighted, hearty, God-fearing people, penetrated by the spirit of Christ, even if not according to the exact pattern which was given once. If it is not for the salvation of mankind, nothing will come of a union of the Churches. So far as mortal man can judge, such a union will never be attained, for God has created men with great diversities in their inner as in their outer nature. Each one of us may have faith, love, hope, understanding, imagination, and common sense; yet how infinitely do these qualities differ in strength and in combination in any individual! Thus, even if the Churches were fused

into one, its members would never become one in religion, and in that case little would be attained by their unity."

The oneness of human nature, irrespective of class, was one of Goschen's strongest convictions. Thus he continued—

"It cannot be that I shall much longer fidget about amongst my fellow-creatures. I part from them convinced that, until the great, good, and beloved Father of mankind alters human nature entirely, human nature it will continue to be, and that all the striving, toiling, artifice, and elaboration of the crafty heads at Courts, in Churches, and in the studies of the learned, will be of no avail; human nature will always reassert its higher side, and put to shame the silly efforts to mould it on mere selfish aims. If you have a Government which will inquire what strength this human nature may possess, what degree of check or stimulus it requires for its happiness, and which is persuaded that it is the duty of all Governments to look after this human nature, then you have a good Government as strong as a rock, against which the waves from without dash themselves in vain. But human nature is the last thing to occupy men's thoughts; it is 'the people' and 'the king' alone of which they think, and then all the selfish business sets in, to the accompaniment of every kind of sophistry and artificial trick, till one gets thoroughly sick. Two parties who should be at one, always in antagonism to each other!

"In the main I agree with Ammon. In some States men want to make a parade of useful reforms, and just because they dare make no others, they try to drive the Churches into unity. As I am by no means convinced of the necessity of the union of the Churches, I can the less endure the alarm of the Churchmen who whine in all the papers as they are doing. To what end? If there are wretched indifferentists, such alarm will not bring them back to faith; and a genuine spirit, endowed with reason, faith, and virtue, moulded according to the will of our

heavenly Father, does not need these signals of distress."

If some churches were empty, he regarded it as the fault of cold and incapable preachers, by whom reasonable people would not allow themselves to be bored. Again—

"People go less often to the Lord's Supper; formerly they went more frequently, but in what spirit? From custom and sheer hypocrisy! If a man goes once a year to the Lord's Table in all humility and with uplifted heart, is not that worth more than the four visits in the year of the simpleton who knows not what he does? It is true that the clergymen lose in income. I know preachers who care as little about their own salvation as that of their flock, who at the year's end review their takings, and are fain to supply the deficiency by bawling about coldness in religion. But such bawling is of no avail,—it increases the confusion. If religion is a need of the heart—and who can doubt it?—how can it perish? It seems to me just as though provision-dealers were to bawl out, 'People eat now far less than they used to do; soon they will eat nothing at all!' You know the wretched fellows in the English Church. They live like pigs*—of course there are exceptions—and these men complain of coldness in religion! The Methodists felt that; but what are these Methodists? Pattern clergy, good preachers, though I won't say that they are all orators.

"I will go bail for the Christian Church; religion is not *in extremis*. But they must give up making such a noisy fuss. What are men like you and me, who have lived for a space in the world, who have meditated, believed, observed, and clung to God, and to whom truth, virtue, reason, and deep feeling are equally sacred,—what are we to think when clerics twaddle thus? I know preachers to whom the pulpit is an unbearable burden; their listeners, who from force of habit come to church, are soon asleep, many

* It is well known that the state of the English Church in the first decades of the last century was deplorable.

stay away. Then the fellow thunders against indifference to religious things! God sends an honest man in deacon's orders as tutor into the neighbourhood, he preaches now and then heartily, piously, Biblically, and intelligibly, and behold! the church is always filled with rich and poor. I could give some very useful hints to the Ecclesiastical Boards in Germany on the subject of examinations for clerical appointments."

Will the question be asked, "Did Goschen strive in his own life to act up to the creed he preached—the creed in which benevolence, the same courtesy towards the poor as to the rich, the constant remembrance of the oneness of human nature, were so conspicuous?" The record of his dealings with his neighbours, his life as a citizen, an employer, and a friend of the poor, prove that he can stand the test. When, on Goschen's death, the spokesman of the group of mourners who accompanied him to his last resting-place, delivered, according to custom, an oration over the grave, his virtues as a citizen, his faithfulness to his friends, his unwearied benevolence, were the qualities on which the speaker mainly dwelt. He paid no conventional tribute when he exclaimed, "By how many of the poor of our parish is your name pronounced with gratitude and love! How many who have been deserted, have had their needs and their sufferings lightened by you!" He then recalled the many instances in which Goschen had supported poor scholars at the great Grimma School. In one case he had taken the orphan son of one of the masters into his own house, and kept him at the school for six years; in another, the son of one of his workmen, who lived to become a musical composer in his day, owed to him his education and development from the age of three! The

sympathy which welled from his own orphan days was never dried up.

That a man of such a character should be a good master was certain. In the days of his feverish pursuit of artistic improvements in printing, he dwelt on no discovery with greater joy than on an invention by means of which a process specially exhausting to his men might be avoided, and we know how, through the most troublous times, the welfare of his compositors was always on his mind. He was, indeed, regarded as the father of his men. Never during the forty years of his management of the firm were his endless anxieties increased by any trouble with them. A pleasant incident is recorded of the anxiety of the men to give him a proof of their loyal attachment. A Fair was at hand, and there seemed no prospect of keeping time with a book, to the issue of which the publisher was pledged. Thus they planned to work secretly through three consecutive nights, so that their dear master should be able to keep his pledge. When the book was ready, it was presented to Goschen by the men, and "all had tears in their eyes when they saw his happy emotion." Such scenes brought much delight to my grandfather's affectionate heart.

But Goschen was bent on their mental and moral improvement as well as on their content. On the occasion of certain annual ceremonials in his printing establishment, he was wont to address his workmen, and I may quote the following passage from one of his little speeches, as illustrating the spirit which pervaded them :—

“Never stand still. This art of ours has no

frontiers. Never weaken the forces of your body or your mind by any excesses; devote them entirely to the development of your understanding, to the extension of your knowledge in respect of your craft. That craft deserves the exertion of all your powers, for it belongs to the most useful which human ingenuity has produced. But do not let this lead you to conceit, the barrier of all progress."

The address ends thus—

"The man who wishes to work with pleasure in our calling, let him cultivate his feeling for the beautiful, let him cultivate his taste. The best means to attain thereto is to practise what is seemly and beautiful in social life. Taste and moral purity go hand in hand. But how far are we still from the Beautiful which other nations have reached in their work! Thus, instead of standing back in shame, let us cheer each other on by a common effort and unwearying zeal to hurry after a Bodoni, a Didot, or the newer Englishmen. If every one of us strains all his powers, if not one lets go, then most certainly we shall catch them up, and maintain the laurels which our ancestors won for our Vaterland by the invention of our art. Men of Germany, sons of the same country which produced a Gutenberg, that is our sacred duty!"

The same stimulating spirit which Goschen displayed in his dealings with his workmen, characterized his training of his children. He was a strict disciplinarian, but his strictness was softened by his extremely affectionate disposition. We have seen how, in the midst of his darkest troubles, he sought and found relief in the loving atmosphere of a happy home. Nor did business worries or absorbing occupations ever prevent him from the most active discharge of his duties as a father. His vigilance over the education and moral development of his sons and daughters was unceasing and sympathetic. He prescribed the nature of their studies himself, went into

every detail, and, above all, endeavoured to inoculate them with his own creed of life. Some success attended his efforts. The better I became acquainted with my grandfather's character, the more I was struck by the many traits in which my father resembled him. Though the latter had left the parental roof as a boy, and, after his apprenticeship in Bremen, had settled permanently on English soil in the first years of his manhood, he had imbibed much of his father's spirit, and inherited many of his qualities. In both were to be found the same love of frugal though cheerful thrift, the same aversion to display, the same combination of business-like capacity with intellectual interests. Both were severe towards what was mediocre and commonplace, both had an unbounded contempt for fatuous complacency. In both there was the same concentration of purpose, and the same worship of strenuous work. The dignity of honest labour, the respect which a man ought to feel for an honourable though humdrum calling to which he had bound himself, were constant watchwords in the publisher's house.

When his son Georg—the future Lützower, but chained at the time to a clerk's desk at Vienna—had reached his twenty-first year, his father read him a homily in a very long letter, laying down certain ideal, very ideal, rules for his guidance with respect to his head, his body, and his heart. Some of these precepts were clearly the outcome of the stern experiences of his own early career. But the reader may possibly think that a certain dramatic instinct, which often gave emphasis and high colour to his letters, caused Goschen rather to over-act the *rôle* of the prudent father and counsellor.

In this letter of elaborate advice, absorbing work in a fixed calling is represented as a privilege and a great happiness ; unvarying industry as the only means of winning respect, liking, and credit ; and years of hard toil in youth as the only security for easier and pleasanter days in after-life ; for "rest is only sweet after great efforts." Following up this apotheosis of labour, Goschen declares two things to be necessary if his views are to prove true.

"In the first place, make use of every free hour for some, but not excessive, exercise, and when you quit your desk, go into the society of trees and shrubs rather than into that of women and men, and seek recreation among the scenes of nature in the open air rather than among oil-lamps, where you must breathe the exhalations of animals, rational and irrational.

"In the second place, you must constantly remember that, with so much sitting and brain-work, you must husband your physical and mental strength in everything else. I remind you of this because I have unfortunately seen only too often that young men, in order to rest themselves from the labours of a sedentary life, eat hard, drink hard, dance like madmen, or even plunge into worse things, and then groan like exhausted creatures over every syllable they have to write in their accustomed task. I know that you are not one of these fools ; so I would beg you to attend to another precaution. Try to preserve a cheerful temper by always looking on the brightest and noblest side of your calling."

After vigorously enforcing the duty of a man to maintain as high an ideal as possible in respect of his trade or profession, whatever it might be, he lays down some very quaint rules for the guidance of his son in matters of the heart.

"You, dear Georg, are now at an age when the chords of a man's heart begin to sound more loudly

and his instincts gain strength in many ways. One way is Platonic friendship, which, unless a man is on his guard, assumes quite a different form from what he intended to give it. Many an honourable fellow, in his simplicity, has believed, as the poets tell him, that the glance of a fine pair of eyes is what first makes a man of him, and that sentimental trifling is the aim and end of life, till he has lost his innocence and then finds out that his Platonism has led him to nothing more than what every animal comes to; or, if he is left in the lurch, has forfeited his health and life.

"You will ask me: Do you, dear father, not regard love as an indispensable force in the human heart; and have you, dear father, never been in love? To this I reply: I regard love as indispensable to man's happiness, which will satisfy you on all points. But I also regard reason as a power indispensable to man's happiness; and reason will tell him that he must resist love till he may love; that is to say, till it can make it the happiness of his whole future life, or—which is the same thing—till he can marry the object of his affection.

"To this you will reply: It is all very well to say this at sixty; but at twenty-one the struggle between love and reason is somewhat risky. And I again answer that there is yet another power of the mind: prudence, which duly seconds reason. Allow me to point out to you a few expedients by which prudence aids reason. Avoid the society of all women beneath you in rank, or who are dependent on you; if such persons have good morals and principles, they nevertheless are frequently victims to vanity or the love of money. If, on the contrary, you are in the society of ladies or girls of good education, be on your guard against susceptibility. Be gay, merry, at your ease with them, neither formal nor timid; give no evident preference to any one in particular, but jest on good terms with all. But if you should observe that a fine figure, a pair of bright eyes, a pair of witty lips, attract you, scent danger and draw back in time, or you will writhe till you die; or, if it is not so bad as that, you will fall into dreaminess and moody melancholy,—you will be writing love-letters instead of

business letters, and, instead of looking up the best stocks, you will be seeking rhymes for an amorous sonnet.

"If I were you, dear Georg, whenever I had the privilege of mingling with the other sex, I would look for no more than to enjoy myself gaily with bright and sprightly talk; I would be polite and courteous to every girl, and would show, when the opportunity offered, sense, wit, and feeling in a natural manner; but I would guard myself most carefully and with all my might against intimacy and the utterance of my most sacred feelings. This utterance of your most sacred feelings is reserved for the one love which will make you happy once for all. This utterance is the spark which never fails to fall into the powder magazine of a woman's heart, and it ill becomes a high-minded youth to let a beautiful soul be consumed by a dangerous fire. Beware, too, dear Georg, of sentimental intimacy, and as soon as you notice its approach double your politeness, for politeness is a jet of cold water on the fire in a maiden's heart. As to the sensual women, who hide their passions under a mask of sentimentality and deep feeling,—I need say nothing to you about them; I will only remark one thing: that the master-trick of these women is generally religionism, knowing, as they do, that nothing so soon entraps the soft heart of youth.

"Keep yourself in health, so that the star we all look for may rise in a clear sky."

The cautious and domestic wisdom of the old man, as Goschen insisted upon calling himself as soon as he had entered the sixties, may provoke a smile when one recalls the language of utter surrender to sentiment, disclosed twenty-five years before, in his outpourings in respect of Jette. But deeply sentimental as he was, neither his theories nor his practice as to love, passion, marriage, and *elective affinities* had been infected by the tenets or the example of the emancipated men and women—

students of the laws of nature rather than of the laws of morality,—who played so great a rôle in my grandfather's times. He was healthily *bourgeois* in these matters as in much besides.

To Goschen's social qualities the warmest tributes are paid in all the biographical notices of him which I have perused. His strict morality was not strait-laced. No man entered with more zest into the enjoyment of all convivial occasions, no man relished more cheerily the merry song and that "glass of pure wine" which he always sketched into his pictures of a pleasant gathering of friends. A spirit of great and cheerful content, in the evening of his life, seldom suffered the presence of that shadow of moroseness and even of hypochondria which, according to his own account, sometimes swept over his earlier days. And hospitable he had always been in his simple way. For ostentation and luxury he had nothing but hard words: they were repugnant to his whole nature, no less at the height of his prosperity than when, to use his own expression, he had been "reduced to a few acres." Men of letters from many parts of Germany, as well as neighbours from Grimma and friends from Leipzig, flocked, especially on Sundays, to his Hohenstädt where he held open house. Great names were registered amongst his guests, and many have echoed Schiller's words after his memorable visit to Goschen's hill, that he had never spent a merrier day.

But in Grimma, too, where he and his family passed the winter months, Goschen's sociable nature looked for bright companionship. To provide this, he and some twenty friends, mostly cultivated and scientific men, founded the club "The Gaiety," of which

mention has been made on a previous page. Modest hilarity was its aim. Cheery suppers formed part of its programme, and its gatherings took place in the Municipal wine-vaults (*Raths-Keller*). But while the Rhine wine sparkled, and the patriarchal beer-jugs foamed, Goschen was wont to improve the occasion by reading thoughtful papers on questions of religion and philosophy, or he would produce literary novelties from his publisher's store, while other members also brought contributions to this intellectual picnic. But the exhilaration developed in the wine-vaults was not to be limited to that appropriate *locale*. Charity warmed the hearts of Goschen and his friends. "In order," says Lorenz, himself a Grimma man, who furnishes some of these particulars, "that *The Gaiety* might also provide some gay hours for troubled hearts outside its own membership, Goschen arranged that at the annual celebrations of the foundation of the society when guests were allowed to be present, a lottery should be held, of which the proceeds, generally from 60 to 80 thalers, should be used for the benefit of the 'shamefaced poor.'"

No class appealed more strongly to Goschen's sympathy than the shamefaced poor. He had not forgotten his own youth. But a wider philanthropic movement resulted, under my grandfather's auspices, from *The Gaiety*. He had read an article on Savings Banks in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had been fascinated by the idea of founding such an institution in his own town. He brought the plan before the club, and a regular scheme was elaborated. Grimma took it up, and good fortune waited on its development. The necessary impetus had been given. Started in 1824, it expanded rapidly, and by 1851 the Savings

Bank had accumulated a capital of 188,000 thalers! Its president, writing in that year, praised Goschen as one of its chief promoters—"a man," he added, "who enjoyed universal respect, and interested himself deeply in this institution, as indeed in all that concerned the public good."

The services of so shrewd and energetic a man had throughout his life been frequently requisitioned for public work. I was surprised to find how early in his career he had been officially delegated for the execution of some business connected with piracy. No doubt the notoriety of his campaign against the robbers indicated him for such a task. At a later date, when his authority as one of the leading publishers was universally recognized, he was called on to act as a representative man of the trade on a remarkable occasion. A number of publishers and booksellers from all parts of Germany present at the Easter Fair of 1802, deliberating on the many abuses of the book-trade and the impediments to its healthy development, came to the conclusion that an attempt should be made to arrive at some common understanding as to the fundamental principles which should be laid down for its government. For this purpose they appointed a committee, of whom Goschen was one, to receive and examine written proposals and suggestions—which all interested in the subject were invited to send in—and ultimately to pronounce judgment upon them. Goschen and his old friend Kummer were appointed secretaries, with a mandate to examine the documents in the first instance, and to prepare a summary of the whole. The summary was drawn up in the following

year, but, as might be expected, no direct results were yielded at the time by this first well-meant attempt at reform.

Goschen and his colleague had foreshadowed this outcome of their labours from the first, but, deeply impressed with the deplorable condition of the book-trade, they declared that much would have been gained if the sentiments and principles of honourable men which this report brought to light, could be exhibited in contrast with the unfairnesses, the injustices, the chicaneries, the iniquitous discounts,—in short, with the manifold abuses of the trade.

Goschen himself had a panacea for the correction of part of the mischief. He sent in an essay with the title, "My Thoughts on the Book-trade and on its Wants, my few Experiences and my humble Proposals for its Reform, printed only for the President and my other colleagues, that by them they may be criticized, improved, and elaborated." This paper took rank as an important document, and it was signalized by one epoch-making suggestion—it contained the sketch of a plan for the establishment of a great Exchange Corporation (*Börsen Gesellschaft*), of which all the publishers, printers, and booksellers of Germany should be invited to become members. The time was not opportune for such a national organization. For ten years the Napoleonic *régime* prevented any united German action, and ten years more elapsed before the scattered members of the trade could be welded into a central Union. But Goschen lived to see the realization of his idea by the foundation, in the year 1824, of the famous "Börsen-Verein der Deutschen Buchhändler," through the efforts of others, though himself prevented by age

and his long retirement from the busy Leipzig world, from taking an active part in its constitution.

Much more might be told of Goschen's zeal for the elevation of his craft and his activity in furthering its interests; for instance, in 1807 when the French Government were about to impose a tax of 50 per cent. on the importation of German books into French territory which at the time included a large slice of German soil, he stood forward as a prominent champion of the book-trade, and by word and pen fought against the obnoxious measure; and, again, he once more took some part in the unavailing efforts, renewed after the restoration of peace, to suppress the curse of piracy, though personally he had come to the conclusion that only by making piracy a felony would any results be achieved. "Why not? Was piracy not theft, notorious theft, which should be publicly branded and punished as theft?" On this subject the blood of the sexagenarian still ran hot. But enough has been said to show that Goschen's ambitious enthusiasm for the Beautiful, and his unflagging energy in his own business, did not prevent him from vigorous public action whenever occasion arose.

I have described Goschen more than once as a moderate reformer. Though an idealist by temperament, he was no dreamer of dreams: his views were broad and practical. But no doubt a strong conservative vein ran through his character; his tastes inclined him to the keeping up of old manners and customs, especially if they were emblematical of some traditional sentiment. Generally, I apprehend, he was classed as old-fashioned. It has been written

of him in his later years, that, though he was receptive and ready for most new things, provided he recognized them as good and fitting, yet, on the whole, he was a man belonging to the type of an earlier and almost expiring generation of German publishers, full of a firm honourableness (*Ehrensfestigkeit*), holding fast to good old traditions, in contrast to a rising generation, who were anxious to impart an entirely new form and spirit to the book-trade.

The same friend, in his memoirs, tells how he remembers Goschen, when over sixty years of age, going to unavoidable family festivals in a neat holiday coat of old-fashioned cut, and looking round in vain for the minuet partners of his youth, in order still to be able to indulge in a dance respectably.

Wherever the old publisher is mentioned in the reminiscences of those who knew him well, I find a kind of affectionate veneration for the personality of the man, and the most pleasant memories of companionship with him.

The strength of the fascination which won Wieland remained magnetic to the last, and it was heightened by the added dignity of age.

Another pen than mine shall sum up his qualities—

“From what has been told of Goschen’s early years, it is easy to see how those times of suffering, followed by his extraordinary rescue, laid the foundation in his soul of a firm trust in God and a strong religious sense. This state of mind displayed itself in striking reality at every moment of his life. There was an irresistible craving in his heart to give utterance to that trust and belief by word and pen, so as

to win for them the hearts of others also. Of this his tales composed for the Grimma *Wochenblatt* are speaking witnesses.

"Further, in his life and in all that he wrote, we are met everywhere by a moral earnestness, a profound horror of all meannesses in mind or action, a delicacy of feeling, a healthy insight, a spirit anxious for the public good, and enthusiastic for all that is lofty and beautiful, a disposition noble and liberal as well in business as in private life, a high regard for science and its followers."

Such was my grandfather. In a very anxious year he had once suggested a pithier epitaph for himself: "The poor devil meant well, but he had no luck."

When he died, at the ripe age of seventy-six, his greatest clients had nearly all passed away. Twenty-three years had elapsed since Schiller's short and splendid career had been brought to a too early close. Wieland, active to the last, had been taken from his friend in 1813. The glories of the Weimar set had grown dim. A new literature had come to the front in a new Germany. The colossal proportions of the works of genius given to the world in the first years of the century had not been sustained by the smaller men of the second and third decades. Goethe alone remained, a monumental figure, who had witnessed the awakening of the new era, and the comparative torpor of its close. Still, the old publisher, with his ambitions largely satisfied and enjoying the respect of the literary world, had drifted into no ignoble sloth. A zealous philanthropist, an idealist to the last, he had been caring with warmest fatherly solicitude for all whom his influence and help could reach. Both as

a publisher and as a man he could look back on an honourable and useful life. No corrupting books had issued from his presses, no struggling author had ever been "exploited" by him. No activities had more strongly appealed to him than such as were directed to the improvement of the masses, or to the higher culture of women. Never had he forgotten the eloquent appeal of the youthful Schiller to his Gohlis friends, that "all of them should so bear themselves, each in his own vocation, that the world should miss them when they died."

Literary Germany has honoured his memory : his name was conspicuous at a great festival held in Leipzig in 1844 to celebrate the fourth century of the discovery of the art of printing ; a Leipzig street is called after his name ; his typographical successes are still recorded with pride in the country for whose fame in the realm of his own art he had striven with such unselfish pertinacity.

A few years after his death, his business, with unblemished reputation but with dwindled prestige, by a curious piece of irony of fate, passed by sale into the hands of the great rival firm, the house of Cotta, with whom he had waged such bitter war ; but many of the copyrights, under a special stipulation, remained a separate property. In course of time these were again transferred to separate hands, and a firm entitled to use the old name of Georg Joachim Goschen is, under able management, publishing new works of merit at Leipzig.

To the energetic founder of that honoured house, the orphan thrust into the world to make his own

way, who by the force of his character conquered for himself a great reputation, and took rank amongst the foremost of his craft, I, his grandson, turned author for the nonce, have been anxious to erect a grateful monument in these volumes. I humbly offer them to the public as the record of a life of some interest to such readers as may care to be transported for a while to those stirring days when Weimar enjoyed its brightest lustre, and Leipzig spread throughout the literary world the finest products of the German intellect.

APPENDIX.

SUMMARY OF THE JUDGMENT OF THE SHERIFFS' COURT OF LEIPZIG IN THE ACTION OF WEIDMANN'S (REPRESENTED BY GRÄFF) AGAINST GOSCHEN, NOVEMBER, 1793. (See p. 66.)

THE plaintiff had not maintained that the defendant had printed or published singly works of Wieland which the Weidmann firm had in the course of years printed singly. On the contrary, the defendant had declared that he would never sell a work of Wieland separately, but only the whole of this author's works in one indivisible collection. Accordingly the plaintiff had no right or claim to forbid the publication of such a collection to the defendant, nor to prevent the writer himself from arranging a complete edition of all his printed and still unprinted writings, or to challenge him in respect of a contract made with the plaintiff for such a purpose; for an author had an indisputable right of property in what he had produced by his mental faculties, and in virtue of this right he alone was entitled to arrange for the printing thereof, and to draw advantage and profit from the sale of the copies struck off. And if this title, or right of publication—that is to say, the liberty to print the works at his expense, and to sell the copies—had been made over to another by the writer for a certain sum, this was in no wise a surrender of the natural and indisputable right of ownership in his works—it was rather, according to the nature of the transaction, simply a cession of the profits arising from the edition which followed immediately on the contract. And after the

disposal of this edition for a comparatively moderate price, the author, as the proprietor of the work, would again be completely at liberty (even if the publisher had obtained a *privilegium* securing him against piracy by third parties) either to print and sell them for his own account with improvements or additions, or to cede the use of the property which had received his care, for another sum to another party, unless the contract with the first publisher had been expressly concluded in such terms that the right to publish the writings of the author, even in every altered and fresh shape, had been granted to him for ever, and for all time. But in the present case the plaintiff had not maintained that such conditions existed, or, in particular, that the author had agreed to a binding abandonment of the right to embody the single works which had been made over to the plaintiff, in a collection of all his works.

Besides, it did not appear from the documents that the right to publish single works of Wieland which they had acquired twenty years before, and had used during this long period, not only with the result of indemnifying themselves for their outlay, but probably also to their great profit, would be taken from them in future. Accordingly, so far from their having cause for a grievance in respect of loss and damage, no case had been made for their title to complain of a cessation of further profit, a complaint which anyhow was inadmissible according to law.

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